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An Alpine Tale.

“ E’en now, while Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.”—*Goldsmith.*

AN
Alpine Tale :

SUGGESTED BY
**CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH OCCURRED TOWARDS
THE COMMENCEMENT**

OF THE
Present Century.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TALES FROM SWITZERLAND."

"Hail! awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose ;
Can passion's wildest uproar hush to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!"—BRATTLE.

"Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

VOL. I.



LONDON :

Printed for
**FRANCIS WESTLEY, 10, STATIONERS'-COURT, AND
AVE-MARIA-LANE ;
AND L. B. SEELY, 109, FLEET-STREET.**

1823.

Printed by T. C. HANSARD, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, London.

P R E F A C E.

IT was towards the conclusion of a protracted residence on the continent, and when the author of these volumes was about to bid adieu to the delightful scenes, amidst which he had spent so many a happy, and, he hopes, not unprofitable hour, that a little memoir of modest pretensions, but almost unique in its original language, was put into his hand. From this the present publication took its rise—more, perhaps, relative to its simple history, it might be tedious, as it would be foreign from our purpose, to detail.

With respect to the story, the writer may, possibly, be permitted further briefly to remark, that, in the conduct of it, he has principally had regard to the maxim—the

maxim, allowedly, of no inaccurate observer of mankind :

“ Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.” HOR. *

If, however, in ~~unison~~ with one part of it, he has endeavoured to invite by the interest of his narrative, still, in high accordance with the other, his unvaried and better aim has been—to blend instruction with amusement—to amend the heart rather than to agitate it—and to lead it, insensibly, “ through nature up to nature’s God.”

Having made these few preliminary observations as a necessary introduction to the subsequent pages, the author submits his unassuming tale to the public, with the prayer, that the dews of heaven may water his little labours abundantly, and cause them to bring forth a rich increase.

* He bears the palm, who grace with truth combines,
And charms, at once, and teaches in his lines.

AN
ALPINE TALE.

CHAP. I.

‘ Hæ latebræ dulces, et, si mihi credis, amena.’

HOR. EPIS. LIB. I.

*‘ It was a lovely spot. ‘Mid waving woods—
O’erlook’d by hills that seem’d to lean on heaven,
Pointing the spirit to its blest abode—
Fast by the waters of a lucid lake,
Where oft the warbling winds at even stray’d—
The mansion rose.’*

AT a period, when ‘the sword, the famine,
and the pestilence,’ were still laying waste
the fertile and once-smiling plains of Europe,
Switzerland found a momentary repose.

Years had mingled with the stream of time;
since the richest of her blood had flowed in
an unsuccessful, though glorious effort to

retain the freedom she had purchased by her valour in happier days, and which she had been permitted, through a long lapse of ages, to possess in peace. That 'ever-rolling tide,' which stamps instability on all sublunary things, onward had held its undeviating and uninterrupted course. Already, the tears, that bedewed the sleep of those who parted with life in the unequal contest, were beginning to be forgotten : already, the flowers, scattered over their rest by hands, which under other auspices had plighted affection, and received the vows of an ardent and unalterable attachment, were withering on their graves.

The fairest portion of the civilized world, in mourning for millions sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, and alas ! it is to be feared, summoned unprepared into the presence of their Judge, was rapidly submitting to the arms of a lawless tyrant, who now beheld himself seated, by an almost undisputed title, on one of the most ancient thrones of Christendom. Conquest his object, he owned no allegiance, acknowledged no superior, di-

vine or human. Indifferent alike to the claims of justice, and to the calls of humanity, he knew no principle but that which was most conducive to the accomplishment of his purposes ; and many, ' a land, which had been as the garden of Eden before him, behind him was a desolate wilderness.'

Drafted into his legions, the gallant descendants of TELL were gradually losing the recollection of the hills that gave them birth. Their national characteristics, which had so long presented an impregnable barrier to despotism, were soon to be looked upon as marks of a disgraceful rusticity ; and the generous mountaineer, glad to pass by an origin which once would have been his greatest pride, and anxious to obliterate every trace of his earlier habits and prejudices, was fast degenerating amidst the contaminating circles of the soldiery of France.*

Remote from the scene of conflict, and scarcely regarded as worthy of notice by the contending potentates, Switzerland furnished

* See note a.

without resistance her contributions to the devouring elements; and was allowed, on this humiliating condition, to enjoy, unmolested, the melancholy remembrance of her drooping, though still-untarnished, laurels. Yet, it was but a seeming calm. For her, as for others, the victor felt no relentings of compassion. To use well an authority obtained by crime, was as far beyond his reach, as it was irréconcilable with his policy: and the god-like power of doing good, the best and noblest prerogative of empire, was acquired only to be perverted to the attainment of the basest ends.

But, if 'the sound of the trumpet, and the alarm of war,' had died away among her mountains, still 'a voice,' as the prophet would beautifully express it, 'was heard in' Ervalda, 'lamentation and bitter weeping:' Helvetia, 'weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not.' From day to day, from month to month, from year to year, resounded the agonizing cries of parents, bewailing the absence of a son violently snatched from their arms—a

son, perhaps an only son, whom they had reared with fond assiduity; and tenderly cherished as the support and solace of their declining age: the shrieks of a wife, clasping in distraction a beloved husband, now about to be torn from her embraces:* the sorrows of a sister, mourning over the endeared, but lost, companion of her infancy; and the screams of little ones, clinging round an indulgent father, whose face they were soon to see no more!†

Thus were myriads, fast-bound in the fetters of an iron-usurpation, to be led like sheep to the slaughter! Thus were to be gratified the insatiable desires of a monster, who valued not the lives of his tens of thousands, provided their blood ratified his unjust aggressions, consolidated his dominions, or extended the limits of his sway!‡

Regnandi

‘*Sacra fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*’ (a)

* See note b. † See note c. ‡ See note d.

(a) O love of empire! For what deeds unblest
Won't thy curst sway prepare the human breast? *

* See note e.

What fearful disorders has not sin introduced into the world !

Amidst contemplations so harassing to every humane sentiment, it is grateful to turn aside for a moment. Conducted by the deep persuasion of the shortness of time, and the fluctuations incident to our abode on earth, from transitory things to the awful and irreversible awards of eternity, it is soothing to meet with a scene on which the eye can rest with satisfaction. Gloomy as may be our apprehensions of the tempest gathering, or already burst, around us, it is still sweet to anticipate the splendour, and hail the calm of serener, though distant, skies. Yet, even here shall we have to shed a tear over 'the blindness of the heart,' uninstructed in true wisdom, and to deplore the ignorance of 'the carnal mind.' But, again a little while, and 'the solitary place will gladden, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

Among hills which lost themselves in the clouds that enveloped them, and which seemed almost to menace the throne of Him

who laid their massive foundations, resided a family, which 'regarded not the works of the Lord, neither considered the operation of his hands.' Yes: strange as it may appear to those unacquainted with the fatal consequences of the 'taste of that forbidden fruit,' and who know not how far it drove us, not only from the retreats, but from the purity, of Eden—though surrounded by the magnificence of Nature, and frequently pursued by danger from the dissolving snow, or the detached rock,* whose fall from time to time threatened to overwhelm all that lay within reach of the sound: even here there lived those, and those, too, endowed with every faculty that constitutes a rational and accountable being, insensible enough to survey the overhanging crag, only to avoid the line of its descent, or to listen to the roar of the Avalanche, merely to 'thank their good fortune,' that it did not come nigh their dwelling.†

Well might the watchman cry in Judah;
'The heart is deceitful above all things, and

* See note f.

† See note g.

desperately wicked !' A vain philosophy may boast, if it will, of 'the innate dignity of man,' and arraign the Divine admonition : but, surely, no one, who examines, with a calm and unbiassed attention, the diversified occurrences of life, can help feeling, and feeling forcibly, its mournful truth. 'Conscience, it is true, may be stifled when she would whisper, that 'in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, the wine whereof is red :' nevertheless, an hour *will* arrive, when 'in his indignation he will pour it out as a cup of trembling ; and his enemies shall drink it.'

Lonely, and beautiful almost as imagination can depict, or the craving of happiness desire, was the site of the habitation of du Blesne. At the upper extremity of a lake* whose blue waters and romantic scenery have called forth the eulogies of many an admiring poet and historian, in a glen, terminated abruptly by precipices that rose with an imposing grandeur, stood this sweet abode. Embosomed in woods, where

* The lake of Geneva,

the pine and the cypress blended their capillary leaves, with the more luxuriant foliage of the elm, the oak, and the chesnut, so disposed, as to give effect to, while they here and there intercepted, the unrivalled varieties of hill and valley around, it was alike sheltered from the winds of winter, and shaded from the summer heats. Behind it were rocks, piled on one another in wild confusion to the near limits of the horizon: while, in front, was seen the tumultuous current of the united rivers, and, extending far as the eye could reach, the bright expanse of mountain-waves, where many a picturesque sail was unfurled, swelling gracefully in the breeze.

On the left appeared, as if supporting the distant heavens, the majestic summit of the mistress of the Alps,* with other innumerable eminences, whose awful silence had been alone broken by the light foot of the chamois, as it bounded from cliff to cliff; with that long range of heights, occasionally

* Mont Blanc.

intersected by the bed of some stream that poured its tributary offering into the lake, which girds this enchanting valley to the south. Undulating on the right, in the foreground, lay those 'pleasant hills,' which overlook Chillon, and the adjacent parts: beyond, ran the continuous chain of the Jura, separating the confederacy from France. Below, on either side, were scattered hamlets, which fancy still represented as the asylum of primitive simplicity; while the fresh verdure of intermingling meadows and vineyards relieved the eye, amidst the sublimer features of the prospect. From the glen, accessible only at the two extremities, though walks had been made along the rocks, and through the wild-woods in every direction, descended an avenue, which winding now over the projections of the hill, and hewing itself among the trees, and again ceding from view along the declivities of upland pastures, agreeably diversified the landscape, and imparted many an indescribable charm to the loveliness of this retreat.

To this delightful and sequestered spot,

Albert du Blesne withdrew. Fatigued with the listlessness incident to inaction, and ever attendant on the want of regular pursuit, he had left the scenes of his nativity, and 'the dull uniformity of the mountains,' as he called it, just at the period when the character begins to receive that bias, which generally accompanies it through life; and had he not been watched over by the eye of Mercy, the dangers that now beset his path would doubtless have proved fatal, not only to his happiness on earth, but, what is of infinitely greater importance, to his well-being beyond all that is evanescent or transitory.

In his parents, du Blesne had had the blessing of irreproachable example, and it still exercised an unadmitted authority over his mind. He could not easily prevail upon himself to over-step the limits of that decorum, which he had witnessed in all their deportment. Its proprieties had become, as it were, incorporated with his being, and had amalgamated with every principle which held the reins of his demeanour. Yet, even this,

beneficial doubtless as it was, was not without its deleterious consequences. Ever inclined as is the depraved heart of man to rest in outward observances, he was induced, from that *external* purity with which he believed himself, and with which he was, in a great measure, surrounded, to take the shadow for the substance. A form of godliness he had indeed, but he was destitute of its power. It had descended to him, as it were, by inheritance ; and ‘ he covered himself with it as with a garment.’ If he was in any measure alive to the value of eternal things, he had still no abiding impression of the reality of an unseen world. He had attended, and with much solicitude and filial affection, the dying bed, first of his mother, and subsequently of his father, who did not long survive her ; and those solemn events, and the friendly admonitions he had then received from the counsellors of his youth, when now about to leave him to his own guidance, had not been without effect. They had rivetted on his memory many of the salutary lessons it had been

their desire to inculcate ; and while they beheld him kneeling successively to receive their parting benediction, and saw the tears stealing along his cheeks, they claimed in faith the fulfilment of the promise*—that, as they had humbly endeavoured to bring him up in the ways of righteousness, they might find him, hereafter, in that country to which they lead.

Meantime, however, he contented himself with the *appearance* of what they *possessed*. Supposing, as thousands unhappily do, that religion consists rather in the decencies current and approved among mankind, than in that conversion of the soul to God, which can alone impart to it a vitality, he was not sensible of the necessity of separating himself from the world, and its amusements. Manifestly as they are calculated to dissipate the mind, and withdraw the heart from that holiness of communion with a reconciled Father, which constitutes the life of religion, and to interrupt its equal course, he was as yet unaware of its ten-

* Prov. xxii. 6.

dency: or, rather, destitute of that 'faith which works by love,' and consequently unactuated by its high and purifying principles, he neither saw, nor felt, that they were incompatible with the occupations befitting a candidate for heaven.

Under the influence of motives so little adapted to preserve in the hour of temptation, he bade adieu to Switzerland. The demise of his father had put him in possession of a considerable fortune, and he now thought himself at liberty to mix in that society, from which the austerer manners and maxims of his parents, who notwithstanding had ever regarded as sacred the rules of ancient hospitality, had in a great degree excluded him.

Yet, as he crossed the threshold of the abode of his fathers, his heart misgave him, and he almost regretted the resolution he had taken. He stopped for a moment, and looking back upon the scenes where the years of his childhood had stolen sportively away, and retracing in his mind the happy moments he had there spent under a guardianship which was now removed, the tear sprang involuntarily to his eye as he uttered a fervent

ejaculation, that he might be permitted once more to revisit the retirement of his native hills in peace. Little did he know, at that season of varied emotion, what the watchful care of a heavenly Parent was providing for him ; and scarcely, perhaps, could he have then believed that that very spot, which he was now leaving in disgust, as incapable of procuring him the happiness he was in quest of, was to afford him at a future period, under the blessing from above, enjoyments, for which ‘ all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them,’ would have been no equivalent.

Several years had already been consumed amidst those circles in France and Germany, where the rules of decorum were generally preserved inviolate, while, at the same time, the routine of fashionable amusement was looked upon as requisite to cheer, in the language of the day (alas ! that such should be found in the lips of those, who are placed here as on a scene of active and useful employment) ‘ the dull and insipid monotony of life.’ Into this du Blesne entered at first

with all the eagerness which novelty inspires, and with the full assurance that he had at length discovered the secret of happiness. But, like every votary of the world who had preceded him on the stage of mortal existence, he was doomed to prove, by mournful experience, that, though for an instant he might lose himself in the giddy vortex of dissipation, its promises were fallacious, and its enjoyments empty and delusive. His heart, while it had not drank at that source, of which whoso tastes shall never thirst again after meaner pleasures, had still enough of sensibility and consciousness, to sicken in the midst of such low and unsatisfying pursuits.

It was about this period, when he was beginning to confess in secret that all was 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' that he met with a young lady of German extraction, though a native of Dauphiny, in whom he found a congeniality of sentiment; and he felt himself drawn towards her by the irresistible impulse of esteem and love. He sued and was listened to: and, after an interval which served only to develop more

fully the similarity of their tastes, while it matured their attachment, she became his bride. In time, when she had given birth to a son, they mutually agreed to abandon the resorts of frivolity and folly. Naturally of contemplative dispositions, they had but for a very transient season cordially embraced the occupations, or participated in the imaginary delight of those who impelled them forward in their thoughtless career; and they were glad, at length, to retire beyond the reach of their still too-fascinating power. They had the prospect of other engagements before them, and these, they hoped, would furnish them with more substantial and rational employment. Nor, as the sequel of our story will demonstrate, were they deceived in these pleasing expectations.

But a few weeks had elapsed from the adoption of this resolution, when du Blesne once more beheld himself amongst the still-unforgotten hills of his childhood. His family mansion, now rather dilapidated, he repaired; and, exchanging ornament for utility, rendered it at once a neat and commo-

dious dwelling. Shared with the partner of his affections, the beauties of its situation opened on his view with attractions, latent until now. With her, he saw in nature what nature only can supply ; and, imbibing, imperceptibly, a portion of her delicacy of taste, he gradually learned to appreciate the thousand varieties of scenery which surrounded him. But, while he gazed on them with transport, and often felt astonished, that he could ever have been insensible to their charms, ‘ the heavens that were stretched over him, as a curtain’ of glory, and ‘ the earth that was spread out for him, as a’ beauteous ‘ tent to dwell in,’ were viewed with an eye as yet unenlightened. He could discern the loveliness and symmetry of the picture before him ; but the Divine Artist was overlooked. The fields were enameled with flowers of every hue and odour—the lake lay in its blue expanse—the mountains rose in sublime majesty—and the firmament displayed its stupendous magnificence ; but the Almighty Power, from which they emanated, was disregarded, and the

honour withheld from Him that was 'due unto his name.'

Henceforth, he resigned himself to the calm and unsullied gratifications of domestic life, so widely differing from the tumultuous and unprofitable pleasures to which he had been accustomed. The endearing appellations of husband and father, so long despised amidst the whirl of fashion and dissipation, now became doubly sweet, from being contrasted with former feelings; and he derived from their accompanying enjoyments, a felicity, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. As yet, however, there was in his heart a void—'an aching void'—which not even the gentle attentions of the companion of his retirement, one of the loveliest of women, nor the insinuating playfulness of his little ones, now increasing in size and number about him, were able to fill. If we may adopt the similitude of the inspired penman, 'his soul was like the troubled waters which cannot rest.' There was still wanting a something, though he could not define its character, nor in the mean time

estimate its effects, whose absence cast a shade of melancholy over many of his sweetest hours. Now it was, that he was destined to know experimentally, that nothing, below the possession of its Maker, can satisfy the ardent and expansive desires of an immortal spirit. The *form* of religion which had hitherto rocked him in the cradle of delusive hope, and buoyed him up amidst the jarring sounds of the intoxicating pursuit of amusement, was now found totally unequal to sustain the weight of solitude and reflection, or to cheer those desponding moments, when his mind involuntarily turned itself to the scenes beyond.—But, it was not the Divine purpose ‘alway to chide with him :’ and the medicine he required was not much longer to be denied.

Though ‘promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west,’ yet, ‘in the dispensation of the fulness of times,’ there is a day appointed, wherein the people of God shall be willing to embrace his promises, and walk before him in all holy obedience ; for there is ‘a day, wherein he will visit them

with power.' That auspicious day now dawned on the family of du Blesne: 'The Sun of Righteousness,' whose benign influence had been hitherto neglected or belied, arose at length on this Alpine solitude 'with healing in his wings;' and quickly dispersed the clouds of unbelief and darkness, which, until this moment, had hung over it with the gloom of death, and with the silence of the grave.

It was about this time that an event occurred, which was deeply calculated to excite serious consideration, and impress the mind with a salutary conviction of the importance of a future world, and of the necessity for being in readiness to appear at its high tribunal. It called, indeed, as with a voice of judgment: 'Prepare to meet thy God.' He who makes the winds his messengers, and holds the elements as with a bridle to accomplish his designs, now saw fit to commission 'the destroying angel,' that 'his counsel might go forth with the terror of his name.' It was, truly, a visitation of sorrow: but so over-ruled eventually,

that those, who mourned beneath its weight; were led to trace in it the working of him, who 'ordereth all things in heaven and on earth;' whose 'mercy and truth ever meet together;' and who, out of apparent evil, educes good.

The sun had risen serenely, and was already gilding the neighbouring heights, when one of its most cheerful inmates bade a long adieu to the mansion of du Blesne. Intending to catch some fish for the use of the family, as was the frequent recreation of his intervals of study, Amadeus, Albert's third son, was seen early that morning with a nimble step bending his course towards the lake, which was at no great distance, and was soon attained by this youthful mountaineer.

Below the glen, and near the embouchure of the river, his father, whose lands lay in another direction, had purchased for him a small patch of ground, where he had had a harbour constructed, with a pier to facilitate his nautical employments. Here, he superintended the building of a boat, which,

as his talent leaned that way, was formed on a novel and ingenious model, furnished by himself. In this little vessel he often visited the adjacent coasts; and as he gradually acquired much skill in the management of it, he now and then extended his voyages to Vevay, Lausanne, and Geneva. On his return from his aquatic excursions, he generally moored the *TELL*, as he named his bark, after the deliverer of his country, in the harbour; though in the winter season, or when the weather threatened to be particularly tempestuous, he had it hauled-up on the beach.

On this occasion, although seldom much later than the lark of day-spring that carolled over his path, Amadeus had set out somewhat sooner than 'was his custom, desiring one of the servants whom he met at the door, to let his mother know that he would be back to dinner. But the dinner-hour came, and Amadeus was absent: it passed, and his seat was still unoccupied. Evening was now advancing, and though still expected, he arrived not: night closed

in, but it bore no tidings of Amadeus. Messengers were then dispatched in haste to the various places of his resort, but it was only to reiterate the intelligence, that he was no-where to be found.

Their apprehensions, however, were not greatly awakened. The sun had shone without a cloud during almost the whole of the day ; and, as the wind had been favorable, they conjectured that he had taken advantage of it to visit an acquaintance on the opposite shore, in which case he usually returned on the following morning. Thus, their fears were in some degree alleviated for the present. But before dawn all were astir. Some unacknowledged forebodings, though they still struggled to stifle their uneasiness, and invented a thousand excuses to account for his delay, had brought them instinctively together. But no explanation was necessary—each read in the other's countenance a motive none of them would avow.

His father, with one of the servants, now hurried down to the beach. From the ex-

tremity of the ravine they could perceive that the little harbour was vacant ; nor was any boat discernible upon the water, though they were aware that Amadeus often embarked from Savoy, ere the sun had tinged the highest of the distant summits. Meanwhile, his mother and sisters ran with trembling eagerness, and searched every spot where they had formerly seen him busied in naval preparations—but in vain. Here and there fragments were strewed, indicating that these had once been the scenes of his boyish toils ; but now all was silent. No foot moved—no hand plied skilfully the tool. They then took the direction of the lake, stopping at every turn as they winded down the declivity, in hopes to catch the blithe song that used to announce the approach of the little navigator. Now, they called him by name, and checked their steps in breathless suspense.—They heard a note:—it was the far shepherd-boy as he cheered his flock. Now, they hastened forward, and again paused for a moment.—A sound died on the ear:—it was the

echo responsive from the neighbouring hill. Anon, they cast an anxious look along the water, if possibly they might descry the well-known sail; but nothing was visible save the long undulations of the lake, still darkened by the morning breeze. Their distress now became extreme. ‘Amadeus, Amadeus,’ resounded from every rock—but the voice of Amadeus was to reply no more!

By this time his father, who had reached the shore, and was flying from place to place in a state of agitation bordering on distraction (for Amadeus was his favourite child), throwing his eye along the line where the little vessel generally appeared when returning from Savoy, thought he observed the resemblance of a human figure floating on the water. His heart sunk within him at the sight. Hope, however, that last friend of the wretched, still suggested it might be something brought down by the current of the river: and fain would he have believed it. But he was to be too soon undeceived. As it drifted towards him, he recognized the little sailor’s hat; and a moment after,

his pale defeatured face, as the body rose upon the wave.

The melancholy event was supposed to have occurred during one of those hurricanes, which so much endanger the navigation of waters environed by high grounds ; and which sometimes sweep the lake of Geneva with irresistible impetuosity, particularly the upper parts of it, from their proximity to the mountains, whose continuity is there broken by the valley which forms the bed of the Upper Rhone. It was moreover stated by the fishermen, who were quickly collected by the cries of the unhappy father, that, on the preceding evening, the heavens had suddenly overcast with clouds that presaged a storm, though none but an experienced eye could have been aware of the impending danger. A little sail, they added, had been remarked about that time near the anchorage of the river, and a woman, washing on the bank, had been startled by a shriek just as the first blast came down. When the skies cleared, nothing was to be seen ; and it was con-

jectured, that the boat had been upset, and all on board had perished.

From this period Albert became more thoughtful. The airy fabric of happiness he would have reared on earth had dissolved before his eyes. While the sun of prosperity shone on it, it seemed fair to view ; but when the clouds of sorrow and adversity loured around it, it tottered for an instant, and then vanished for ever. He was now conscious he had been leaning on a reed for comfort, instead of deriving it from that only

from whence true consolation can spring. The late tragical occurrence sunk deep into his mind ; and the impression it left there, indelible as the loss he had sustained, often elicited from him the self-upbraiding sigh. He had neglected the education of his children—that portion of it more especially, which should have had a tendency to fit them for a residence in a ‘ kingdom, which flesh and blood cannot inherit.’ One of them had passed into eternity—and his irrevocable sentence could now never be reversed.

These were afflicting recollections ; and they awakened in his breast the most agonizing emotions.

Henceforth, he was led to reflect on the realities of the invisible world, and was frequently heard, when alone, to cry out as with an involuntary burst of anguish ; ‘ Amadeus, where art thou ? Where is my Amadeus ? Say ! Have I undone thee, my poor boy ? ’ The Bible, thenceforward, became the companion of his solitude ; and his grief began gradually to subside from the perusal of its sacred pages, as if absorbed in the glorious prospects they unfolded to his view. There, he found a balm for his wounds which the scene around him was unable to impart. Like the dew on the tender grass, it fell upon his wounded spirit. The blessing from on high was present, and he was sensible of its healing efficacy. Through it, he was taught that no incident, however trivial it may seem, can arrive without the supreme concurrence of an infinitely wise and gracious God ; and that *all* things, untoward as they may appear to our narrow sight, ‘ work to-

gether' for the welfare of those who obey him. Thus did the light of truth imperceptibly dawn upon his heart. If the late event was sent to his soul with terror, it was guided by a hand of mercy. He, to whose purposes of love winds and waves are alike subservient, had ordained it as the instrument of opening a way for the more abiding lessons which du Blesne had yet to learn, and of exciting him to an anxious inquiry after 'the things which belonged unto his peace.'

These sentiments, thus auspiciously rising in his breast, were watched and diligently cherished by a pious pastor in his neighbourhood, whose acquaintance he had hitherto avoided, but with whom he subsequently became united in the closest ties of Christian benevolence and friendship. It was his care to lead the mind of du Blesne to higher hopes—to point out to him the superintendence of a particular Providence—to induce him to recognize its over-ruling interposition in every occurrence of life—and to enable him to trace, in his own afflic-

tions, its especial interference, chastening him for his ultimate advantage. From these he conducted him, and his humble but faithful endeavours were acknowledged from above, to that mysterious display of benignity in the Creator, which was manifested in the restoration of his offending creatures. In the gift of his only Son, as a propitiation for our iniquities, in the vicarious obedience of Jesus, and his atoning death, he showed him at once the infinite demerit of sin—the means of reconciliation—and the unbounded compassion and tenderness of Him, against whom we had so causelessly, so ungratefully transgressed. Finally, he unfolded to him the medium through which the benefits of redemption are appropriated; and exemplified from sacred and unimpeachable testimony the vital influence of a ‘true faith.’ ‘Through it,’ would this good man say, ‘and may this be our happy experience, the believer becoming identified with Christ, pays in *Him* the penalty due to the Divine justice, and is entitled to the possession of a tranquillity which this world can neither give

nor take away : while, in the fair perspective of the immortality that awaits him, he will often ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

Thus was du Blesne, by slow but sure degrees, ‘made wise unto salvation.’ The economy of the Gospel-dispensation opened on his astonished sight in all its harmony and beauty. His mental vision was unfilmed. He beheld the refuge provided for him, ‘the Rock that was higher than he,’ and fled to it with trembling gratitude. He was no longer ‘without God in the world.’ ‘Admitted to his embraces,’ he found in Him all he wanted—a Redeemer, a guide, a friend. ‘A stranger once from the covenants of promise,’ he had been ‘brought nigh by the blood of Christ :’ and, roused from the restless dream of delusive security, he awoke to the sweet reality of pardon and peace. In the fate of his darling child he now saw a circumstance of awful indeed, but salutary interest, proceeding from Him, who ‘numbers the very hairs of our heads,’ and without whose permission not one of

them shall fall to the ground. The thought of Amadeus, it is true, would often cast a shade upon his brow, and extend its gloom downward to his heart. Yet, if he could not feel an assured confidence, that his boy had been removed to a better place, the tear of tender and anxious regret was occasionally illumined with a ray of comfort, that forbade him to 'sorrow as others who have no hope.'

CHAP. II.

‘ Here have I found at length a quiet home
To hide me from the world ; far from its noise
To feed that never-dying spirit, which,
Though link’d to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy ; and through the calm,
That sleeps amid this mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of Eternity,
And hear delighted.’

FROM the moment when first it pleased the Father of mercies to ‘ enlighten the eyes of his understanding,’ and to reveal to him the danger of their situation, ‘ who know not God,’ the instruction of his family became to du Blesne a subject of the deepest solicitude. They were straying from the paths of life, and ignorant of the way of salvation. If they worshipped, their altar was erected on a shadowy foundation, and

dedicated, like the Athenian's of old, ' to an unknown God.' And yet, the next instant might summon them to his presence. The next breath they drew might leave them there, where the voice of forgiveness could never reach.

Actuated by feelings of so interesting a kind, he could not long continue to deny them his assistance. His acquaintance with divine things was, it is true, but small, yet did he not consider himself justified in withholding from them the little he might be enabled to impart. Intimately persuaded, himself, of the unspeakable importance of being prepared for the final account, he could neither forbear to pray, nor labour, inefficient as his exertions might be, for the furtherance of their everlasting welfare. His high aim now soared above the trivial and passing occurrences of time, and rested on the enduring events of Eternity. No occasion, henceforward, was omitted which could assist him in his pleasing task; no incident unnoticed, that offered an opportunity of impressing the minds of his wife or children

with the conviction of the shortness and uncertainty of our present existence, or of the value of that ' Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light.'

During their evening rambles, particularly, it was his delight to seat himself on some lofty rock that overlooked the surrounding landscape, and there to dwell upon all that was nearest his heart. ' The close of day,' he was accustomed to remark, ' seemed especially and mercifully suited for heavenly contemplation. The business and bustle of the preceding hours, wherein ' man goeth forth to his labour,' have given place to the quietude of repose. The discordant sounds of an active world have died away, and been lost in the sweet stillness of the distance. The hurry of forgetfulness has subsided into the calm of reflection. Another sun has irrevocably gone down, and we are another day nearer to the grave. The shades, that deepen round, inspire the solemn thought, that ' the night is approaching wherein no man can work,' and that that hour is hastening, when our eyes will be closed in the

darkness of death, and we shall go the way whence we shall never return.'

While he thus went forward with humility and prayer in his endeavours to instil the principles, which were now so closely interwoven with every wish he had on earth, into the minds of those who were dearest to him, he was not allowed to proceed without some fruits to quicken his diligence, and enliven his confidence of final success. The first earnest of the harvest, he was afterwards to reap, was the submission of 'her who lay in his bosom' to the Gospel of his hope. She witnessed its healing power in her husband, whose occasional asperities it had softened, and whom it had supported and consoled; and she gradually became desirous of participating in his joy. Imperceptibly, as it were, she followed in his footsteps, and professed herself a disciple of Him who called her to 'take up the cross.' Insensibly, also, their children entered the ways that lead to Zion—ways, wherein the Christian is permitted, amidst many outward and inward trials which the world knows not of,

to feel that he is still journeying homeward through 'paths of pleasantness and peace.'

Though they had always lived together on terms of the most amicable intercourse, and in the reciprocal and faithful discharge of every relative duty ; yet, when the voice of a Redeemer was heard in their retreat, this happy family found themselves united by a new and dearer tie. His Spirit inducing a ready obedience to the invitations of his love, and a cheerful acquiescence in whatever his Providence ordained, painful though it might be to flesh and blood, and dubious to the eye of sense, their bosoms glowed with a mutual attraction, unknown before. They now regarded one another, not only as sprung from the same earthly, but as children of the same heavenly, Parent : recipients of the same grace, subjects of the same sceptre, purified in the same fountain, heirs of the same promise, and destined for the same eternity of blessedness and repose. Actuated, now, by a principle, celestial in its origin, and diffusive as the habitable globe, their griefs were mitigated by a

fellowship of suffering, while their pleasures were sweetened by being participated with those who were linked to them by an affection, which, they doubted not, would only be matured by that hour, which should behold the dissolution of all mortal relationship.

Although a mournful breach had been made in the little circle, du Blesne had still a numerous offspring. 'As olive-branches round about his table,' he rejoiced to see them; for, though it had pleased the Sovereign Disposer of human affairs to allot him, in the evening of his days, a more limited portion of the silver and the gold which He distributes as He will, he was tranquil in the thought, that 'the righteous would not be forsaken, nor his seed beg their bread.' Time was, when he had lived in greater affluence; but the disastrous issue of the struggle in which his country had unadvisedly engaged against the overwhelming force of its unjust and remorseless invaders, had reft from him the greater part of his patrimonial inheritance. Dispossessed,

however, as he was, of the fortune of his ancestors, he was thankful that he had still sufficient, and to spare for the fatherless and widow. If his board was not as profusely spread as once, when his wealth was squandered in luxury and ostentation, amidst the sounds of ‘the tabret and viol,’ he had now learned duly to appreciate his mercies, and to taste them with the moderation of a renewed and grateful heart.

How delightful and instructive is it to enter into the secret of such a sanctuary ! Here, withdrawn from the allurements of a world that ‘lies in wait to deceive,’ sequestered from its noise and tumult, and at a distance from its unhallowed amusements, these disciples of the Saviour had enjoyments, which the sons of violence, and the votaries of dissipation, never knew. Not, that they sprang from that innocence, so unmeaningly talked of amidst the retirements of rural life. Alas, banished from Eden, *that*, ‘until the times of restitution of all things,’ will return no more ! Innocence is a flower, too pure, too lovely, *now* to blossom

on a human soil. No : wild and lonely as they are, the solitudes of Switzerland, and Savoy, afford but too many indications, that *man is a fallen creature*. Sin has penetrated even here. And the prince of darkness, ever seeking whom he may destroy, even amongst the recesses of the Alps, still rules with a melancholy sway !

The happiness of this favoured family had another source. Sensible of their many deficiencies—of those ‘iniquities which had long separated between their God and them,’ they confessed and deplored them. But they had been led in humiliation to Calvary. There, while they pondered that mysterious sacrifice which Emmanuel offered ‘in his own body on the tree,’ the hand of Divine compassion touched them ; and they were enabled to cast themselves in contrition at the foot of the cross. They had sorrowed ; but their ‘sorrow was now turned into joy.’ They saw themselves liable to the just indignation of Him, whose statutes they had infringed, and whose long-suffering they had

* See note h.

treated with such lamentable neglect: but there was One, who had been ‘wounded for their transgressions,’ and ‘on whom had been laid the chastisement of their peace.’ ‘They looked on him,’ and believed.

“They heard, ‘Tis finish’d,’ on his parting breath;
Beheld him die—and had a hope in death.”

Then, they arose, ‘and went on their way rejoicing.’ Relying on the faithfulness of that Conductor, who had journeyed before them through the vale of tears, and had bidden them ‘be of good comfort,’ they calmly waited their appointed time. He had himself encountered the hour of temptation, and had had mournful experience of its power. But he had overcome in the conflict; and had left this memorial with them, as an earnest of their own eventual triumph. If, therefore, ‘they had here no continuing city,’ they were more than consoled by the reflection, that they had ‘in heaven an enduring substance;’ and that there they would find another and a better rest.

True, they had their troubles, for ‘man is born to trouble;’ nor did they expect, per-

haps they did not wish, exemption from the common lot. They remembered that it had been said by one, who knew well what he uttered: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted;' and they were deeply sensible the rod was in the hand of a Father, who would 'not grieve them willingly.' Their anxieties, however, were not without their peculiar alleviations; and their sorrows were softened by the sweet assurance, that they had a Friend who bore *with* them 'the burthen and heat of the day'—while they were embalmed by the recollection, that he had undergone *for* them infinitely more than these. Thus they stood in continual readiness for whatever, 'in the counsel of his will,' he might see fit to dispense to them—to obey with alacrity, or submit with resignation; feeling that 'unto them it was given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.'

Their occupations, as his disciples, were of that description, which, endearing in the prospect, leaves no sting behind. Retiring from applause, and even from observation,

where they did not consider it a duty to ‘ let their light shine,’ they laboured to be approved of God, rather than of men. Though the hills that surrounded them were barren and inaccessible, there was many a verdant vale between. Here lay their heritage : for, ever alive to the miseries of others, it was their delight to minister to their relief ; and they acknowledged it as a cause of gratitude, to be permitted even to alleviate the burthens, which it was, perhaps, denied them to remove. The highest authority had told them, ‘ that the poor should never cease out of the land ;’ and these were the charge that constantly solicited the pious and unostentatious assiduities of du Blesne, and his family. Aware that their heavenly Master had condescendingly promised to accept, as offered to himself, the kindness showed to his afflicted members, it was their especial care to attend to the wants of those around them. These they regarded as peculiarly allotted to them in the universal vineyard ; and, anxious that their portion of it might render testimony to a sedulous cul-

ture, they clothed the naked, and bade the hungry to the feast, which the hand of a benignant Father had provided for themselves. And their benevolence was its own reward. While they became the messengers of mercy to others, they participated in the favours she bestowed. The indigent in their neighbourhood, who, without their aid, might have struggled hopelessly against the unfruitfulness of seasons, or the accumulating expenses of an increasing offspring, beheld their approach with undissembled satisfaction, and welcomed them beneath their humble roofs with many a grateful smile, and many a heart-felt blessing. They rejoiced in the welfare and happiness of their benefactors, as involving their own ; and they grieved for their sorrows, as if they suffered themselves. No envious eye detracted from their liberality ; and seldom even was the voice of calumny raised against their unassuming ‘ labours of love.’

To relieve temporal necessities, however, though a duty never overlooked or disregarded, was but a small part of the heavenly

‘ Don’t disturb yourself, Mrs. Arnauld ; we can only stay a moment with you.’

‘ But will you not sit down ? It’s a long way from the glen, and the hill is steep ; though, to be sure, you’ve made a nice path for me, and I get easily now once on the Sabbath to the Lord’s house. But, Madam, won’t you sit down ? And you, Miss Emily : do, please take a seat.’

(Mrs. du Blesne sitting down :) ‘ Still with your Bible beside you, Mrs. Arnauld, I see.’

‘ Aye, dear, what should I do without it ? a poor old creature like me, just dropping into the grave’—*(lifting her eyes devoutly to heaven)*—‘ what should I do without it ? Blessed book !’

‘ You still find it good to draw near to God, and meditate in his word.’

‘ I do, indeed : I do, indeed. It is all my comfort in this sorrowful and evil world :’ *(taking the corner of her apron, and wiping away a tear.)*

‘ Well, Mrs. Arnauld, your trials are hastening to a close.’

‘ They are, dear, I know they are ; and I bless the Lord for it. But, still, memory turns to my poor husband, that lies buried beneath that blue lake. I never can look on it, without thinking of him. Poor Ronald ! He was a kind husband—but we did not know the Saviour in those days.’

‘ But you should not afflict yourself too much on that account. To his own master he standeth or falleth ; and you may yet find him with that God, who keepeth mercy for thousands.’

‘ I sometimes hope I may. That little Hymn-book has his name in it, written with his own hand ; and I have seen him reading it, too. But the Lord knows, and He does what is best. We are poor short-sighted creatures : we don’t know what is good for us.’

(*Mrs. du Blesne, rising.*) ‘ No, indeed, we know nothing. But the hour is coming, Mrs. Arnould, when ‘ we shall know even as also we are known.’ Until then, let us bow our heads in resignation, for our God is merciful—the Father of mercies.’

‘ But won’t you stay a bit longer ? I

love to see you, and it cheers my old heart to hear you talk.'

'Thank you, I believe we must be going. Mr. du Blesne is waiting for us on the other side of the hedge.'

'And how is he? May the Saviour bless him and you; and may the blessing of the widow, and her that was ready to perish, rest upon you!'

'Farewell, Mrs. Arnauld. We shall see you soon again, if God permit.'

'Do, dear, come and see me. It is my greatest earthly delight to receive you under my roof.'

(All three approaching the door together)
—(*Emily* :) 'Oh! Mrs. Arnauld, what a beautiful sun-flower is this you've got here!'

'Yes, love, very pretty. It sometimes reminds me of the 'Sun of Righteousness,' when my wicked heart would incline to forget him.'

(*Em.*) 'And this pretty rose-tree, too!'

'Yes, dear, a sweet emblem of the sweeter 'Rose of Sharon,' that cheers my solitude. May the Lord plant it in your breast, and it

will be better than all the admiration of the vain world !

(*Em. colouring :*) ‘ Thank you, Mrs. Arnauld : I pray indeed that he may.’ (*Mrs. du Blesne and Emily together :*) ‘ Well, good evening, Mrs. Arnauld : good evening.’

‘ Good evening, ladies ; and may the good shepherd go before you, for you know his voice.’ (*Looking after them :*) ‘ Aye, the Lord bless them, the Lord bless them ; for they have pity upon his poor,’ and often ‘ make the widow’s heart to sing for joy.’

On the other side of the hedge, that forms the eastern inclosure of the cottage they have left, ascends a path, which leads you to a white-washed cabin, small but neat, whose front is almost covered with the embracing tendrils and leaves of the vine and the honeysuckle, mingling their blossoms and tender grapes with the light flowers of an Alpine rose-bush. Here once was sin, and its general companions, poverty and misery. But the father of the family is now reclaimed, through their instrumentality, from vicious habits, and is become industrious.

and frugal. His wife and children are tidily, though coarsely, clad ; and the smiling sun-burnt countenances of his little ones discover a happiness, to which, until lately, they were strangers. His dwelling,

‘ The shed that shuts him from the storms,’

is clean, though homely ; and the Bible, once neglected, now lies on the well-known shelf, bearing many a mark, that its owners have their secret hours with God.

Descend with them the declivity on the right, and you enter a pleasant valley. It is verdant, and watered by a stream that finds its babbling way over opposing rocks, and the numerous trees, which the winter-tempest has thrown across its bed. At the farther extremity stands a cottage, more respectable in its appearance than those you have passed. It is a house of mourning, but of mourning sanctified. There, lived a couple, who were estranged from God. They were fondly attached to each other, and were as happy as they can be, whose hopes and wishes centre in earthly things.

But the hour of chastisement was at hand. Fanchette was taken ill—gave birth to her child—and died. The widowed father wandered in distraction from place to place, seeking rest and finding none, like the dove, distant from the ark. At length, Mr. du Blesne went to visit him. He prayed with him, and put a little volume upon his table—‘*Consolations under Affliction.*’ For a season, it remained unopened; but casting his eye on it one evening when groaning in spirit, he took it up and read it. The influence of the word of grace accompanied the perusal, and he felt its healing virtue. He became calm, resigned, humble, pious. He looked from time to eternity—from earth to heaven; and he is now a Christian pilgrim going sorrowful, yet not refusing to be comforted, on his way.

Though that fair form, whose lips, warmed with Pentecostal fire, proclaim in every tongue, the wonders of redemption, and prepare in every desert a high-way for our God, had not yet arisen to bless the world—that form, so justly likened to the angel

of the Apocalypse, flying in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel—the sacred volume still poured its vivifying waters through the hidden channels of the beneyolence of the du Blesnes. Conscious that ‘power from on high,’ had attended the study of it to themselves, gladly did they part with a portion of their superfluity to enrich the poor of their vicinity with its invaluable treasures. Not a cottage, or cabin, was to be found within the sphere of their beneficent exertions, that did not contain within its walls this sanctuary for the afflicted—this refuge for the child of woe. Nor were the instances unfrequent, where they had reaped the ‘exceeding great reward’ of beholding their god-like solicitude crowned with the ‘conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways:’ thus, encouraged to continue in ‘doing good to all men,’ yet most happy when permitted to minister to the wants of ‘the household of faith’—of those, who bore His image whom they loved and served.

When the return of morning invited them

to resume its avocations, they went forth, but not with the sullenness, which so often contracts the brow of those, who are unacquainted with the vital influence of that exhilarating declaration : ‘ The Lord reigneth ; ’ and which proclaims, in language but too intelligible, a mind alienated from God. Devoutly raising their memorial of gratitude, they entered on their engagements, whether of necessary recreation, or serious employment, with alacrity and cheerfulness ; persuaded that He, whose ‘ truth had hitherto been to them as a shield and buckler,’ would still be their Protector and their ‘ Guide, even unto death.’ Thus, with their hearts stedfastly fixed on heaven, they were invariably found walking in those paths that conduct to its peaceful and happy abodes.

MATIN SONG.

While o’er these hills the dawning light
Its crimson pathway winds ;
Dear Saviour, chase their clouds of night,
And wake our slumb’ring minds !
As yon blithe lark on soaring wings,
By lovely instinct led,
To pay her morning-homage springs
From off her dewy bed :

Cheerful, may *we* attune our songs,
And join her grateful lay ;
Since unto thee the praise belongs,
That we behold to-day.

With her's our mounting spirits, too,
Would range yon gloomless skies,
Where joy has flowers of ev'ry hue—
Nor storms, nor darkness, rise.

Thus would we live, through grace divine,
By thy still waters led :
In thy dear presence—sheep of thine ;
And in thy pastures fed ;
Until, in thy redeemed rest,
From sin and sorrow free,
We lay us down, supremely blest,
And sweetly sleep in thee !

In such strains, you might have heard the hymn of their early adoration resounding in harmonious echoes among their hills, from voices attuned to 'the songs of Zion,' and from 'hearts that made melody to God.' Nor, if the day opened with notes of thanksgiving, did its close meet them disinclined for a similar sacrifice.* It was not with them, as with too many, alas ! who bow the knee at stated and distant intervals, and appear in the Divine presence through

* See note i.

accustomed form. Here, religion was the ‘one thing needful;’ and they considered its pursuits at once as the most delightful of their employments, and as the chief concern of life. Whether, therefore, it was morning that rose on them, or night that gathered round their dwelling, they were still prepared to ‘worship Him, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth.’ Liberty of access to, and communion with, a reconciled heavenly Parent had been obtained for them at an inestimable price; and they were not negligent in the cultivation of so valuable and exalted a privilege. Deeply conscious that the most exquisite of earthly pleasures, united with the tenderest sensibilities of human friendship and love, are all poor and empty in comparison of those elevated enjoyments, with which the Redeemer blesses his children, it was their first and most anxious desire to keep free every conduit, through which ‘the streams that make glad the city of God,’ could be derived to themselves individually, or to ‘the house of their pilgrimage’—a habitation, where the

Prince of peace was a welcome, and where, they trusted, he would not be an unwilling, guest. Thus, soon as the Evening had hung her shadows upon their mountains—when the shepherd on the upland had secured his fold—the woodman laid aside his bill and wedge—and all around invited them by its stillness to meditation and prayer, they knelt together, in acknowledgment of the mercy which had sustained and preserved them.

In their turn, each member of the family presented, in the name of the others, the tribute of supplication and praise; the portion of the inspired volume, which had been previously read, generally furnishing its matter. ‘I have often,’ says a worthy pastor,* who found it good for him to visit this calm retreat of piety and peace, ‘made one on these interesting occasions; and have heard, sometimes the venerable patriarch, or his amiable partner, sometimes the children, discharge this important function with the greatest facility, and the most touching fervour.’†

Nor were the domestics excluded from

* See note j.

† See note k.

a participation in these little solemnities. Deeming himself in a high degree responsible for the spiritual instruction of his servants, and looking upon himself, not more as their master than their friend, du Blesne regarded an attention to their eternal well-being, as an essential, and not unpleasing, part of the duty of that relation in which he stood to them. And, anxious that, among the members of his household, as elsewhere, he might still conduct himself as one amenable to the gracious commandments of his God, it was his endeavour that he might rule with gentleness, while the law of kindness ever dwelt upon his lips. He remembered, that ‘he had himself, also, a Master in heaven.’—Thus was his house a temple—a sanctuary, meet for the God of holiness and love. No contest for power, no angry recriminations, disturbed its peaceful region. All was unanimity and harmony, the blessed fruits of that religion, which breathes ‘good will towards men.’ Domestic happiness, the sole living record of Eden,

‘The only bliss that has survived the fall,’

seemed here, truly, to have taken up its abode. No private gratification was permitted to interfere with the general advantage. ‘Not slothful in business,’ they yet found constant occasion to serve their Lord with singleness of heart; and you might have traced in their individual deportment, and in their mutual intercourse, the union of the two first great precepts—so ‘humbly did they walk with God,’ and so ‘kindly were they affectioned one to another.’

Uncontaminated by the maxims of a false and insinuating philosophy, which had become but too fatally prevalent around them, their creed was pure as simple. With little else than the unadulterated word of inspiration, and a throne of grace, to direct them, they had experienced the fulfilment of the promise; ‘when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.’ They might, perhaps, have failed in some abstruse disquisitions on subjects, which have, unhappily, too long divided the followers of Jesus of Nazareth: yet, able, and not unwilling, to ‘give a reason of the hope

that was in them,' they ~~know~~ enough to teach them to sorrow, and rejoice. 'Repentance toward God' was the source of their sacred sorrow: and 'faith in him, who was delivered' as a victim of propitiation, laid the foundation of their humble, and hallowed, joy.—While 'without are fightings, and within fears,' to a mind oppressed with the weight of its own corruptions, and mourning over a world that has forsaken the ordinances of its Maker, how grateful is a scene like this! 'Streams in the desert—waters breaking out in the wilderness.'

'About the time of the offering of their evening sacrifice,' it would occasionally happen that some traveller, benighted as he journeyed across the neighbouring wild, would turn aside to the shelter of their friendly abode. The lapse of many an age had established the hospitality of the glen. For a season, it is true, in the absence of its present proprietor, it had been closed against the wanderer: but it had long since retrieved its character. Although, through the de-

moralizing influence of the Revolution, which, while it scattered some blessings in its path, had spread with a baneful contagion far and wide, the ancient generosity of the Highlands had been banished from too many an Alpine threshold,* it still found an asylum under the roof, and in the bosom, of du Blesne. To him, the virtuous or unoffending usages, consecrated by immemorial prescription from his fathers, were still dear: and often would he retrace, with much evident satisfaction, the less ostentatious habits, and the nobler principles, of 'the olden time.' The stranger, consequently, was ever welcome at his abundant board. His appearance at his gates, the sole introduction tendered or required, he was received within them unsuspectingly, and as one who had a claim to protection. Without any affectation of courtly ceremony which du Blesne had long gladly dispensed with, yet with due attention, notwithstanding, to the forms of polished society, there

* See note 1.

was not wanting in his dwelling what was greatly preferable to such frigid formality—the few simple charities of human kindness, the fruits of genuine politeness, and perhaps the only *real* urbanities of life. These carry along with them the conviction of sincerity, and speak a language encouraging to the distressed, and easy of interpretation to all.

Among his way-fairing guests arrived, incidentally, some venerable pilgrim, whose edifying conversation more than requited the friendly offices of his hosts. If

‘The tattered garment, and the altered form,
Told many a buffet of the mountain-storm;’

it was only that a more lively interest might be awakened in his tale of sorrow. The memories of his hearers were more abidingly impressed; and they were thence led to rejoice with a joy more unfeigned, that they were counted worthy to afford him a refuge, or to offer him, for the sake of his Master, though it had been but ‘a cup of cold water,’ or ‘a morsel of bread.’ Here, while, in compliance with the solicitations of a natural and pardonable curiosity, he

recounted 'his labours abundant, his journeyings often, his perils of robbers, his perils in the wilderness, his weariness and painfulness, his frequency in deaths,' the tear of sympathy would spring unconsciously to the eyes of his attentive auditory: soon, however, to give place to that of thankfulness, when he dwelt on 'the goodness and mercy which had followed him,' preserving him amidst innumerable dangers, 'from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth in the noon-day.' Thus, their minds were harmonized for the succeeding solemnities. Listening to his unadorned narrative, interwoven with many an expression of gratitude to that Power which had protected him, they insensibly caught a portion of his spirit, and their social intercourse assumed reciprocally a more exalted tone.

Amidst such peaceful and profitable employments, years had glided imperceptibly away. With little diversity of occupation,

there was not much to distinguish their silent lapse: and it was only by a family growing up about him, and those infirmities of nature which are the usual precursors, and the invariable attendants, of declining vigour, that du Blesne could perceive that he had already been long a sojourner on earth, and must by and bye be going to 'the house appointed for all living.' So true it is, that 'time will wait for none.' 'Day after day steals on:' still awfully exemplifying the truth of the pathetic lamentation of the Roman exile, to him unalleviated by any ray of hope from beyond the dreariness of that grave, towards which he felt himself borne with a steady and irresistible impulse:—

'Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis.' Ov. (a)

Two of du Blesne's sons, for whom his now more limited income did not permit him, consistently with the duties he owed to his other children, to purchase exemp-

(a) 'Time glides away, and we insensibly
Grow old beneath advancing years.'

tion;* had already been drafted into the legions of the usurper; and, accompanied by the tears and prayers of their kindred, had bid adieu to the home of their nativity, and were gone to slake the ruthless ambition of a tyrant with their blood.

His daughters, too, were verging into womanhood. In them, as a father, he was pleased to behold a modesty of demeanour, combined with an amiable sensibility, and a sympathizing tenderness for the woes of humanity, so indispensable to complete, and such lovely ornaments in, the female character. Nor was it these, only, that gladdened his heart. As one, whose dearest hopes were beyond this fluctuating and evanescent scene, he had higher views. His anxieties reached to eternity, as his efforts were addressed to capacitate for its blessed employments. Deeply conscious, that, without that internal preparation which no human power can bestow, they could never attain to the abodes of happiness, he was solicitous, above all, that they should be

* See note m.

vitally actuated by the spirit, while they professed to be animated by the principles, of christianity. Not, that he would have extirpated the passions ; an attempt as futile, as it would have been at variance with the Divine institutions. No: his aim was to turn them into a right channel, and to direct them to the worthiest objects. He would have exalted, and purified, their affections ; and, fixing them on heavenly things, so have imbued their minds with a sense of the supreme value of immortality, that, while they descended to hold communion with the concerns of time, they should still testify that ‘ this was not their rest.’ Thus would he have trained them in the way they should go, and formed them for a felicity which ‘ eye hath not seen’—a felicity that shall endure, when this world, with all that belongs to it, has passed for ever away.

Yet, even here he could rejoice, although perhaps with trembling. While he pleaded the promise,* so cheering to the bosom of a

* ‘ A promise,’ as Mr. Hervey observes, ‘ of inestimable worth, never to be forgotten by believing parents, and better

pious parent ; ‘ I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring ; and they shall grow up’ in knowledge and in grace, ‘ as willows by the water-courses :’ he felt, that the God he worshipped was still his friend. Nor did he doubt, that, in the diligent use of the appointed means, and in humble dependance on the blessing from above, his efforts for their eternal welfare would ultimately be crowned with the happiest success.

Hope, indeed, had whispered that the dawnings of a renewed understanding were already

to their children than the largest patrimony, or the richest dowry. It is exceedingly beautiful, and equally comfortable. Not, I will drop, I will distil, but I will *pour* : denoting a large and copious supply. They shall grow, not as a root out of a dry ground, but as a tree planted in the most kindly soil, where it is plentifully watered, and flourishes in the most ample manner.’

Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles,

Nutrita faustis sub Penetralibus

Posset.

HORACE.

Were it but train’d with pious care, they knew
What culture with the tender mind could do,

discernible, in the gradual declension of those habits and sentiments, which, derived from the fruitful source of original depravity, are the never-failing indications of unregeneracy of mind ; and he was thence encouraged to continue his pleasing labours, and to intercede with increasing fervency on their behalf.

Emily, the eldest, was now entering on her eighteenth year. Since they had been bereaved of their darling boy, Emily had been, too much it may be, the idol of her parents' affections. For this there may be found, perhaps, some apology in the engaging sweetness of her disposition, aided by the silent attractions of a person, formed at once to captivate and endear. Her disposition, indeed, was peculiarly amiable. While it was enlivened by a vivacity, which animated by its equal and uninterrupted flow, and charmed by its artlessness, it was mellowed by the gentler beauties of humility and tenderness. If, at any time, she happened to be led away by the buoyancy of her spirits, a word, a look, was sufficient

to recall the guileless wanderer, and awaken the tear of contrition. To have offended her parents, though unintentionally, was ever cause to her of sorrow, the deepest her infancy was acquainted with ; nor would the smile resume its wonted place upon her cheek, until the reconciliation was ratified by the embrace of love. Yet, amidst the levity natural to childhood, there was a thoughtfulness about her, which betrayed reflection more mature than her years. ‘ The calm retreat, and silent shade,’ seemed more congenial to her mind, than the crowded haunts of gaiety and pleasure. These, it is true, it was seldom within her reach to visit ; but even when opportunity offered, as it would incidentally, it was evident to the intelligent eye of observation, that there was some other scene more suited to her taste. That scene was the retirement of her hills. There she found something, though she might, possibly, have been unable to define in what it consisted, which coincided with the natural bent of her inclinations.

But Emily's mental endowments were yet superior to the graces of her disposition, or the elegance of her person. Her powers of apprehension were quick almost to intuition. Her memory was remarkably tenacious, and stored with many beautiful sentiments and passages, both in prose and poetry; while her fund of knowledge was thence more rapidly increased, under the daily occasions of improvement which presented themselves in study and meditation. Her ardour in the pursuit of intellectual acquisition required, indeed, as is frequently the case with the grasping eagerness of a young mind inclined to reading, a judicious check: and, in this respect, Emily was highly favoured. Unable, herself, accurately to discriminate, she found, in the piety of a well-informed mother, whom she revered and loved, the precise superintendence of which she stood in need; for, however fair the blossom, or pliant the tendril, they demand, alike, the hand of experience to foster and direct. No propensity to indolence; that

bane of early promise, discovered itself in her character. The gratification of a curiosity, just unfolding itself to the wonders of creation, and the treasures of science, was, meanwhile, a sufficient incentive to advance in the career she had begun. When the motives, by which she was actuated, had felt the purifying influence of the religion of the Redeemer, her inducements to perseverance, if not always so vivid as they might have been previously, at intervals, in the warm sun-shine of an ardent imagination, became more equable and permanent ; and the proper occupancy of her time was, thenceforward, a predominant principle in her bosom. *That* she considered a talent, for which she would one day be called to a severe account ; and it was her high endeavour that she might render that account with joy.

Her acquaintance with the history of her own, and other nations, was extensive and accurate ; and she was intimately conversant with the politer of the living languages of

Europe, whose peculiar beauties she could duly appreciate. (a) English, however, was her favourite study. She admired its copiousness and energy; and entered deeply into the spirit of our best authors. That predilection for our country which is so general in Switzerland, particularly in the protestant cantons, grew in the breast of Emily like a tree planted in some sheltering recess. And may we not hope that her partiality was rewarded? Yes, gentle reader; thou wilt rejoice to hear it was. If, at the unhappy period in which she lived, we were shut out from the hills of her nativity, the voice of those, who, 'being dead, yet speak' amongst us, had penetrated to her retreat, and furnished the instructive medi-

(a) The borders of the lake of Geneva are well known as a literary retreat. The author of this Tale, while wandering with some young ladies, the daughters of an acquaintance whose country-seat was delightfully situated at a few miles' distance from Geneva, through the groves, which might vie with those of Academus, that surrounded his residence, happening to allude to some of our best writers, among others Milton and Thomson, was agreeably surprized in finding his fair companions familiar with their language and excellencies.

experienced emotions equally vivid as those, with which they beheld their Emily ; for, often, when bearing their offspring in remembrance at the mercy-seat, had she afforded them the sweet anticipation, that she was destined one day to be the brightest jewel of their hope. Yet, there was a worm at the root of their enjoyment ; and the tear of apprehension would silently blend itself with the note of gratitude and praise. A secret misgiving would involuntarily intrude upon the thought that rested over her ; and they trembled, lest the heavenly exotic should be found but a transient resident on earth's unkindly soil.

He, ' whose mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,' had indeed numbered her of his family, and ' marked her for his own.' His propitious smile had long attended her lowly and unobtrusive path. As a lily, nourished by the dews of his benediction, she had grown beneath his care, and ' cast forth her roots as Lebanon : ' and, if she had not hitherto made such advances in the hidden life, as others

have done under less encouraging circumstances, it was to be attributed to causes inscrutable to human eyes. The voice of God had doubtless moved over her, and she had awoke from the sleep of death. But it seemed to have died away into a quietude, that spoke of peace, it is true, yet rather of such as dwelled on the still-agitated bosom of her native lake, ere the storm of the mountain had for ever sunk to silence on its breast, than of that moveless calm, wherein it reflected, without a dimple to obscure their lustre, the glories and loveliness of heaven.

The season, however, had at length arrived, when her spirit was to be imbued more deeply with the reality and importance of

‘The vast concerns of that eternal scene,’

whither she was hastening—and when Emily was to be prepared to meet those trials, which unerring Wisdom saw fit she should undergo.

CHAP. III.

‘O Nature! Winds of music, valleys, hills,
Woods, gushing brooks—in you there is a voice
Of potency, an utterance which instils
Ideal freshness, bidding man rejoice
Deeply with joy in spirit. From the noise,
The hum, of busy towns, to you I fly :
Ye were my earliest nurses, my first choice.
Let me not idly hope, nor vainly sigh—
Whisper once more of peace—of my Redeemer, nigh.’

THE eye, enlightened from above, will always feel a relish for the beauties of nature, however varied her aspect. Through them it is led upward ; while the heart, soaring with it, as on eagles’ wings, beyond the troubles and occupations, and all the little jarring interests of time, holds high communion with other worlds. Earth, with all its intercourse, is then, as it were, beneath our feet. Looking towards the regions of immortality in ‘the full assurance of hope,’ the veil that hides them from human

vision is withdrawn for a moment, and heaven opens on the view of Faith. While we converse with nature, we are but a step from God. He it was, who arrayed her in all the loveliness we survey ; and it is He, who still ‘upholds her by the word of his power.’ She bears his image ; and, though transgression has deprived her of that unsullied reflection of it, which our parents contemplated in Eden, the divine impress is still legible in her features, and it demands no ‘understanding deep-skilled in science,’ to read in them the characters of his purity, benignity, and truth.

Emily seemed, in this respect, to have imbibed, from her infancy, a portion of her mother’s amiable sensibility. The sublime scenery, with which the place of her nativity was surrounded, afforded her a peculiar, though an indefinable, pleasure. Often, even in early childhood, would she steal away from human reach ; and ‘at the hour when day and evening meet,’ be found musing over some flood or fell, thinking those ‘unutterable things,’ which a youthful imagination delights to conjure up in its visionary

wanderings, while as yet she was unconscious of the charm that bound her to the solitude she sought.

Westward from the recess where the mansion of du Blesne stood, and rising to a considerable height, is an eminence, detached in a measure from the mountain which overlooks it from behind, as if they had been rent asunder by some convulsion of the elements. At present, indeed, its appearance indicates only neglect and desolation. ‘The people of the earth are gone down from its shadow, and have left it; and the fowls of heaven remain upon its ruin.’ But at the period of our story, still within the memory of man, no trace of decay was visible. If to-day is seen only some solitary pine lifting its head amidst the brushwood, it was then covered with trees, disposed with an art so delicate as to blend, in a manner which had all the effect of unintentional embellishment, the almost innumerable shades of foliage, with which the beneficent Creator has adorned this globe, so clothed with beauty, even for the rebellious, and yet preserving undiminished the romantic wildness of the scene.

Through these a walk had been constructed, which commanded, from openings purposely left, the picturesque diversities of wood and water, mountain and valley, which are so strikingly characteristic of the higher borders of the Lemman Lake ; and imperceptibly conducted you with many devious windings to the summit of the hill. But as you ascended, there projected in front, rather more than midway up the acclivity, a rock or crag of precipitous formation, though not remarkable for its dimensions, so situated as to permit the eye, which had attained its elevation, to range at will in every direction, that excepted, in which the prospect was bounded by the intervention of the eminence, to which it was attached. This spot, ‘ the loveliest of that lovely glen ’ which embosomed the abode of her fathers, Emily had early chosen as suited to those ‘ fond imaginings,’ which are, alas ! but too illusory for the breast of one, doomed to be conversant with the dark and trying realities of life ; and which, whoso values the happiness of their offspring, will endeavour with caution,

though from their tenderest years, to counteract. It was a spot, indeed, that well might attract an ardent fancy, nor yet ill calculated to lull the tumults of the bosom acquainted with sorrow.

**The boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields :
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields :
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echos to the song of even :
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields ;
And all the dread magnificence of heaven'—**

seemed here to combine their efforts to invite, and fix, the attention. Nor was any aid, that art could superadd, wanting to complete the loveliness of the scene, which bore, to the delighted gaze of Emily, the semblance of some Elysian paradise, than which the creative genius of poets had feigned nothing more fair.

Round this rock had been planted, under her direction, many a tree and shrub. As they grew with the successions of seed-time and harvest, their intermingling branches had been twined into an arbour, which, rendered yet more secluded by some tall and spread-

ing oaks and elms, that had long found there an unmolested retreat, now lent her a welcome umbrage when the suns of summer impelled her to seek a shadow from their heat. Hither often would she retire to meditate, and conceal herself from a world of which meanwhile she knew but little, except from books, and the conversation of her parents, or the discourses of the pastor, whom she revered as the pious preceptor of her youth. They said the world was evil; and she believed them. They told her of its dangers; and she willingly consented to shun its snares.—She had yet to learn from the book of inspiration, and the volume of her own breast, that it is *totally* depraved—yea, ‘at enmity with its God.’ And she was still to be taught, by woeful experience, that ‘man, born of woman, is of few days, and full of trouble,’—a lesson, in the sequel, indelibly engraved upon her heart.

The year was now rapidly drawing to a close. Hoary December was scattering his frosts around; and the winds, ever and anon, were heard howling dismally over the adjacent steeps. ‘The night had been winter in

his roughest mood.' The snow had fallen in large flakes, and without intermission ; and, though the storm had come from the west, it had borne upon its wings the searching colds of the north and east. Mountain and valley was alike wrapped in one cheerless mantle. The glen, but lately so gay and smiling, was desolate and sad. The deep, but not unpleasing, low of the cattle grazing on the acclivity, no longer echoed among the hills. The shepherd-boy had penned his fleecy charge beneath the shelter of some overhanging rock. The song from the woodlands had ceased ; and even the water-fowl, that proverbially love the cry of the tempest,

‘ And are known to sit secure,
While the billows roar and rave,
Slumbering in their safety sure,
Rocked to sleep upon the wave,’

had fled to their retreats. The verdure of the meadows was exchanged for one unbroken sheet of white, except where the snow had been drifted away, and left a little patch of green ; in earnest, as it were, that ‘ God had not forgotten to be gracious,’ and that Spring would again renew and beautify the scene.

The short day of Winter was already beginning to shut in, when Emily, throwing her mountain-cloak hastily about her, left the house to steal a look of nature, ‘in her features wild.’ Her steps were still attracted to her summer-bower. It ever had its charms. It was lonely and unseen ; and she asked no more. Thither she directed her way. The path, as we have said, was devious ; and the snow had now rendered it difficult, if not dangerous. But ‘a dweller of the hills,’ though naturally timid, and endowed with every feminine grace, was not easily to be deterred by impediments which consisted only in arduousness of access. With a nimble and steady foot, light ‘as a hart on the mountains of Bether,’ she bounded up, here retiring a step or two to avoid the precipice, there penetrating into the wood ; when her progress was hindered by the drifted wreath, and winding through the leafless trunks with the agility, you might almost believe, of a deer flying from its pursuers, until she stood uninjured on the well-known spot.

How different, now, from what she had

beheld it, a few short months ago, amidst the mild radiance of a September evening ! Then, the bower was shaded with a luxuriant, though fading, foliage. The tendrils of the vine and honeysuckle were gracefully twining themselves among the branches above, loading them with their clusters, or scenting them with the dying fragrance of some still-lingering blossom ; while the oak, the elm, and the chesnut, towering beyond, waved whispering in the autumnal breeze. The voices of the linnet and red-breast were still caught, though infrequent, from the copse ; nor had the cooing of the turtle-dove yet ceased in the dell. Some tarrying flowers still breathed sweetly around, though they hung down their drooping heads ; while the lucid expanse of the waters glowed with vermilion from the calm glory of departing day.—But, now, how striking the contrast ! Not a bloom was visible, save the pale and solitary snow-drop, that appeared to mourn over the desolation it was left to witness. The red-breast was silent. The song of the linnet met the ear no more. No more the turtle wooed his bride below. The rock

that lifted her to the blast rose bleak, and naked. The leafless branches whistled mournfully about it. Tall and whitened by the storm, it seemed gloomily to watch the war of the waves, like some aged weather-beaten mariner, whose ship has foundered, himself scarcely snatched from the elements; his thin bleached locks streaming on the gale; his eye, fixed and melancholy, gazing on the surging waters that have just reft him of his last hope. The sun was hid in clouds and tempest. The lake, agitated by an impetuous north-west wind,

‘ Outrageous, dark, wasteful, wild,’

heaved mountains high, now breaking on the shore, now conflicting with the rapid and opposing current of the Rhone, and mounting up to heaven, in the struggle, with a loose dashing spray.

Absorbed in the terrific grandeur of the scene, Emily remained immoveable. In vain did the blast, driving over her at intervals with fearful violence, threaten to hurl her from her giddy stand! In vain did the cold of a winter-storm assail her! She gazed, and gazed, till her spirit seemed to be blending

itself with the chaos she surveyed.—At this moment it was, that her attention was arrested by another object. A small sail was descried in the distance. It appeared to be endeavouring to gain the Savoy shore ; but, rendered unmanageable by the united violence of winds and waves, it was now hurrying towards the eastern extremity of the lake. On it the eye of Emily soon became riveted ; her heart replying to every roll it made. At one instant, it was seen ascending on the billow, as if it would implore your assistance : the next, compelled again to commit itself to the gloomy and faithless recesses of the deep. Emily viewed it with an interest of that awful kind, with which we contemplate what may vanish, even while we behold it, from our sight for ever. Onward it came with frightful velocity. Her anxiety increased. At the mercy of the elements, you would have thought, it borne on the wings of the whirlwind—with such dismaying rapidity did it hasten to its fate. Now, her heart seemed as if it would leap from its confines ; and yet, perhaps, her agitation was not unmixed

with the feelings of an undefined, and possibly, inexplicable pleasure. In the mind of man there appears to be a natural tendency to derive an involuntary gratification from the sufferings of his fellow, when he is himself removed from their reach. However deeply we may participate in the distress of others, still, if we are secured from its power, the consciousness of our own more favoured situation will insensibly blend itself with the apprehensions we entertain on their account, and awaken sensations bordering on something approaching to enjoyment—sensations at once so elegantly, and so philosophically, described by Lucretius :

‘ Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventiss,
E terra alterius magnum spectare periculum,
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas ;
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.’*

LIB. II.

As the shallop drew near, two figures became distinguishable. One was seated at

* “ When o’er ocean maddening whirlwinds sweep,
Heaving to Heaven the billows of the deep,
Pleased, we from land th’ endangered bark survey,
And rolling mountains of the watery way ;
Not, that we joy another’s woes to see :—
Yet sweet ’s the feeling that ourselves are free.”

on the shore at the place whither their experience told them it would be driven, to be ready for whatever the emergency might require. Disengaged by the shock, the mast had fallen overboard. To this, the person, whom Emily had perceived at the bow, had clung with convulsive energy, and remained floating on the surge, while the unfortunate steersman was rolled back with his vessel, and overwhelmed in the war of the elements. The retreating wave was already fast sweeping him into the current of the river, where no human power could have availed to save him, when a sailor rushed into the breakers, and at his own imminent hazard brought him to land.

When Emily arrived at the spot, she found them using what endeavours they could, to restore suspended animation to the sufferer they had rescued from the watery abyss. Encouraged by the presence and advice of one, whom they had often recognized, when themselves or their families were in distress, as ‘an angel of light,’ they redoubled their diligence, hoping against hope, that they might yet recall the life that

seemed to have fled. Leaving with them such simple instructions as her experience in similar cases suggested, she directed them to convey him as quickly, but with as much care as possible, to the glen, while she herself hastened home to forward what further assistance might be necessary.

Proverbially disinterested as was the benevolence of the du Blesnes, an occurrence of the present nature was calculated to call forth at once every effort that christian kindness, or intelligent humanity, could devise. There was not one among them who did not participate in Emily's anxiety. At the first intimation that a fellow-creature stood in need of the services they were ever eager to render, every heart beat warm, and every hand and foot were in motion. Some ran towards the avenue to urge caution on those who brought him up the ascent; while others not less actively employed themselves at home in preparing such restoratives and medicines, as the emergency might demand.—At length the wanderer reached the house, and was carried to the apartment which was always kept in readiness for simi-

lar occasions, and was known by the name of 'The stranger's room.' His aspect was venerable, and indicated a peculiar serenity of mind. The lines of age were strongly marked in his countenance, which seemed to have been handsome in youth, and beamed, as it were, mysteriously, at this moment, with the dignified expression, which denotes piety contending with sorrow. As yet, however, although the faculties of life were evidently returning, his visage was fixed as by the hand of death ; imparting to it an indescribable look, as if the spirit that animated it had already set out for heaven, but was just tarrying for an instant at the boundaries of time, to fulfil its last duty, and then bid a final farewell to sublunary things.

Not many minutes had elapsed before the painful suspense of the family was relieved. He slowly opened his eyes, and, viewing them with a smile in which praise to God was blended with gratitude to man, said, in a voice tremulous from years, but in a tone that bespoke the fervour of devotion : ' How gracious is my eternal Friend ! How kind are you ! I was an hungered, and ye gave

me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Until this moment an awful silence had prevailed, as if they had dreaded lest any sudden sound should frighten the wavering soul from its abode. But, now, every eye sparkled with delight, or swelled with the tear of thankfulness. They had been instrumental in rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave, and they had their reward. But, he, who calls the spirits his own, had a recompence yet more ample in reserve for them. Their guest, in the appointed season, was destined to be withdrawn, but he was to be permitted to leave a blessing, yet more valuable than gold or silver, of which he had none, behind.

After an interval of several hours, when his limbs, which had been benumbed from long exposure to the cold and wet, had recovered from their torpor, and his exhausted frame had in some degree been restored to the little remnant of strength which age and misfortune had not consumed, he thus once more addressed his friendly hosts: ‘ I am aware that you must naturally be solicitous to learn the circumstances, which have so

mysteriously thrown me as an intruder on your generous hospitality. My story, indeed,' he said, as the tear rolled slowly along his cheek, 'is brief as mournful: too little interesting, perhaps, to merit narration. Yet, under the blessing from on high, it may tend to reveal to you the vanity, and transitory nature, of all earthly enjoyment, and lead us mutually to set our affections more undividedly on the things above.'

The mild benevolence of his aspect, softened yet more by that melancholy, which proclaims a heart that has long been the habitation of deep and varied sorrow; the dignity of his manner; and the purity of his accent, indicating some other than Alpine intercourse; having already during these few words commanded the esteem, and riveted the attention of the family who were seated in anxious expectation about him, he fetched a sigh, as you would have thought, of mingled resignation and sorrow, while he raised his eyes, it seemed in silent supplication, to heaven, as if summoning resolution to detail the affecting incidents, and imploring a blessing on the narrative, of his life.

CHAP. IV.

' 'Tis here,' he said, and I beheld the tear
Wetting his cheek ; ' the good man sleeps. Be calm
His rest, for he was beat by many a storm !
'Twas on a night—and I remember well
How swept the wild-wind o'er the dark hill-side,
And that calm sea to mountains rose, and cold
The snow, and drifting, fell—his bark was cast
Upon our lonely shores. We brought him home,
And he reviv'd a little ; just to tell
His tale of varied sorrow, and resign
His spirit into his Redeemer's hands.'

'NOT unknown,' began the venerable
stranger, ' in the annals of my country, De
La Roche is my name. A subject of the
Bourbons, it was in Alsace that I first drew
the vital air. Born to the possession of
estates, which had been successively in-
herited by the long line of my ancestors
under another dynasty,* I was instructed in

* It was not until towards the conclusion of the last cen-
tury, that Alsace became a province of France.

such accomplishments as were considered suitable to my rank and expectations; and, being an only child, I met with every indulgence from my too fond parents.

‘ Before I attained my fifteenth year, I had the misfortune to lose my father. In-
trusted to the guardianship of my mother, a descendant of the great and good Philip De Mornay, and having no control but her mild and gentle reproof, I quickly became impatient of restraint. The victim of an ardent imagination, and encouraged by my companions in crime, I was no sooner the master of my own actions, than I determined to disengage myself from the trammels of maternal entreaties, withdraw myself from the presence of one, whose conduct was a continual rebuke, and procure elsewhere that liberty of transgression which was denied me under her watchful tutelage.

‘ Confirmed in this resolution by what I regarded as a laudable desire of acquainting myself with foreign nations, and the manners and customs of the world, I now waited a favourable opportunity for informing my

mother of my intentions. Conscious of the anguish which the disclosure would occasion, I endeavoured to break the affair to her as cautiously as possible ; for, though steeled against every other sentiment of rectitude, the chord of filial affection was still unbroken in my heart. But scarcely had I made the first distant allusion, when her solicitude, ever tremblingly alive to my welfare, penetrated the veil I wished to cast over my design. Never shall I forget her agony ! Afraid she would instantly have expired, so dreadful was the shock she had received, I told her that I would at least defer my departure, and perhaps indefinitely postpone it. But this was merely a disguise. I had laid my plans, and was not to be diverted from putting them in execution, even by the alarming agitation of a parent whom I loved and respected.

I now commenced in secret the preparations for my journey. The day arrived, and all was in readiness. I could not, however, think of quitting the house, without taking leave of my unhappy mother. It

was a moment of indescribable emotion ; but now I was to decide, or for ever abandon my projects. I ran hastily into her apartment—communicated my determination—and was hurrying away from the gaze of an eye where delirium was already depicted, when she flew towards me, and caught me in her arms. At first, incapable of utterance, she could only hang upon my neck, and bathe my cheek with her tears. At length, in a voice scarcely articulate, and interrupted by her sobs, she said—‘ O my son, my son ! Will my Claude forsake his poor mother, who brought him forth in sorrow, and fed him from her breast ; who watched so anxiously over his helpless infancy, and spent so many a sleepless night beside his bed ? O Claude ! and shall I then behold the face of my ungrateful, but still-beloved boy, no more ? ’ Feeling my courage begin to fail me, and dreading lest I should be unable to resist longer an interview of so affecting a nature, I tore myself violently from her embraces, and rushed towards the place where I had previously

ordered the carriage to be in waiting to receive me. As I winded through the plantations I heard her shrieks—‘ O Claude, Claude! My son, my son!’ Nor was it, until I had proceeded for some time as rapidly as my horses could speed me forward, that they began to die away drearily in the distance. This is a scene to which memory has since recurred with many a poignant reflection.—I never after saw her alive.

‘ For several years, I was leader in all the dissipations of a licentious court. Endowed from my birth with a robust constitution, I withstood excesses which carried many of my wretched companions to untimely, and awful, graves. At such seasons conscience would raise her voice; but it was too still and small to be attended to amidst the clamour of worldly pursuits. Yet, if it was drowned in renewed horrors, it often seemed, notwithstanding, to complain with a sullenness, that more than once spoke terror to my soul.

‘ Buoyed up by the flattering anticipations of youth and inexperience, ‘ I gave my

heart to know madness and folly,' and said ;
' Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth.'
I visited distant countries. I frequented
every resort, where pleasure was sought, or
reported to have been found. In a word, I
passed my days, as if there was no ' God
that judgeth in the earth.' At length, my
mother, who had not ceased to follow me
with the most tender expostulations, while
compelled to blend with them the language
of warning, wrote to inform me that my
abandoned conduct, (which had reached her
ears through a thousand channels), combined
with my unkindness, had broken her heart,
and that she expected early to be removed
from a world, where she had had experience
of many afflictions: ' most of all,' she ad-
ded, ' in the behaviour of my still dear son.
Freely I forgive you, Claude; may a
heavenly Father, your Omniscient and Al-
mighty Judge, forgive you freely too! May
he ' blot out, as a thick cloud, your trans-
gressions, and, as a cloud, your sins!' May
he wash you in that ' fountain, which was
opened for sin and for uncleanness'—clothes

you with the robe of a Redeemer's righteousness—and thus make you meet for his presence, and his 'exceeding joy!'

'O, how many an unutterable pang have I endured on your account! How many an hour of agony have I spent interceding for you, my ill-fated, unfortunate, child! But I will yet trust, that my prayers for you will be answered in peace, when the hand that now traces these lines is lifeless and mouldering, and when the heart that dictates them has ceased to beat! Yea, I will 'hope even against hope,' that 'the voice of my supplication will yet be heard,' and that the goodness and long-suffering of that Saviour, who has mercifully supported me under all my trials, will finally 'lead you to repentance;' and that I shall hereafter find you in those abodes, where *you*, my Claude, will no longer need reproof, and where *your tenderly affectionate mother* will for ever dry her tears."

'Stung with remorse, I hurried home. O, how tedious did that journey appear! My anxiety outstripped the wings

of the wind. At length, however, I reached the threshold—that threshold which I had crossed years before with emotions of anguish, which were but little relieved at my return. I eagerly enquired for my unhappy parent—she had just expired, imploring with her latest breath the Divine pardon on my head. I flew to her chamber—that chamber where she had so often rocked my cradle, and sung my infant eyes to sleep! Alas! now how changed! It was dark, and silent—the abode of death! I uncovered the pallid countenance. It was serene and calm; as if she had felt in her dying moments the peaceful hope, that her poor wanderer would yet be granted to her maternal vows. I gazed on it, until the powers of recollection were overwhelmed in the dreadful reality of the loss I had sustained. I then fell upon the lifeless visage—and kissed it—and wept—till exhausted nature gave way, and I was carried insensible to bed.

‘ Here I lay in the delirium of a fever, still haunted by my ingratitude and crimes, and by the gentle reproofs of the beloved

parent now no more, wavering on the borders of eternity for nearly three months. It pleased Him, however, 'who keepeth mercy for thousands,' to spare me yet a little. And ; O, how shall I sufficiently adore and magnify the gracious dispensation, which still vouchsafed me leisure 'to call my sins to remembrance !' A pious aunt, the sister of my mother, who had come to attend her during her last illness, watched over me through the whole period of my sickness and convalescence, with the most tender assiduity, and seized every favourable opportunity to impress my mind with the value of the things invisible. And, ever glorified be His name, whose 'eye saw and pitied me !' her labours were not in vain.

'By slow degrees my strength returned, and my health was re-established. Often, now, would I go and sit beside my mother's resting-place, and read her letters over and over, and weep, and try to pray. My mind henceforward, through the efficacious influence of Divine grace, took a decidedly serious inclination, which was fostered by the

instructions of my aunt, whom I now looked upon as my parent, in the room of her I had brought with sorrow to the grave.

‘ But a few years had elapsed from this period, when I married a lady by birth a Swiss, a native of the canton of Basle. She was, indeed, of the Lord’s providing; and a help meet for me she proved. We had an only daughter, who grew up the lovely image of her mother. Of this fair pledge of our affection we were, possibly, too enamoured; and He, who lent it to us for a short and sweet season, early withdrew it from our view. It was ‘a gourd of his own preparing,’ and we sat beneath its shadow with inexpressible delight. But there was a worm at its root; and soon, O how soon! it drooped, withered, and died.

‘ As we were unwilling to part with her for the time necessary to be devoted to her education, and as we found it, besides, difficult to procure such instructors for her as we desired, my beloved wife, who was every way qualified for the office, undertook to be her preceptress. Our first care, however,

was to endeavour, trusting that our little labour would be countenanced from above, to instil into her mind a love for that God, who made and redeemed her. We taught her, and exemplified the mournful truth from the indications of it in herself, that we were all ‘born in sin,’ ‘and by nature the children of wrath.’ From this we led her, as her childish years could receive it, to the sacrifice once offered on the cross. We had nothing in ourselves, we told her, wherewith to propitiate our offended Creator; and he had himself provided, in the person of his Son, a victim of atonement—a mean of reconciliation. We then showed her how the benefit of this oblation was to be appropriated—by ‘believing the record which God hath given:’ and that, as ‘in herself dwelt no good thing,’ so she must pray that the Holy Spirit would regenerate and purify her infant heart. O how sweet it was to train up our beauteous babe! Her docility, the amiableness of her disposition, and the remarkable maturity of understanding which

she displayed, rendered it with her a truly animating, and

‘ Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind !’

And how her bright blue eyes would sparkle, though suffused at intervals with tears, when we spoke of that ‘ good Shepherd,’ who ‘ gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom,’ and tends with such affectionate anxiety even ‘ the least of the little ones of his fold, lest it should go astray and be lost.’ Thus, as ‘ a vine, brought indeed out of Egypt,’ but with a gentle hand—watered with the kindest dews of heaven, and protected by the assiduous watchfulness of parental fondness, lest ‘ the boar out of the wood should waste it, or the wild beast of the field devour it ;’—she grew, and ‘ sent forth her branches,’ and our ‘ hills were covered with the’ pleasant ‘ shade.’

‘ Whilst occupations, at once so profita-

ble and endearing, were granted to us in our domestic circle, limited though it was, it will easily be believed, that we had not a wish beyond it. Yet, the duties of religion and humanity often called us to minister to the temporal and spiritual necessities of our tenantry, and others ; and it was to us a subject of thankfulness and gratitude, that we were allowed the high privilege of relieving the wants of our fellow-creatures, and pouring balm into their wounds. 'The poorest outcast at our door was still a human being, with passions and feelings similar to our own, and we could consider nothing that regarded him, as foreign to ourselves.* While we beheld him, therefore, we would say, and sympathize with him accordingly—

' Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried ?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died ?'

' Thus, in one even, uninterrupted stream of happiness—of happiness,' such as falls to the lot of few—time advanced, until our

* Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.

TER. HEAUT.

Amelia had completed her seventeenth year. But, if He who knows our frame, and provides what is best for us, occasionally vouchsafe us consolation in our pilgrimage, he yet seldom lets his children remain long without some memorial, that they are 'strangers in the earth.' He sees it requisite that we should oftentimes 'go mourning,' as we journey to the heavenly Canaan, lest we should be too much inclined to take up our residence in 'this waste, howling, wilderness.' My amiable partner, it is true, with that mixture of reproof and affection, which she could employ with such inimitable delicacy, frequently reminded me, when I spoke of the felicity which was the portion of my cup, that 'this was not my rest.'—'Remember, Claude,' she would mildly say to me, 'the hand that bestows our comforts, when we lean on them with too ardent an attachment, generally withdraws them, lest they should prove detrimental to our eternal interests. Did not God remove the best-beloved of the wives of Jacob, and deprive him, at least for a long and painful season

of his favourite son? No, dearest Claude: set not your heart too much on me and on your child.'

: At this period, our daughter was almost too fair, too perfect, to be human; and we more than once expressed our mutual apprehensions, (and, O may a fond and bereaved father be pardoned for calling them *apprehensions!*) that she was ripening too fast for a better world, to be permitted to sojourn much longer in this. We felt as if the Lord was preparing her for himself. But it was the appointment of Him, who 'doeth all things well.'—Here the eyes of the venerable sufferer filled. He stopped for a moment; wiped the tears as they succeeded one another on his furrowed cheek; and then with a sigh, that excited in the breasts of his audience the deepest commiseration, resumed his narrative:

'Sorrow, it has been observed, seldom comes unattended. Yet, if the truth of the remark has been justified, too forcibly justified, in me, should I not bow in submission to the will of Him, 'without whom not even

a sparrow falleth to the ground?' If my affections were too closely entwined around created things, they were soon to be torn away from me, and I was to be left without a support, without a refuge to cling to, but the hand which held the rod that bruised me.

'It was towards the end of that autumn, in which, 'by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,' we had commemorated the seventeenth return of the day which had brought us such an augmentation to our happiness, and such an accession also to our anxieties, that my wife and daughter, invited by the serenity of the evening, wandered to a considerable distance from our abode. That department of the province in which the mansion of my fathers stood, was peculiarly beautiful. Diversified with wood and water, hill and dale, it was a spot almost where angels,

'Sent down on errand of supernal grace,'

might not refuse to dwell; and in perhaps the fairest part of it lay my paternal domains. Upon the banks of a river which bounded

them in that direction, and pursued its lucid course now over some cascade, now winding quietly away, my Anna, who had much taste for rural improvement, had had a walk constructed which commanded some of the most picturesque scenery in Alsace. The view from it, indeed, was strikingly romantic. In the distance rose, undulating, the hills which occasionally mark the rapid current of the Rhine, here and there intersected by some tributary water. Below ran the stream we mentioned; now lined by gentle acclivities of woodland, where, as evening fell, the nightingale would trill her melancholy, but soothing, lay: now bounded by high and abrupt rocks, where the eagle held her solitary reign, and where human foot had never trod: now stealing through meadows and pastures enamelled with a thousand flowers, that diffused a refreshing fragrance around; while the walk itself was overarched by the embowering foliage of ancient elms, which some kind hand, ages ago returned to dust, had planted to screen the wanderer from the summer suns. On the inner side,

spread the perennial verdure of the lawn which surrounded our residence. Such was the path of pleasantness—nor was it wonder their steps should find there many a powerful attraction—where my wife and child lingered on that memorable night.

‘ Their conversation, as they mutually told me afterwards, was so interesting, and their meditations so sweet, in looking forward to a world, where nothing that is carnal shall enter; where the intercourse of the redeemed will be unbroken, as unalloyed; where the groan and the sigh will be changed into the note of unending praise; where the frowns and persecutions of the enemies of our peace will be lost in the permanent affection of the Lamb; and where the pang of parting shall never more be felt: that they forgot the dews were falling heavily, and that they were already far from home. Oh! the recollection harrows up this icy heart. But, was it not needful?—and shall I repine? Before they reached our dwelling, the star of evening had long sunk beneath the horizon; and the chill damps of

night, whitening about their way, were reflected in the moon-beam, whose peculiar paleness seemed to presage some impending calamity.

“ On their arrival we put Amelia to bed, and administered such simple medicines as were beside us, and had before been found effectual as preventives. For some days no unpleasant symptoms appeared, and we were willing to flatter ourselves that no injurious consequences would result ; but it had been otherwise ordained. Shortly after, she complained of a pain in her breast, which was attended with a cough. Her breathing became difficult, and a hectic flush overspread her fair cheek. But it is unnecessary to detail the particulars of her advancing disorder. Enough to say, it baffled the skill of her physicians ; and we were compelled, however reluctantly, to think our beauteous blossom drooping to the grave. As a gentle flower, she was ; blowing in the morning, and ere evening rifled by the unseasonable blast, and fading when its loveliness was

only beginning to expand.* Great, truly, was her promise. Precious in the sight of her Maker, 'he had placed her by wide waters, and set her as a willow-tree.' Her meek humility, her pious resignation, and her lively hope, were indeed edifying to us all; and constrained us, in the midst of our affliction, to glorify God on her behalf. Not a murmur ever escaped her lips; and we were aware of her sufferings only by the remedies, which she requested might be applied, at intervals, for momentary relief. And, O how often would she try to comfort us, pointing our anticipations to a scene where we should ere long be re-united, to be separated no more!

'One evening, when I was seated beside her during the short interval, for which I had prevailed on her mother to lay herself

* Telle une tendre fleur, qu'un matin voit éclore
Des baisers du zéphyr, et des pleurs de l'aurore,
Brille un moment aux yeux, et tombe, avant le temps,
Sous le tranchant du fer, ou sous l'effort des vents.

LA HENRIADE, Chant. 8me.

upon the bed, looking at me, and perceiving that I was unable to restrain the tear of regret, she took my hand, and, clasping it with all her little remaining strength, while she summoned what self-possession she could command, thus addressed me: 'Father, my dear father, weep not for me. I am going to be withdrawn from you, but we shall soon meet again beyond the reach of sin and sorrow.' Interrupted by her own emotion and mine, she paused for a moment; then with a steady voice continued: 'For your sake, and my dear mother's, I would willingly have lived a little longer, if such had been the Divine permission, that I might have requited you in some measure for all your kindness, and have performed for my beloved parents the sad office I shall soon require at their hands. Under a higher teaching, it is to your united and unwearied instructions, counsels, and prayers, that I am indebted for the hope which sustains me in this trying hour. Yes, it is to you, my father, and to my ever-dear mother, as the instruments of my good, that I owe the calm and serenity I now enjoy.'

Through the tender compassion of my Redeemer, the path of death is strewed for me with flowers. He expired in the bitterness of his soul, that I might depart in peace. Leaning on his arm I am going up from the wilderness of this troublous world to the celestial city, the city of habitation, where I shall ere long hail the arrival of those I love best on earth. Be comforted, then, in the assurance, that your child, your only child, is dying with a heart confident in the all-sufficiency and pardoning mercy of her Saviour, and overflowing with gratitude to God and you.'

'But it is needless to detain you with the recital of minute particulars, however interesting they may have been to myself at the moment, or may still be in the melancholy retrospect of the few and evil days of my pilgrimage; for few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.' Our child was now drooping quickly; and while we watched over her, as she gradually waned to the grave, we traced with bursting hearts the silent but fatal progress of disease. The hectic deep-

ened on her emaciated cheek. Her eye exchanged its natural vivacity for the transparent brightness which indicates decline; and a deep hollow cough tore her feeble and convulsed frame. In a few months our Amelia was no more. Scarcely had we beheld the sun of her morning, and it was 'a morning without clouds,' when her day declined, and went down—still serene indeed, but O how soon! Her course had been one of early and singular devotedness to her heavenly Master, transient as the smile of evening through April showers, and not less lovely; and her last end was, truly, peace. Claiming, with an inexpressible look of animation and triumph, the fulfilment of the promise of Him she loved and honoured, to 'come again and receive her to Himself,' she gently reclinèd her head upon my breast, and without a sigh resigned her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer.

'Consoled we were, indeed, by the assurance, that 'we should go to her, though she would not return to us;' yet the stroke could not but be severe, which bereft us of the

delight of our eyes, and the centre of all our earthly attractions. But I was still further to be 'made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men.' Her mother—she, who through nineteen fleeting years had shared alike my sorrows and my joys—she, whose tender affection had brightened many a gloomy moment, whose converse had so often cheered me in seasons of despondency, and whose counsel I had found so sweet—my Anna, was soon to be taken from me also.

'Though aware of the danger she incurred by her unremitting attendance on her dying child, as there was already a predisposition in her frame to the same fatal disease, I felt it would be more than cruel, to withhold this last melancholy gratification from her maternal solicitude. The seeds of decline were laid; and hardly had we followed Amelia to the tomb, when my beloved wife was attacked in a similar manner. The symptoms, from the first, were of the most alarming nature, and we mutually foresaw that the hour of our separation was at hand. Oh! these

were the billows—‘ the floods of great waters !’ But I had an arm to lean on which was able to sustain me ; else they had assuredly ‘ gone over my soul !’

‘ As the winter was approaching, I proposed removing with her to a milder climate. Not, that I had any expectation she would derive material benefit from the change ; but I was willing to do whatever was recommended, as affording even the remote possibility of her restoration to health. No persuasions, however, could induce her to consent to leave a spot which had been so deeply endeared to her. It had been the witness of her most delightful enjoyments, as of her bitterest sorrows ; and she wished, with submission to the Divine will, to die where her Amelia had died, and to sleep beside her in the same grave. She was conscious, indeed, that there was no prospect of her recovery, and that all human aid was vain. The journey, besides, alarmed her ; and she was afraid that she might either sink under the fatigue, or be obliged to stop by the way, where she might want many

comforts which home only could afford, and which her situation so much required. But, to be brief: I soon lost my last tie to a miserable world. All my fondest hopes had been withered in the bud; and I was left as a blasted oak, that still lifts its riven head to 'the stormy wind and tempest,' amid the surrounding desolation of the forest. I stood in solitude, and alone. I had none to sympathize with me—no eye that would weep over my distress—no friendly hand to uphold my tottering steps. And this,'—here the old man raised his eyes, bedewed with tender recollections—'this, if memory do not fail me, is the anniversary of that mournful event, which deprived me of her I loved in life, and lament in death. It was on this day—a day, such has been the will of Heaven, I shall always honour, and account sacred to regret*—it was on this day my Anna died! Oh, 'the iron entered into my soul!'

* Jamque dies, ni fallor, adest; quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Dî, voluistis, habebo.

“ My home now became insupportable. Though enabled, I trust, to adore in humility the Power which had winged the ‘ arrows that stuck fast in me,’ I could no longer endure the scenes amongst which I had passed so many hours of happiness, now for ever fled. I left them accordingly, and purchased a small estate in a part of the Confederacy, where every thing was in unison with my feelings—desolate and sad. My change of sentiments had already created me numerous enemies, ‘ who hated me without a cause ;’ and, although sincerely attached to my ill-fated king, and my still more unfortunate country, I was marked by one and all for destruction. No sooner, consequently, was it rumoured that I had withdrawn from France, than my domains were confiscated ; and the revolution breaking out shortly after, I was pursued by the unrelenting malice of my persecutors, even to my Alpine retreat.

‘ In the secrecy of this lonely retirement, I had hoped to be permitted to end my days in peace. What I had saved from the wreck of my property I had laid out in embellish-

ments suitable for the place ; and it had gradually become, under my fostering care, all that a pilgrim, fast approaching the confines of the everlasting habitations, could desire. But it was the good pleasure of my heavenly Guardian's will, that I should again be a wanderer ; and I was driven homeless and helpless, bending beneath the accumulating pressure of years and sorrows, on a cruel and unpitying world. ‘ They persecuted me in one city, and I fled to another ;’ until, finding that they still hunted me utterly to destroy me from the land of the living, I at last determined to go and hide myself from their resentment amidst the wilds of Savoy.

‘ With this intention I reached the borders of your lake. There, learning that my enemies were still in search of me, I engaged a small vessel to carry me across. The owner, trusting to his skill, assured me that the passage would be attended with no danger ; and, unhappily for himself, I confided in his judgment. We set sail accordingly from Vevay ; but we had not proceeded far

when the wind rose to a tempest, and our little bark became unmanageable. To put back was impossible. We had, therefore, only to run before the gale—and you are already acquainted with the melancholy result.’ Here his emotion for an instant prevented articulation ; but quickly recovering himself, he proceeded : ‘ Thus have you traced me through the devious wanderings of my pilgrimage, until I am found in poverty and exile—without a shelter, and without a friend, save the roof that now gives me a refuge, and the hand that there lends me protection. But, if this sinking pulse does not deceive me, my trials are hastening to a long, an eternal, close. Oh, in this hour, I would bless that mercy which has followed me, and kiss the rod that has chastened me so sore ! A gracious and faithful Creator saw I required to be weaned from the things of time, and he did not withhold correction. And now, ‘ I *know* that my Redeemer liveth ;’ and that I shall soon be beyond the reach of affliction—there, where no wave of

trouble shall ever again disturb the quiet of my breast ; for

‘ There is a home for mourning souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tost on Life’s tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven !’

‘ Yea ; I *know* in whom I have believed, and’—but utterance failed him, and the words died inaudible upon his lips. His eyes uplifted, and the sweet serenity of his furrowed visage, impressed no less deeply by piety than years, told them what he would have added.

So lively had been the interest which the family had felt in the affecting story of their guest, that it was some time before they could prevail on themselves to believe it concluded ; so warmly had they participated in the sad reality of his misfortunes. Still accompanying in imagination the aged sufferer through his joys and griefs, they fancied the tale yet vibrating on their ears ; and they remained, each one, fixedly gazing on the venerable narrator, without motion, and almost without consciousness. But they were soon awakened from their mournfully pleas-

ing dream. Alarmed by a remarkable alteration in his countenance, they had scarcely hastened to his assistance, when he sunk back in his chair in a state of insensibility. With that presence of mind, which generally characterizes those habituated, like themselves, to sudden calls from suffering humanity, they had him cautiously conveyed to his apartment, where every assistance was immediately rendered that intelligent kindness, or the tenderest sympathy, could dictate; and it long was doubtful, what might ultimately be the issue. Though debilitated by years and afflictions, the natural vigour of his constitution, aided by prompt and unceasing care, for a season successfully struggled against the progress of disease. He himself, however, was from the first persuaded, that the time of his departure was at hand, and he always spoke to those about him, as one whose race was run. The powers of nature had, indeed, received a shock, which was destined eventually to be fatal; and but a few weeks had elapsed, when his frame imperceptibly began to indicate ex-

haustion, and it gradually became apparent that the tide of life was ebbing, never to set in again.

But, as his bodily strength declined, a corresponding growth was manifest in meekness for the glory that awaited him. The spirit appeared to be gently disengaging itself from earthly ties, as if it wished to be ready at the signal, to shake them off, and soar beyond them for ever. The heavenly country often seemed to be unveiled to his eyes, and he frequently exclaimed with the Apostle: 'I have a desire to depart.' Yet, submission to the Divine will was the sweetly-ruling principle of his breast, and he was willing to tarry, if so it were ordered, even while he longed to be away.

'To me,' he said, one evening when conversing with du Blesne, 'to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I have had my portion of sorrow, but it was a favoured part of that covenant to which I cling; and were it permitted me to choose what period of my life I would pass through again, it would be that, wherein my heart bled most

deeply under the heavy hand of God. My soul ever inclined to 'start aside, like a broken bow,' was then led to him with the simplicity, and trusting confidence, of a weaned child; and the nearness of access to him, which he then vouchsafed me, was an ample remuneration for all the anguish he had called me to endure.'

At length the season arrived, when this aged pilgrim was to exchange earthly, for heavenly, intercourse. The day preceding that night, which was ever afterwards remembered in the glen with such deep and mingled emotions, he had manifested rather more uneasiness than usual. But, while his outward tabernacle was returning to its native dust, its immortal resident seemed, as it were, looking out for the everlasting hills, as if conscious she was nearing the eternal shore. He had retired to rest rather earlier than customary, requesting that he might be allowed to remain alone, until he summoned them, as he was wont, to their nightly worship in his chamber. They had already waited for a considerable time in anxious

expectation, when, feeling alarmed at the unusual delay, Mr. du Blesne went to his room, and found him lying upon the floor. He had been praying, it appeared, and, having fallen from some sudden seizure, was unable to call for assistance. The hand of death was evidently upon him ; but his aspect, you would have thought, exhibited already the possession of an inheritance incorruptible, beyond. They laid him on the bed, and, administering some powerful restorative, he revived a little ; but they saw, with silent, though mingled sensations of regret, that they would soon be finally deprived of his example, and counsel.

From the first moment of his arrival within their walls, Emily, from the natural tenderness of her disposition, had been unremitting in her attentions to the venerable stranger, and, particularly attracting his observation, had more than once received from him a grateful acknowledgment of her assiduous, though unassuming, kindness. Desirous of testifying his regard, he now called her to him as he lay breathing with

difficulty on the bed ; and, putting into her hand a small parcel, said : “ ‘ Let its precepts dwell in thee richly. When thou goest, they shall lead thee ; when thou sleepest, they shall keep thee ; and when thou awakest, they shall talk with thee.’ Often have they refreshed me, as I journeyed onward with a weary step : and may you also, my child, be invigorated by their waters, to pursue, with renewed alacrity and diligence, your heavenward way.’ He would have continued ; but his lips, now wet with the cold perspirations of death, quivered, unable to articulate ; and he swooned away in the arms of du Blesne.

As he recovered a little from time to time, they heard him ejaculate at intervals, though he could never speak very audibly afterwards : ‘ Lord, remember me !’ — ‘ My flesh and my heart are failing ; but thou—my portion for ever !’ — ‘ Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I shall stand without spot before thee !’ — ‘ Yea ; I will fear no evil, for thou art with me : thy rod and thy staff comfort me !’ — ‘ Redeemed by thee—what do I not owe

thee, thou Saviour of sinners ?' — ' In thy presence is fulness of joy !' And, just before he bade adieu to a world, where he seemed to have drunk deep of the bitter portion of his Master's cup—' Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace !' — after which, his features settled into a placid smile, and ' his spirit returned to Him who gave it.'—Thus, like a bark, unhelmed, and long tossed on the threatening billows, and oftentimes ready to founder amidst their violence, yet still conducted in safety by a mighty, though unseen, hand, and finally reaching ' the desired haven,' where it is sheltered from every wind and wave, was this tempest-beaten pilgrim brought, unharmed, to his repose !

So deep was the impression, which this solemn scene had left on the minds of all who witnessed it, that they remained kneeling beside the bed, on which the pale corpse of their now-sainted visitor was stretched, until the rising sun, breaking into the room, and tinging that blanched cheek which was never again to be moistened with a tear, re-

minded them that it was ‘the chamber of death.’ A few decent preparations, such as the season admitted of, and their unostentatious affection prompted, were made for the interment; and, on a little eminence picturesquely situated in the middle of the glen, they committed the body with sorrow—but not with a sorrow that ‘would not be comforted’—to the ground.

Here, they planted a few willows, interspersed with yew and cypress, to weep over his grave, and protect it from thoughtless, or unhallowed, intrusion; and called it, “La Roche’s Rest.” These trees, now beginning to decay, still mark the sweetly-solitary spot; and the pious peasant, as he conducts the wanderer of the Alps, forgets not to relate the instructive and affecting story—and to point to where ‘the good man sleeps.’

CHAP. V.

“Retire, and read your Bible, to be gay.”
“The Bible? Yes! There is a balm, I’ve heard,
Of sovereign virtue from its leaf distill’d
For every wound—of strange mysterious power,
Whose healing reaches to the source of life,
Staunching the flow, that else must soon have laid
The anguish’d sufferer, where no beam of hope
Had cheer’d his heart for ever.”

It has been well said, that ‘for us men sicken, and for us they die.’ Difficult were it, indeed, to conceive that He, who is ‘righteous in all his ways, and whose tender mercies are over all his works,’ would permit an immortal spirit to leave its earthly tenement, and enter on a state of existence, important beyond all understanding, unchangeable and eternal, without intentions, invisible though they may be to a human eye, of

honouring himself, and eventually advancing the interests of his redeemed. In the present instance, this observation received a beautiful and striking illustration; adding another to the already innumerable proofs, that 'pride becomes not man.'

Indeed, acquiescence in the appointments of Providence, even at those seasons when the Divine purpose may not be so obvious to sense, were surely the part of wisdom, independent of the duties of our allegiance to Him who called us into being. Could we trace the various springs of motion in the apparently complicated machinery of his plans, we should no doubt perceive that they were simple of construction, though incomparably adapted to their different ends. But, 'such knowledge is too wonderful for us, we cannot attain unto it.' 'Who can by searching find out God?' Let us, therefore, comport ourselves with that humility, which is not the least valuable fruit of 'a meek and quiet spirit.' 'Whatever is, is best.' Mediate, or immediately, emanating from the supreme authority of Him, who is not

less immutable in existence, than in equity of conduct, all he does, bears, and *must* bear, the impress of its glorious original. If, 'His way is in the sea, and His paths in the great waters,' still we may repose in Him with calm and assured confidence. 'Clouds and darkness may,' occasionally, 'be round about him,' and veil him from our view ; yet 'righteousness and judgment are the' unalterable 'habitation of his throne.' 'As in the armies of heaven, so he ruleth amongst the inhabitants of the earth.' No principality, or might, or dominion can thwart him :—no unforeseen casualty overtake him, to interrupt the harmony, or disarrange the order, moral or physical, of his government of the world.

As was natural to a mind, anew awaking to the consideration of the reality and importance of an hour of final retribution, and of that boundless eternity which was reopening before it, Emily 'kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.' Retiring to her chamber, there to give vent in secret to her emotion, the tears flowed in

rapid succession along her cheeks.—She had just followed the stranger—but, in him, a *christian*, to the tomb. She had been with him in his last moments—had watched the departing spirit. She had witnessed the unruffled serenity, with which he had gone forth to meet ‘the King of Terrors.’ She had beheld the triumph of the closing scene. That smile was still fresh in her remembrance—and, for a moment, death seemed to have lost his sting. The grave, too, appeared bereft of its victory—she had visited its gloomy precincts with one, who had been ‘ransomed from its power.’ But, the soothing reflection had hardly reached her bosom, when it subsided into alarm. ‘Mortality had been swallowed up of life’ before her—but *she* was still in the body. ‘A companion in travel’ to the eternal world ‘had fallen asleep in Jesus,’ at her side—but *she* was yet ‘in the days of her flesh.’ ‘A fellow-soldier in Christ’ had put off his armour while she gazed on him—*she* had scarcely entered on the conflict: a conflict so arduous, that even repose is dangerous to

the combatant. If she caught, for an instant, the voice of consolation, it was anon drowned in the cries of fear. 'It was possible,' she could testify, 'to die in peace'—but it was now doubly awful to her awakened conscience, to go into the presence of Him, 'from whom no thought is hid : ' 'who respecteth not the person of any ; ' and who will account in strict impartiality with all.

Drawn to prayer with a secret and silent energy, which she had never before experienced, she fell upon her knees, and besought—in accents, broken indeed, but which ascended not unaccepted to the throne of grace—the God of the aged La Roche to be her God : that she might live, as he had lived ; and, when the eventful hour arrived wherein she was to be laid unto her fathers, that she might be enabled, with the same joyful anticipation that had animated him, to commend her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer. Thus, 'with groanings which could not be uttered,' but which, perfumed with the sweet incense of a Saviour's intercessions, went up as a memorial before God,

and were, doubtless, registered in heaven, did she dedicate herself to him, 'whose service is perfect freedom,' and 'before whom a book of remembrance is written for them that fear him, and think upon his name.'

Recollecting, at this moment, the parcel which her kind friend had so solemnly committed to her custody (for till now, in the agitation arising from recent circumstances, it had escaped her memory), she took it from her scrutoire. It had been folded up with religious care, and exhibited unequivocal indications of the value it had borne in his estimation. With a degree of natural anxiety she opened it. Within the envelope was a case, so exactly fitted as to exclude every thing external, on which 'Anna' was ingeniously cyphered—a name, she knew, dear to the deceased. Though not incurious concerning the issue of her search, yet, from the character of the venerable donor, she was perhaps not greatly surprised on discovering its contents to be a Bible—the same, which she had more than once seen under the pillow, and in the hands, of their

late revered guest. She slowly turned over the pages, one after another, and observed, with a sigh of self-abasement and accusation, how much it had been used. Some passages she particularly noticed, as if its pious possessor had drawn frequently at their healing streams. On a blank leaf at the beginning, she remarked, traced with a pen whose unsteady lines denoted the writer to have long passed the meridian of life: ‘I have this day attained the allotted term, and have now sojourned in the vale of sorrow three-score years and ten. Of these, through the unmerited mercy of a Redeemer’s love, I have been forty a stranger in the earth, and looking for a better country. And I can now set to my seal that ‘God is true;’ for of all that he promised me, no good thing has failed.’

While she read, an indescribable sensation crept over her frame. Unfeigned was her astonishment, that one, who seemed to have suffered such accumulated affliction, should speak so favourably of the Divine dispensations. And yet, she was assured, it was the

dictate of sincerity and truth³. She sat down ; and, placing the little volume on her lap, gazed upon the words in silence. At length, as she pondered their mysterious meaning, ‘ her eyes affected her heart,’ and she burst into a flood of uncontrolled tears. A light, she had never before seen, appeared to shine into her mind ; and an emotion, she had never till this hour been conscious of, drew from her the suppliant, though involuntary, ejaculation : ‘ My Lord, and my God !’ It was, perhaps, the meek humility of contrition, blended with the consolations of a dawning hope. A desire too, possibly, was there, to live in a state of uninterrupted preparation for a dying call. ‘ Be ye also ready,’ as from the lips of her Saviour, in that interesting moment, probably sounded its solemn warning in her ears.

From this period, a remarkable change manifested itself in her deportment. Much of the vivacity natural to her constitution ; and even some of the harmless sprightliness of youth, had passed away : and although after a season they returned to their seat in

her bosom, they were then chastened into a cheerful, uniform, tranquillity, widely distinct from, though not altogether unassociated with, the volatile effusions of her childish years. 'Christ had suffered in the flesh; and she was willing to arm herself with the same mind.' Her demeanour was, now, such as became the seriousness of a soul, impressed with its tremendous responsibility, and still in a degree of uncertainty relative to the final issue of its petition for pardon and acceptance.

Although to a casual, and even perhaps to an intelligent, observer, she might have seemed, previous to this, to have attended to the things that belonged to her welfare, as accountable for a never-dying spirit, and was giving, doubtless, a measure of diligence to secure the possession of 'an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;' yet, it would not appear to have been until now, that a truly anxious wish was elicited from her breast, to be of that number who shall hereafter 'walk in white' with Him, who 'passed the angels by,' that

he might 'redeem them unto God by his blood, out of every tongue and kindred,' and 'present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.' Before, she knew not whereon she relied, and was scarcely sensible of any definable object in professing herself a disciple of the Son of God. She loved him, because he had testified so much love for her; but she was a stranger to the deep depravity of her nature, and was, in consequence, unacquainted with him as the shepherd—the physician, of her soul. Her affection for him, was that of a child for a parent, unconscious how helpless it would be, if destitute of his protection and guidance.

Henceforward, she was enabled to comprehend more clearly the scheme of redemption, in its marvellous adaptation to the wants of fallen humanity—to feel more deeply her need of the full oblation offered on the cross—and to embrace it more simply, and with increasing gratitude, as her comfort in life, her support in death, and her hope beyond the grave. An invisible finger

had long been engraving ‘mercy and truth on the table of her heart;’ but it was reserved for recent occurrences to develop its effects.—The mild airs of spring will educe the blossom: it demands the vigorous influence of summer and autumnal suns to mature the fruit.

Many of the hours she stole from less important avocations, were now devoted to reading, meditation, and prayer. A higher aim stimulated her to watchful exertion—‘glory, and honour, and immortality.’ Stretching her view beyond the fleeting date of her terrestrial existence, she endeavoured to be ‘holy in all manner of conversation,’ that ‘as an obedient child,’ she might be found of God in peace. Judgment and eternity occupied much of her attention, and brought with them other excitements. She looked to an infinite futurity as that which most nearly concerned her—to ‘that good part,’ which should remain with her when ‘the heavens had waxed old, and the earth and all that is therein had been burnt up.’ New motives of action were gaining a

happy ascendancy in her character, and every moment imparted to them additional consistency ; while her mind, ever ardent in its pursuits, now entered warmly upon such studies, as appeared most conducive to the attainment of her ultimate object—an object, so worthy of all her powers.

It was now, that she first became experimentally acquainted with that ‘ secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him’—the balm of contrite grief. Now it was, that she was taught to approach her offended Maker with holy confidence, even while she wept before him in brokenness of heart. Humility and praise were now sweetly attempering one another in her bosom. She mourned for sin—mourned, that she should have failed in obedience to so kind a Parent, and ‘ repented in dust and ashes.’ Yet could she look up in hope—and was ere long enabled, while she devoted herself unreservedly to his service, to ‘ joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of her salvation.’

The arbour, which she had twined in the sportive moods of childhood, was the place

of her favourite retirement—one day to be the scene of more mournful, more resigned, not altogether of *other*, thoughts. Situated upon the acclivity on that side the glen, from which the lake, and its picturesque borders were more discernible in the distance, and being more elevated than the mansion, it commanded of consequence in either direction a more extended view, and gave the eye and the thoughts liberty to range. In this enchanting spot, she had mused away many a pensive hour. The loveliness of all around stole over her mind, and often had lulled its agitations into peace. All she saw was tranquil, and it breathed a portion of its quiet into her heart. No leaf was moving—some insect only was heard as it wandered humming by, on solitary wing. The waters were waveless—the winds were hushed upon the hill. Was it wonder, then, that her affections should take the mould of the spirit, that seemed to animate every thing with which she was conversant? An imagination, less vivid than Emily's, might well have deemed itself in an aerial world.

But, not every one, like her, would have traced, in all, the hand of Omnipotence, now become her friend! Not every one, like her, would have raised their eye from material, to immaterial, things, and surveyed in creation the more attractive realities of an uncreated world! Not every one, like her, would have discovered therein the Divine image; or read the emblems of a Redeemer's tender, and everlasting, love: rejoicing more in them, than in all the evanescent loveliness they beheld!

The book of nature, second only to that from the pen of Inspiration, was here unfolded to her in its fairest and most legible characters; nor, while she admired the secrets it disclosed, was the opportunity permitted to pass by unimproved. Each succeeding lesson, still increasing in interest, as she proceeded in the paths of sacred knowledge, was recorded as with a diamond pen upon her mind; and the instructions she received became daily more manifest in the amiable, the heavenly, tenour of her life and conversation. Thus, as it were, 'allured

into the wilderness to hold communion with her heart, she heard a voice speaking comfortably unto her,' and inviting her to look upward with fiducial confidence. There, she felt herself more immediately with God, and was led into a narrower scrutiny of the principles which guided her conduct in his sight ; for, many a profitable thought of the past will occur in the privacy of meditation, and many an anxious, but salutary, doubt present itself relative to the future, which would have been alike drowned in the hurry, and distractions, of the world.

Yet, amidst all her studies, which bore more directly on the great requisites of preparation for an after-life, she was by no means neglectful of those, which tend to humanize and adorn society, and raise man above the brutes that perish. The improvement of her intellectual faculties on subjects of high, though not of paramount importance was ever kept steadily in view. She did not, indeed, aim at any great degree of proficiency in the sciences, much less did she seek opportunities of displaying

her extensive information. A retiring modesty she had been taught to consider indispensable amongst the acquisitions of her sex; and few things could have wounded her more sensibly, than to be supposed to have overstepped the limits, which nature and decorum have prescribed to woman. Among other recreations of the lighter kind we have been alluding to, she occasionally devoted a leisure hour to the cultivation of a talent for poetry, which she seemed to have inherited from her mother. In compositions of this class her taste was refined and accurate. She regarded it as an allowed means of softening the asperities of character, and unfolding and strengthening the powers of the understanding; and she was confirmed in this opinion by the style of many of the inspired penmen, who abound in beauties culled from the noblest ‘chambers of imagery.’ She coincided with an amiable author of our own in the sentiment, that

“ Poesy’s enchanting art was given
To be on earth a source of blameless bliss,
And cherish thoughts that lift the soul to heaven ;”

Come golden Evening ! In the west
Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops ;—'tis done ;
The deluge ceases ; bold and bright
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;
—— Mont Blanc is lovely still !

There take thy stand, my spirit ;—spread
The world of shadows at thy feet ;
And mark, how calmly over-head,
The stars, like saints in glory, meet ;
—— While, hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of time
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An Avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible ; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies ;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep, replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt ;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon ;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
With her awakening beam.

Ha! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear ;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere ;
A crowd of apparitions pale !
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
—— They seem so exquisitely frail——
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe ;
Thee, Leman's Lake ! once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent, far beneath,
And beautiful as Dian's face :
Pride of the land that gave me birth !
All that thy waves reflect I love,
When heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray :
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here, at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of mine own mind ;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills !
Temples of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands !
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Yet, in such works, no Maker view—
Nor lose the works in Him ?

By me, when I behold Him not,
 Or love Him not when I behold,
 Be all, that e'er I knew, forgot;
 My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
 Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
 On yonder cliff my shape be seen,
 That all may ask, though none reply,
 What my offence hath been!

Here, in her sweet retirement, had she felt, even at a tender age, some secret spring touched within her. In the scene of enchantment around her, she had been occasionally impelled to contemplate a higher power, and had sometimes been sensible that her heart was softened, as if it 'looked through nature up to nature's God.' Once in particular, and the circumstances were now brought to her recollection with peculiar pleasure, she had tarried in her retreat later than usual; and when her mother, who had come with considerable uneasiness in search of her, entered the harbour, she was on her knees. Ashamed to be seen, even by a parent, whose eyes overflowed while they beheld her, in a posture of supplication, she rose hastily, as a deep blush overspread her

cheek. Her mother, anxious to elicit the nascent spark of piety, asking her if she had been praying ; hesitating for an instant, she threw her arms about her neck, and, bursting into tears, replied : “ Yes, mamma, I was trying to pray. When I was alone here this evening, looking at the sun setting behind the hill, I thought how quickly the time went. I thought how often I had seen it set before, and then how soon it would set to-morrow again, and again, and again, until I was dead, and could see it no more. And I was afraid, mamma ; for I did not know where I should go to when I died. And then I remembered that papa had read one night about him who was crucified for us. And the good old pastor, too, had told me of Jesus Christ, one evening, when he took me on his knee ; and said, if I believed on him, he would take me to heaven when I died. And I thought I should like to believe on him, and go to heaven. And I knelt down to ask him to make me a child of God. O mamma, mamma’—then breaking again into an agony of crying, and

hiding her face in her mother's breast, she wept and sobbed, as if deeply agitated.

Though the incident in itself was trivial, and the disquietude, which appeared to be awakened relative to her well-being beyond the tomb, had been evanescent 'as a morning cloud, or as the early dew which passeth away,' still it had a tendency to encourage her in pursuing the path she was now endeavouring, through Divine assistance, to walk in; as it seemed to indicate that her Redeemer, even at that remote period, had had 'his eye over her for good.' It was in this same lonely and lovely spot, that Emily was now often conscious of a soul attracted towards 'high and heavenly things.' Thither would she retire, like the pious patriarch of old; 'to meditate at the eventide.' Here would she pore over the pages of the sacred legacy of her venerable friend, as her best guide through the rugged ways of a troublesome and sinful world, to the confines of eternal glory. Here, occasionally, did she feel it sweet to 'draw near to God;' and here, at intervals, was she favoured with

foretastes of a felicity, which the universe in possession could not have bestowed.

Thus, in the tranquil and endearing enjoyments of their domestic circle, and amidst such occupations, as the profession of their holy religion enjoined, while it sanctified and regulated, du Blesne, and his, found the days of their pilgrimage imperceptibly accumulating. To Albert, and his partner, each revolving sun now seemed to rise and set more quickly ; for,

“ Our years, as life declines,
Speed rapidly away.”

They were growing old ; and had already begun to cast a longing eye towards that ‘rest, which remaineth for the people of God.’ They had learned, by profitable experience, that there is nothing terrestrial capable of affording a solid, or durable, satisfaction to an immortal mind ; and they had known enough of the trials and vicissitudes incident to this present scene, to make them desirous of repairing to another, beyond the

versatility which pursues us below. Not, that they were either inattentive, or indifferent, to the mercies with which 'their cup had run over.' No: they had too much cause for gratitude, both as it regarded themselves and their family, to pass by unnoticed the 'goodness which had followed them' in all their paths. Their blessings were many, and invaluable. For themselves—they had been assured, by the sweet voice of peace within, that, when 'the house of their earthly tabernacle should be dissolved,' they had 'a dwelling in the heavens,' whose foundations were eternal. As it respected their offspring—they had seen 'their sons, as plants grown up in their youth;' while 'their daughters were' around them 'as the polished corners of the temple.' And they had now, when sinking into the grave, the consolatory hope that the God of the parents was, also, the God of the children*.

Exemplified beneath their roof, they beheld, and were willing to accept it as an

* See note n.

auspicious omen of the Divine favour, that unity, which the psalmist contemplated with so amiable a complacency ; and which he compares, with beautiful simplicity, to the refreshing ‘dews that descended on the hill of Hermon, or the mountains of Zion.’ Indeed, if mutual forbearance, and a charity that ‘suffereth long and is kind,’ be evidences of it, that unity was an inmate of the happy mansion of du Blesne. ‘Of one heart and one soul,’ they ‘walked in the same steps’ of active benevolence, humility, and love.

Continually reminded of that hour, wherein ‘the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed,’ they were stimulated to uniform diligence in their vocation, as knowing that ‘the day of God was at hand.’ With habitual assiduity, therefore, did they endeavour to ‘show forth the praises of Him, who had called them out of darkness into his marvellous light’—a little tribute of gratitude, which they trusted he would not refuse to accept. ‘To obey,’ they had been taught, ‘was better than sacrifice ; and to hearken than the fat of rams.’ Thus, to do

the will of Him, who had 'redeemed their life from destruction,' was at once their duty and delight. 'Fervent' in spirit, 'it was their prayer in secret, and their noble aim, as they opened 'the doors they had shut about them,' that the kingdom of God might come; for, while 'they rejoiced with them that did rejoice,' they felt it their mournful privilege to sympathize with the sigh of the sufferer, and to commiserate those who would not have pity on themselves.

Yet, in the midst of these animating circumstances, there were still fears, such as will occasionally harass even the strongest faith, which threw a shade, transitory it is true, but dark, over the happiness of this venerable pair. Their sons were already removed from their sight, and distant from the scenes of their childhood. But they believed God; and, relying on his 'promise given to themselves and to their children,' they trusted that, in virtue of it, their dear boys would be preserved amidst the dangers and temptations, which they were aware

would assail them from their unavoidable intercourse with an evil world.*—They ceased not, however, night or day, to plead for them ‘with all prayer and supplication;’ and they had more than once received a gracious answer to their requests. For them, therefore, they were comforted. But, they had several daughters:—and who was to be *their* protector, when themselves were mouldering in the dust?

This was the reflection, which sometimes embittered the sweet anticipations of their repose. Not, that they could not commit even this their tender anxiety to ‘Him, who cared for them,’ and who is ‘a Father to the fatherless, even God in his holy habitation.’ Yet; were there moments, when the feelings of nature would not be repressed—and when some sudden emotion of despondency would arise, and cast a melancholy hue over the evening of their days.

* See note o.

CHAP. VI.

"Oh, happiness ! A beauteous thing, methinks,
To th' inexperienced eye, or seen from far ;
But fading on the view that nearer marks
Thy form, and by the touch dissolved : as fair,
But transient, as the cloud upon the breast
Of dawn, or as the early dew, that feels
The sun, and vanishes away."

WE are now arrived at that period in the history of the du Blesne family, which is, as it were, the eminence, from which we may look back, and behold the residents of the glen, peaceful and happy, unmolested by tumults without, or agitations within, advancing to maturity with various expectations, united in affection and interests, and mutually delighted with each other, and the employments of their retreat : or from whence we may take a prospective view, and survey the lamentable changes, which the

lapse of a few years introduced among them. Such is the vicissitude attendant on this ever-fluctuating state of existence !

In this picture of humanity there is something peculiarly affecting. Let us return to a time to which memory will easily conduct us. Many families of those we loved, and with whom we have passed, perhaps, some of the sweetest hours of infancy, childhood, and youth, are in the enjoyment of health and affluence, and surrounded by every temporal blessing. Then, let us cast our eye forward, and what do we behold ? The scene, that charmed us, transformed into a desert, and all its ' pleasant places ' into solitude and decay ! The members of the once-endear'd society are scattered to the ends of the earth. Casualties, which no human foresight could prevent, have reduced some to poverty ; while misconduct has brought others to misery and shame. In the touching language of scripture, ' their mountains and their heritage are laid waste for the dragons of the wilderness.' Death, too, has entered into their habitation : and,

now, many of them are laid there, where 'there is neither device nor knowledge'—where all 'their thoughts have perished'—and their projects and anticipations have been alike buried in oblivion for ever!

But, in such a retrospect, is there not much to edify, and improve? If the voice of Inspiration—and by the lips of one, who had himself made trial of all that the world can impart of happiness—has pronounced it 'better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting,' surely we may find it not unprofitable, to visit the desolated sanctuary of other years! Here, we shall be led, if not callous to every feeling that would connect us with the momentous decisions of that tribunal, whither our friends and kindred have been summoned to render up their account, to reflect on what awaits ourselves. In the seriousness there induced, 'our ways will be called to remembrance.' The still small whisper of conscience, heard through the silence, will warn us to 'be wise, and consider this'—to ponder, and, while we ponder, prepare for, that hour of

retribution; which is approaching fast as the untiring wings of time can bear it, and which will, in all the solemnity of its tremendous importance, most infallibly overtake us at the last !

“ The pride of wisdom, and the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await; alike, th' i evitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!”

‘ How little do we know what a day may bring forth !’ Over our fairest prospects, and the most fondly-cherished of our hopes, there is oftentimes, gathering unperceived, a cloud, destined to break with sudden and unexpected fury, and change the smiling scene into a land of sorrow and dreariness. Happy, happy is it for the *christian*, that he has a Refuge to flee to, a Rock to cling to, amidst all the storms and billows of life, whose foundations are immoveable ! To him, ‘ light ariseth in the darkness.’ Confident that afflictions proceed from the hand of an Almighty Father, ‘ with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,’ at once the sign and seal of his adoption into

the heavenly family, even from the deepest glooms of doubt and dejection which encompass him, he derives a sweet consolation. 'For his good all things are working together;' and there is a living 'witness within him,' which directs his eyes to that morning whose sun shall not go down, or be obscured, for ever, when his apprehensions will be finally dissipated, and when his soul, how disquieted soever in this his hour of temptation, will be tranquillized in the full fruition of everlasting beatitude. He bears the cross for a moment—the crown will be worn through eternity.

Similar to these, were the sentiments which influenced Albert and his partner. Not elated in prosperity, they accepted the proffered boon, and used it to the Divine glory: in adversity, not desponding, they 'turned to the strong hold,' 'waiting His leisure' whose word was pledged on their behalf. But, while they hailed the gleam of comfort, which a gracious God now permitted for a season to assuage their parental solicitude, and which gave promise of cheer-

ing their retirement, and lighting their descent to the tomb; they were still aware it was under a higher direction; and that, if such were the Supreme will, all their expectations might be rendered abortive in a moment, and what appeared to them the staff of solacing affection, converted into the rod of chastening love. In either event, they were ready to say with the patriarch of old, in his exemplary resignation under bereavements, perhaps without a parallel; 'The Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

At a moderate distance from the glen, and towards the southern extremity of the Canton, resided the representative of a powerful Baronial family. His ancestry was ancient. Many of those, whose blood flowed in his veins, had signalized themselves on various occasions at home and abroad, and were honourably recorded in the annals of the Helvetic Confederacy; and in point of rank, fortune, and character, he himself was considered at the present

moment, as one of the most respectable of the Alpine chiefs. His possessions extended far and wide : his flocks were numerous ; and, if we may be allowed to apply in a lower sense the beautiful language of Inspiration, many a ‘ beast of the forest was his, and his the cattle on a thousand hills.’

Of retired habits, and inoffensive demeanour, and mixing little in the political innovations of the day, he was among the few who had been permitted to retain the inheritance of their fathers.*—In him, perhaps, as one from whom no danger was to be apprehended, the unprincipled invaders, though actuated only by the sordid motives of personal aggrandizement, were desirous of making an ostentatious display of magnanimity ; and thus, by an instance which they were well aware would not be unnoticed, to throw an air of generosity over their treatment of the vanquished. Here, in an insulated building, encircled by a deep moat, and uniting, as was usual in the residence of warlike princes,

* See note p.

though rather more modern in its structure, as having been erected when the feudal system was beginning to fall into disuse, the character of a palace and of a castle, leading back the imagination to troublous times, de Mertenburg enjoyed comparative tranquillity. Occupying himself with such sports, as the interminable solitudes which surrounded him could afford, and had furnished to the generations that had preceded him :—the chase of the chamois—the hunt of the wolf, which here occasionally descends from its deserts, and alarms the unsuspecting villagers* — and the attack of the more ponderous and unwieldy bear : these, with the less hazardous amusements of fishing, for which his proximity to the lake afforded him as frequent opportunity as he might incline to embrace, and the pursuit of the feathered tribes, were the employments — employments, but too little suited to a being, who has so brief a span wherein to secure the interests of eternity—in which he principally passed his

* See note g.

leisure, and amidst which he had consumed the greater portion of the years allotted to man.

De Mertenburg had an only son. Marrying in early life, he had promised himself, in the sweets of wedded love, all that he could wish, or this world had to bestow. But alas ! hope was fallacious ; and he was soon left to mourn ‘ its unreturning flight.’ The woman of his choice was lovely, young, and amiable : but it was not in the power of youth, or loveliness, to arrest the fatal shaft. ‘ The arrow was already prepared upon the string ;’ and it was destined to quiver in the vitals of his Matilda. Thus is it, that our fondest anticipations, and dearest joys, frequently forsake us, when we have only begun to taste the delightful reality, if aught of happiness be real upon earth : thus is it, that the mournful assertion, ‘ man is born to trouble,’ is brought home to our own breasts, and that we are taught by woeful experience the mutable nature of all terrestrial prospects ; and thus it is, that

“ The fairest flowret often soonest dies.”

In a few minutes after bringing into the world her first-born son, the wife of de Mertenburg expired in the arms of her weeping, and disconsolate, husband. Faithful in his attachment to this object of his tender affection, he beheld her breathe her last with sensations of the bitterest anguish ; nor could he ever after be prevailed upon to replace her in his widowed heart. The child, she had borne him, he committed to the care of tutors, whom she had herself recommended for him, in the sad presentiment that she would be the dying mother of a living son. Though, perhaps, unable accurately to discriminate between those, whose instructions might be more or less calculated to promote the best interests of her son, which under other circumstances she would have valued above all earthly advantages ; it was yet so ordered by the secret, but over-ruling, guidance of the Power that presided in mercy over his ways, that those, to whom his education was entrusted, were men, not more distinguished for their talents and learning, than exem-

plary in their deportment as disciples of the Saviour of the world. The important duties which now devolved on them were, consequently, discharged with fidelity and zeal. Anxious to fulfil the injunctions of his deceased parent, and to train their pupil for a more exalted sphere of action, than any he could be called to in the capacity of a merely mortal being, they began, with the earliest dawnings of reason, to instil into his mind the maxims of a Divine morality, and the principles of a religion, uncontaminated as its Author, alone distinguished by its celestial origin, and deriving from above its inexhausted streams. If they were not indulged with the delightful gratification of witnessing the immediate fruits of the precious seed, they had sown with such pious diligence, it had, nevertheless, received the fertilizing influences of heaven. It had germinated unseen ; and the effects of their labours were afterwards to be more fully developed:

Alphonzo had now completed his twenty-second year. Tall, and dignified in his

mien, he exhibited in his person the tokens of his high lineage, and was regarded by all who looked only on the exterior, as the worthy heir of an Alpine lord; while others, whose better discernment anxiously endeavoured to catch a ray of hope through the veil of a demeanour, which at present, perhaps, coincided not in every particular with his education, rejoiced in the thought that he would one day succeed to the ample possessions of de Mertenburg. With that peculiar air of openness and candour, which so generally characterizes the native of the Highlands, his comely countenance indicated that his bosom was not a stranger to generous feelings. His features, inclining to the Roman, were strongly marked, denoting at once decision, and tenderness. His eye, of a lively blue, was quick and penetrating, yet mild, and bearing an expression of sincerity; while his broad ample forehead imparted to him an air of nobleness. Incapable himself of dissimulation, he imagined that all were animated by a similar spirit of freedom, and unreserve. His man-

ners were frank and prepossessing, the genuine offspring of an amiable disposition. While he knew where to distinguish, and check, an intruding familiarity, there was no assumption of authority in his behaviour, that would demand the adulation, or even the homage, of inferiors, or obtrude his rank on your attention.

Though still a youth, he had encountered many a whirlwind, that would have made the hardiest of his vassals shrink. Brought up among the hills, and as it were ‘cradled in the storm,’ he derived a kind of wild transport from the howl of the tempest, as if it had lulled his soul, or raised it above material things.

“The blast that roared o’er steeps so high,
The tumult of an Alpine sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given,
As yet, no steady hope of heaven,
And such impetuous blood,”

For a mind thus constituted, the fever and excitations of the chase would naturally have many and powerful attractions. From

his infancy, and here, perhaps, was most discernible the waywardness of a heart as yet unsubdued by grace, it was his delight to follow the chamois over precipices, where a false step would have hurled him a thousand fathoms to his grave—to trace the wolf to his retreat—rouse the bear in her fastness—or ‘snare the eagle on her nest:’ and in these daring adventures, for address, or agility, few could compete with the youthful lord of Mertenburg. Yet, the breast of Alphonzo was susceptible of other emotions; emotions, better calculated to adorn and ennoble man. He well knew that there was ONE, ‘more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.’ If he had hitherto occupied a great part of his leisure in such exercises, as comport but too lamentably with the mind inattentive to the calls of retirement and meditation, he was conscious, notwithstanding, that there was a something connected with them of supreme and paramount interest. Amidst the delirium attendant on his engagements, he had heard a whisper—‘This *must* have an end.’ The

pageant of life was passing rapidly away, and would ere long vanish from his eyes even while he gazed on it. Every moment that left its mark upon his brow was hurrying him to an eternal world :—this he *felt*, and the reflection had often found him ill at ease. But, he was not to be permitted thus to continue estranged from God, until the things that belonged to his peace were hid from him for ever. There was ‘an eye over him for good’—a Power whose favour, though long unsolicited, still watched his path. The season of its appointed mercy had at length arrived ; and the germ, which had been implanted in his heart in childhood, was now gradually to be elicited and matured.

Upon his father’s domains, was residing an officer who had lately withdrawn from the tumults of the camp. Of devotional habits, Major Villaret had followed the profession of a soldier from necessity rather than inclination ; and, having been disabled in one of the sanguinary revolu-

tionary combats, had gladly seized the opportunity it afforded him, for retiring from the profligacy with which he had been surrounded, to spend the residue of his years in employments, better adapted to the character, and more accordant with the destination, of an immortal being.

After wandering for a considerable period in search of some quiet spot, where he might close his days unmolested, he learned that du Blesne, the companion of his youth, had returned to his hereditary estates; and he determined to visit him, with the intention, should the renewal of their acquaintance promise a permanency to its duration, of finally settling in his neighbourhood. To his contemplative mind, the lake of Geneva presented an inviting scene. Its picturesque confines—its lovely and serene waters, occasionally agitated by storms, which here have an effect peculiarly sublime, amidst lightnings playing over a hundred snow-clad summits, and thunders rolling in deep reverberations among the hills, as they take

up the peal, and repeat it to a thousand echoes*—its genial climate, free from the extremes of temperature, and perhaps for eight months in the year unrivalled by any in Europe:—these, united with easy access to all the comforts, and many of the elegancies, of life, offered to the eye of Villaret, numerous and powerful inducements; and he already beheld himself, in imagination, seated on its romantic banks, calmly preparing for the important change that awaited him.

In pursuance of this resolution, he accordingly visited du Blesne. Mutually great, and agreeable, was their surprize. Since they parted, they had alike learned the value of that time they had once so thoughtlessly squandered; and alike had they found, under a Divine tuition, the sole happiness attainable on this side the grave. Many were the mercies they had to enumerate, and many

“ A silent tear of thankfulness they shed.”

* See note n.

How different now their intercourse ! Formerly, combined, if not in the fellowship of open crime, yet in the determination to forego the best duties and occupations of life, they had only ‘ strengthened each other’s hands in iniquity ;’ for the limits, which the unrenewed mind, willing to content itself with the externals of religion, has placed between avowed infidelity, and that secret impulse of hatred, which says to the Most High : ‘ Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways ;’ are not only deceitful and dangerous, but less than nothing. Yet, the ties, which then held them together, were merely those of unacknowledged selfishness :—the enemy of God cannot be the disinterested friend of man. Now, the cords of love, that united them, were indissoluble as His faithfulness who twined them round their hearts. The friendship which now subsisted between them, such is the transforming efficacy of ‘ true and undefiled religion,’ was as ‘ the medicine of life,’ heavenly in its nature, and healing in its effects. Assisting one another, reciprocally,

In the discharge of their present engagements, they were now mutually urgent on each other, to honour that Lord who had borne with them so long ; to fight manfully under the banners of the cross ; and so to live as they would wish to be found, when the final summons should vibrate on their ears.

There is something peculiarly interesting in this illustration of that new and benignant commandment, which was left with us as a merciful token, that we were to be henceforth under the law of love. It came from the lips of Him who was well acquainted with all our wants and infirmities, and who desired, doubtless, that we should be helpers of each other. How inconceivably gracious was that promise of his : ‘ If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.’—‘ The communion of saints,’ bears the validity of his immediate sanction. Did he not call his disciples, ‘ friends ?’ Even the stricter ties of hallowed affection can boast his ap-

proval. Was there no one, whom he chose as the more intimate companion of his bosom?—No disciple, *whom Jesus loved*?

Let the world entertain what opinion they will upon the subject, *true friendship* was never yet the inmate of an unrenewed mind. Various, indeed, and remarkable have been the instances of apparent devotedness to the happiness of others, exhibiting feelings which indicate, and that not obscurely, the height from which we have fallen. But, let it not be supposed, that they were of such a nature as those which proceed from the influence of the Holy Spirit, when it combines the children of one common Redeemer, in the sacred bonds of amity and peace. They may have worn the *semblance* of disinterestedness; but, if there be veracity in the records of truth, it is only in ‘passing from death unto life,’ that man can love his fellow with an *unfeigned love*! But, to return.

It happened, at this moment, that there was a small but neat cottage untenanted on the lands of de Mertenburg, and but at a short distance from the glen. This, as it

suited his confined, though easy, circumstances, as well as his more limited desires, Major Villaret purchased at a moderate valuation, with a few acres of meadow-ground and plantation, for his amusement, when disinclined for more serious employment. The situation was sheltered, and sweet. Surrounded by mountains on the north and east, and embosomed by trees, which, as they had been arranged with taste, permitted the eye to wander over a beautiful and variegated scenery of wood and water, valley and hill, where, ever and anon, was spied the shepherd with his little charge, or whence rolled deeply the low of kine, it seemed such a spot as is alluded to by an elegant writer of our own, when he says : “ Here, with a well-chosen library, and with some gentler bosom to share one’s sorrows and participate in one’s joys, one might spend an age, and think it but a day.” In this lovely retreat, the friend of du Blesne had now been resident for several months.

As their union, though otherwise of the most favoured kind, had not been blessed

with a family, Major and Mrs. Villaret, sensible of the encroaching infirmities of years, were glad of an occasional visit from some of their acquaintances, whose presence might enliven their retirement. Not, that, like too many, they were destitute of resources, or required the conversation of others, to break the dull insipidity of a life without an object, or to banish gloomy apprehensions of the future. No : they had a companion in their solitude, whom the eye of faith could discern, and the voice of adoration and gratitude could reach. A reconciled God and Saviour was with them, ‘ when they sat down, as when they rose up ; when they walked by the way, as in the secret of their chamber.’ With him, their happiness was complete. They desired nothing, they could have nothing, beyond ; and often had unutterable experience told them, that one hour of communion with him was better than a thousand, consumed in vain and frivolous amusement.

It was not, therefore, as dependants on the assiduities of others, that they sought society.

But they felt, that intercourse with those we love—with those related to us by bonds of a holy and immutable nature—tends to cherish the Divine flame, as substances are warmed by collision ; to soften and sanctify the heart ; and to educe the kindly affections. Their religion, like its Author, was beneficent ; and they rejoiced to see others animated by a spirit, after which they themselves aspired. They had frequently been conscious of the soothing and quickening efficacy of Christian fellowship ; and they were willing, as opportunity offered, to be revived by its mysterious influence. Thus, agreeably to a high injunction, they ‘ used hospitality without grudging,’ as circumstances admitted, gratified in imparting, and pleased in receiving, those comforts which flow from a participation in the noblest of all pursuits. For the world, as such, they had neither leisure, nor inclination. They dreaded its contaminations, while they mourned and wept over its departure from the ways of peace ; and from its friendship they recoiled, lest, coming within the sphere

of its malign attraction, they should imbibe aught of its fearful characteristic—‘enmity with God.’

But, from the inhabitants of the glen, they had nothing to apprehend. With them they were united in the purest feelings of that gracious precept—‘love one another.’ Their paths led them in the same direction, and conducted to the same sanctuary of rest, and joy. They ‘took sweet counsel together,’ and often were found bending in company in prayer, and praise. Of according sentiments on the great doctrines of revelation, and participating in the same hopes and fears, there was no note that jarred in their intercourse, to interrupt its harmony, or injure its equal flow. With heaven in view, they encouraged one another to bear up patiently under the little ills of time, assured that they were hastening to a country where sorrow and sighing are unknown. With the permission of the proprietors of the interjacent lands, they had had a walk constructed, which, for variety of prospect, and that ‘lovely loneliness’ which dwells only amidst

such scenes, seldom has been equalled, perhaps never surpassed, which allowed easy, and private, access to each other's abodes. On this, scarcely a morning dawned without witnessing some foot 'on kindliness intent;' and rarely did an evening close, but one or other was seen on it with some message of mutual affection.—Thus they lived in amity and concord. Du Blesne and Villaret were as brothers, while their partners felt for each other a sister's tenderness, hallowed by the sweet assurance that it would be perpetuated, in a more exalted intercourse, beyond the grave. To Major and Mrs. Villaret, the children of their friends supplied the place of a boon that had been withheld from themselves, doubtless, as they were persuaded, in mercy: and they were insensibly drawn to them with the interest of parents. Their house was a second home to them; and seldom was without one of them resident within its hospitable walls.

Comparisons are generally invidious; but it is hoped that we shall not be accused of undue partiality, if we put the eldest of the

daughters nearest to the hearts of Major and Mrs. Villaret. They were, indeed, an amiable sisterhood, and above the casual commendation of the pen that would now attempt to delineate their sorrows and their joys. Although we may have visited what was once ‘the place that knew them,’ we have to regret with others that it knows them now no more ; and that their interesting story should be related by one, who heard it, it is true, with mournful pleasure, and was willing, however feebly, to endeavour to snatch it from the ravages of time ; but who is conscious, that to pourtray it as it deserves, would demand powers much superior to any to which he can prefer a claim. Nevertheless—and he would commit his apology to the poet :

“ When with swift course, from this ungenial clime,
Far years have passed upon the stream of time,
If, on the breeze that fills their steady sails,
The still, small, voice of recollection fails,
Our song a tale of sacred woe may tell,
And wake some chord where memory loves to dwell.”

More advanced in years, and probably

attributable to this in some degree, her mind having thence had greater room to expand, more intimately conversant with Divine things than her sisters, Emily was the favourite of this pious couple. From her they experienced, though it is perhaps but just to add, not more than from her sisters, every attention that an affectionate child can bestow on a tender parent; and they seemed to feel in her, as indeed there were few acquainted with her who did not, a peculiar interest. Her eye was quick; and they generally found their wishes anticipated by a watchfulness they could fully appreciate. In her conversation, 'as becometh the gospel of Christ,' she was an humble and devoted disciple of the Redeemer; and it was her unremitted aim to 'walk blameless in all the ordinances of her God,' and to adorn herself with 'the beauties of holiness.' Equable in her deportment, her conduct was marked by no starts of austerity, nor yet by any relaxation of duty. Uniform in its tenour, as the result of deliberate conviction, and an unalterable determination to 'obey God rather than

men,' it was maintained with a becoming firmness. But, if she was not borne along by every change of sentiment, 'like the flower flung into the running stream;' she yet knew how to temper the belief that she was right, with the deep persuasion of liability to error, and to blend with decision the yielding of a 'meek and lowly heart.'

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Major and Mrs. Villaret should consider such a companion a valuable acquisition to their little circle. Her piety, and that affection, which enhanced the attentions years might justly have demanded, but which age is often unwilling to exact, not only rendered her extremely dear to them, but made them sensible of a blank in her absence, which none but Emily could fill. That they should desire her society, consequently, was only the natural result of the tenderness with which they regarded her. Emily's visits, therefore, were always anticipated by them with peculiar pleasure; and though she by

no means withdrew their love from her sisters, the very thought of which would have embittered all her enjoyment, it was observable, that she was oftener detained with them beyond the intended period of return to the paternal roof.

C H A P. VII.

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty : thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair—Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! Who sitt’st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

AT the cottage of Major Villaret, Alphonzo was a frequent visitor. Pleased with the unassuming narratives of the venerable soldier, and with ‘ his tales of battles lost and won,’ he insensibly became much attached to him ; and, as inclination led, now and then rode over from the castle to spend a leisure hour with him and Mrs. Villaret. It was on one of these occasions that he was first introduced to Emily. We say *introduced* ; because, although they had known

each other in infancy, they had long since grown out of acquaintance. Young de Mertenburg, it is true, retraced with fond recollections the happy days, when his tutor had taken him to Mr. du Blesne's, and how he had played with Emily in the meadows, or rambled with her through the wild recesses of the glen, to catch the primrose peeping from its couch—to see the wood-pigeon where it made its nest—and listening with childish, but enthusiastic, delight, to the thousand little voices that sang among the branches above them.

But these dear, although illusive, moments, had long since passed away. The remembrance of them might, possibly, in after-life, have wrung from him the wishful ejaculation, which we are unwilling to denominate vain, pronounced though it was by unhallowed lips—"once more who would not be a boy?" yet they had gradually lost a portion of their influence over his feelings. The most vivid impressions, if not from time to time renewed, will imperceptibly be effaced. Even marble and brass, themselves, decay and pe-

rich, and leave those, whose virtues or infamy they recorded, to moulder forgotten and unknown. How much more, then, is the youthful breast liable to change ! Scene after scene presents itself, inviting the attention. Kingdoms and climates, with all their varieties of governments, manners and productions, solicit the eye, the ear, and the understanding, and necessarily engage the mind. It should not, therefore, be great matter of surprise, if the son of de Mertenburg had not borne constantly in his bosom the image of the little girl, with whom he had shared the light-winged pleasures of childhood, wandering with her arm in arm, or hand in hand, where fancy led them. Yet, dare we not aver, that that image had ever been entirely eradicated from the place where it had seated itself.

The period which had intervened from his leaving the University, until his return to Switzerland, Alphonse had spent in travelling ; a rational amusement in many respects, and generally deemed indispensable to complete the education of young men of rank

and fortune. But, during the ten years of his absence from his hearths and altars, an interval comprising that portion of life, which is, perhaps, of all others the most important, as fixing the principles and forming the character; his heart, like the needle, which however driven aside by momentary agitation still finds its equipoise in the one unvaried point of attraction, had ever rested in the thought of home. The castle, where his fathers had held their court—the hills that surrounded it in gloomy, but imposing, magnificence—the occupations they furnished—and even the tempest that rolled over them, as if it would toss them from their base—all had their charms in the reminiscences of an Alpine youth. Though he was the heir of wide domains, and consequently removed from the simpler parts of the description, those beautiful lines, so frequently quoted with reference to the Switzer and Savoyard, were not altogether inapplicable to Alphonzo de Mertenburg :

“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms ;

And as the child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the rude tempest, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountain more."

For many years the intercourse between the castle and the glen had suffered almost a total interruption. The habits of the Baron, always retired, rendered him a complete recluse in the absence of his son ; and the few who visited his dreary mansion gradually dwindled in number, until he was left to the solitude of its walls. Although, at the period now alluded to in our narrative, Alphonzo had returned from his travels, and had been for a considerable time once more domesticated amidst the scenes which had been familiar to his infancy and boyhood, he had not resumed his intimacy with several of his neighbours, whose acquaintance he had cultivated previous to his quitting his paternal abode. The lapse of so many years afforded a plausible excuse, and, as his reserve in this respect was not confined to individuals, no offence could be taken by any appearance of particular neglect.

Among these may be enumerated the

family of the du Bleanes. The reasons, which may have induced him to keep aloof from them, it is needless to scrutinize. Causes are frequently, if not generally, discovered by their effects ; and we may leave it to conjecture, or the progress of our story, to develop the motives by which he may, or may not, have been influenced at this peculiar crisis. But so far we may affirm, whatever additional information may transpire in the sequel, that his disposition was by no means unsocial, or tinged with that gloom which misfortune, if such we should call the afflictive visitations of heaven, had imparted to the mind of his father. Alphonzo had a heart susceptible of the gentlest affections. It is true, they did not manifest themselves in the despicable garb of effeminacy, or outward profession ; but they were not the less lively or sincere. It may be doubted, also, whether at the present conjuncture, young de Mertenburg did not secretly rejoice in the opportunity afforded him of indirectly renewing his intercourse with the glen, without any formal avowal of a

wish to do so ; although there does not seem to be the slightest foundation for the suspicion, insinuated by some, that it was on this account, principally, that he cultivated the society of Major and Mrs. Villaret.

Several months had elapsed since Alphonzo first received the hand of welcome from the new proprietors of the cottage. Prompted by feelings of piety, they were led to be ' courteous to all : ' and they soon found ample cause to induce a continuance of their kindness to the young nobleman. That the gratification of their vanity had a share in these attentions, may be the suggestion of a little mind ; but ' the hope, full of immortality, ' had placed them far above the reach of so unworthy a motive. The inheritor of the titles and fortune of the house of Mertenburg would naturally invite observation, The good would turn their eyes towards him with secret intercession, that his example and influence might be enlisted on their side. The bad would desire him as a companion, whose rank would sanction their immoralities : and whose authority would at least

shield them from censure, if it did not abet their criminal pursuits. Major and Mrs. Villaret, therefore, were ever rejoiced to see him. With them, they were assured, he expected no amusements such as the world admire ; and they believed, not without reason, that it was not such he sought in their society. A thousand opportunities, of which they knew well how to take advantage, would necessarily occur during the period of his visit, for inculcating the tenets, or exemplifying the precepts, of the Cross ; for leading him imperceptibly from time to eternity—from earth to heaven ; and it was alone in this hope, that they were gratified in beholding the heir of de Mertenburg under their roof, or solicitous to conciliate his affection.

An unusually long interval had elapsed without any, save a casual call from the family of the glen. Emily had been unwell. Having gone to attend the dying-bed of a child, for whom she had testified a maternal interest, she had been tempted to remain rather late, and had in consequence caught a severe cold, which terminated in a pleurisy,

and confined her for several weeks. During this period, it was observed, that Alphonzo was more frequent in his visits at the cottage, while his inquiries concerning Miss du Blesne were marked by an anxiety which betrayed itself in his agitation when the symptoms were considered unfavourable, and by the smile that illuminated his countenance if the report was of a more agreeable kind. At length Emily was raised up, and the freshness of health again tinged her cheek. The rose, which had only drooped for a season, though somewhat paler than before, gradually resumed its bloom; and with a pleasure, to which the interruption their intercourse had received from her illness, gave a mild but heavenly zest, Emily once more became an inmate in the family of Major and Mrs. Villaret.

It was on a morning, such as you will often find in the milder months on the banks of the lake of Geneva; and perhaps only there, that Mrs. Villaret and Emily, induced by the sweet serenity of the weather, left the house,

indifferent whither their steps might conduct them, so many attractions presented themselves on every side. Their walk, however, led them sauntering slowly, arm in arm, to the water-side. It was hushed in the most profound quietude. Not a breath agitated its bosom. The circumjacent mountains and wood-crowned hills were given back to their admiring gaze, in fairer and softer features, in the blue transparent wave. The heights of the distance still wrapt in the mists of morning, seemed yet to slumber, while light elsewhere had awoken the world. Here and there, however, the sun had met with a less dense atmosphere, and breaking through it, rendered visible some inaccessible summit. Nearer, lay the verdant mantle of a pleasant acclivity, where the little fold, just unpenned, were frolicking with airy gambols, betraying no sign of care ; while beside them was seen grazing the milch cow, whose motions were indicated from time to time, by the deep and not inharmonious sound of the bell suspended to her neck, which tolled as she slowly stepped along the grassy bank.

Guided by the path they had unconsciously taken, our wanderers found themselves, now beneath the shade of the chestnut, clothed with the promise of a luxuriant harvest; again, upon green slopes, where the cypress tree grew with the willow and elm; and here, amidst vineyards, where the tender grape was sending forth a fragrant smell. There, the grove seemed enameled with a profusion of blossoms, mingling with rich variety their gayer and more mournful colours; while, ever and anon, the pastures through which they winded, were strewed with May-flowers, that breathed sweetly around their steps.

Thus conducted, they at length attained a gentle eminence, covered with the full foliage of a spreading oak, which had beheld the suns of centuries rise and set. Here, a seat had been constructed of picturesque form, suitable to the romantic loveliness of the scene. On this they were now reposing. The lake extended in waveless expansion before them. Above them, the cloudless heavens were stretched as a ra-

diant canopy ; on either side rose in sublime magnificence mountain and hill. Warmed with her walk, Emily had thrown her bonnet back off her face ; and leaning against a branch of the tree, which served as an arm to the rural sofa, was sunk in deep meditation. Mrs. Villaret, after gazing long in wondering silence on the works of her Redeemer's hands, took from her pocket a little hymn-book, which was her constant companion, and read aloud some verses, of which the following may be considered a pretty accurate translation :

Sweet the moment, when benignly

Jesus sets the prisoner free :

Sweet the season, when divinely

Smiles the Lord of life on me !

Sweet the hour, what time I hear him

Touch my spirit's slumbering strings !

Thousand, thousand thoughts endear him,

While the heavenly descant rings :

" Come, my ransom'd ! Long I sought thee

'Mid the world's delusive maze :

With my pour'd-out soul I bought thee—

Fly, then, fly her fatal ways !

" In my Father's house are treasures,

Ever-during, ever-new :

In my joy, serener pleasures—

Pleasures, veil'd from mortal view.

"Come, then ; lo ! thy sun's declining :
Clouds of crimson streak the west :
See ! the last ray round thee's shining,
Welcome to thy Saviour's rest !"

"A favourite hymn of mine," said Mrs. Villaret, as she closed the book, and laid it on the seat beside her : and a deep pause ensued, as if they were each meditating on the words of consolation they had just heard. At length, Emily broke the silence ;

"The songs of Zion sound sweetly in a pilgrim's ears ; like the rush of waters to the hart heated in the chase. Here, our harps are often hung on the willows ; and, feeling ourselves strangers in a strange land, we are glad to sit down and weep."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Villaret, "had we nothing more durable in prospect beyond the transitory things with which we are conversant, how dreary would our journey be ! Surrounded as we are by every temporal blessing, and encircled with the rich varieties of nature, how comfortless and desolate would be our condition amidst all, had we not a hope to lean upon, which shall

endure not only when we ourselves have bid adieu to time, but when this earth which we inhabit, and those heavens which we now contemplate in their glory, shall have passed away ?”

“ Ah ! this spot is fair, indeed,” rejoined Emily with a sigh, as she looked around her : “ but, as you observe, what would it be, could we cling only to its perishable loveliness. True, this is an attractive, but it is a fading, scene. Every bud that opens, every leaf that falls, speaks with a voice of warning :— ‘ Arise, and depart, for this is not thy rest !’ The blossom opens only to decay—the severed leaf is already withered, and dead. Such is man. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.”

“ Truly,” replied Mrs. Villaret ; “ every thing we see is pregnant with instruction. The grass, for ‘ all flesh is as grass :’ the trees, for as their foliage dies and is renewed, so do the generations of mankind replace each other : that lake, for as, when agitated by a

tempest, wave on its bosom succeeds to wave, so must we remove for others; that river too, for

“How unremittingly its waters glide
Silent, but lapseful, to the boundless sea,
Like earthly years into eternity!”

these hills and mountains, all are monitory; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed.”

“I was just thinking,” said Emily, after a pause, “when you began to read, of the benignity of that hand which has been, I might almost say, so lavish of its bounties to this favoured retreat. The island-poet has given us a description of Eden, which is in many respects not inappropriate to our beloved Switzerland; but more particularly to that recess from which we command the variegated prospect before us.

“Translations,” she continued, “seldom do justice to their originals; and our language, is, perhaps, unequal to the expression of that combination of grace and energy, majesty and simplicity, which characterizes Milton. As you are an admirer of the great

Epic bard of modern times, I need offer you no apology for a quotation, which is at once so beautiful, and so applicable to this our second Eden :

“ With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran waters, visiting each plant, and fed.
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain ;
Both where the morning-sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Embrown'd the noontide-bowers.

“ Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rhind
Hung amiable —”

“ This,” said she, interrupting her quotation, “ we cannot boast. But that river,” inclining her hand towards the Rhone, which appeared through a vista up the valley, “ mingles not with the ocean, ere even this part of the description is exemplified.*

* At many places in the vicinity of the different embouchures of the Rhone, Marseilles in particular, oranges and lemons are found growing in abundance. At Nice, which is not very distant, they attain to great perfection.

“ Between them lawns, or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos’d,
Or palmy hillock—”

“ This also may be beyond us. Yet our mountains are the sources whence even the palm-tree is watered.*

“ Or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.”

“ Alas!” again interrupting herself; “ Alas! this was indeed peculiar to the Paradise of God. No flower on this earth is now gathered without a pang: no rose now rears its blushing beauties without a thorn.”

This was spoken in a manner so unusual, and with so mournful an emphasis, as to attract the attention of Mrs. Villaret, who turned towards Emily; and saw a tear silently stealing along her cheek, while she sat as if unconscious of the presence of her friend. It seemed indeed, as if her eye was momen-

* The same observation will apply with respect to the palm-tree, as that we have just made relative to the orange and lemon-tree.

tarily opened on the page of futurity. Her dejection, however, was transitory, like the fleecy cloud that obscures the lustre of the evening sun. A heart, resigned as Emily's was, to whatever the hand of a heavenly Father might scatter in her path, could not long anticipate the glooms that hung over her way. They were as yet hid from her view; and if, with the Apostle, she might have experienced a degree of anxiety respecting others, and have been inclined to inquire, 'What shall this man do?' for herself, she was calm, perhaps cheerful, in the thought, that, whatever might be her lot below, she had a Friend, an Almighty Friend, who would 'never leave her, nor forsake her.' She again resumed:

"Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant. Meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply. Airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves."

“One would almost imagine Milton had been seated here,” she exclaimed as she finished her quotation, “when he wrote these lines. Yon cascade that murmurs so gently down the mossy rock : those grotts and caves umbrageous : these cool retreats : the vine mantling over them, and laying her grape about us on every side : this lake, holding its crystal mirror to the fringed bank, where the myrtle, lilach, and laburnum, vie with each other in decorating it : yonder linnet from the wood, and that sweet red-breast, attuning his plaintive song, as if he would welcome us to his shades—Switzerland, dear Switzerland ! and thou, too, fair but solitary Savoy ! How I bless the Power which arrayed you in a garb so comely, and placed *me* where I could see and enjoy your loveliness ! ”

After a silence of considerable length, during which the thoughts of either were breathing prayer or praise, Mrs. Villaret, by a natural transition, introduced another subject.

“I was much pleased with an observation

of our amiable young friend from the castle, during his last visit. We were walking through the little plantation on the other side of the cottage, and coming to the opening from whence, as you will remember, that fine view of the Savoy hills presents itself; he suddenly stopped, and after pausing for a moment, as if in meditation, said, ‘When I look on the works of nature, I find myself involuntarily led to nature’s God. Who laid the foundations of the round world so fast, that, no arm but his own can move them? Miserable, despicable, subterfuge; that in the attempt to escape his anger, would attribute all this to the wretched idol of their worship—chance!’ Then, fixing his eyes on heaven, he ejaculated with a solemnity, which, interested as I cannot but feel in his welfare, made the tears rush to my eyes: ‘Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou should visit him?’”

“Do you really hope that his mind is seriously disposed?” rejoined Emily, slightly colouring.

“ I would fervently trust so. I have now had frequent opportunities of watching the latent seed, and I am not without an expectation, approaching to confidence, that the dews of the Divine benediction will yet water it, and that it will become a goodly and fruitful tree.”

“ I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so,” replied Emily. “ Some distant rumours only had reached me, that he had begun latterly to assume the exterior at least of religion ; and I am indeed thankful to have them confirmed by your opinion. A person of his rank joining the little army of Zion would be calculated to produce a very beneficial effect on our adversaries. But it is all in higher hands, and the throne of grace is our best and surest reliance.”

“ I suppose,” she continued after an interval, “ I should scarcely know him again, so many years have elapsed since I saw him. He was at that time a pretty playful boy, and we used to run through these dells and woods together. But,” she added with an involuntary sigh, “ he must have forgotten

all these things. Time, and change of scene, must long ago have obliterated them from his recollection."

"Not entirely, perhaps, Emily," replied Mrs. Villaret. "On the contrary, he appears to me, if I may judge from his conversation, to have borne from them some tender remembrances. He seems to possess a most affectionate heart."

"Speaking of his tenderness, you remind me," said Emily, "of a little incident which occurred to us one evening. It has sometimes awakened a smile, possibly a tear too, on the retrospect. His tutor had brought him to my father's to spend the day; and after dinner, he and I, attended by Mr. L. who scarcely ever left him, went out to amuse ourselves. Forgetting how our childish recreations beguiled the distance, while even our pious companion was unconsciously led forward by us, so kindly and earnestly did he engage in our enquiries, explaining to us various phenomena in nature, and pointing out to us the peculiar properties and beauties of every flower we pulled, we

wandered beneath that projecting crag, which, you observe, overhangs the wood," inclining her hand to the right, and looking towards the spot.

"While we were there, a dreadful storm came on. I think I have seldom witnessed a more awful scene. It reminds me of a passage in Tasso, though my apprehensions at the moment may have clothed it with additional terrors. The wind had died away into a breathless calm. On a sudden, the heavens overcast with clouds of a fiery red, that seemed to be flaming through the skies; and, reflected in the still-undisturbed bosom of the lake, they had a peculiarly fearful appearance. It was this that first attracted our attention. 'Emily,' said Alphonzo, calling to me, and I recollect his words particularly, 'look at the lake; it seems to be on fire.'

"Scarcely had I run to where he was, for I was at the instant behind the copse, gathering blackberries, when the wind began to moan frightfully around. By degrees it rose to a hurricane, 'warring with wave and wood.' The lake at first rolled in long

and I should certainly have been undeserving of his attention, if I had ceased to remember its generous display on such an emergency. But you did not permit me to finish my story," she continued: glad to escape from the embarrassment her remark had occasioned.

"Just as the storm began, my mother, who had observed us descending the avenue, and was not aware that Mr. L. was with us, enquired if we had returned. When it was understood that we had not, the household were instantly in motion, and the alarm became general. Some were sure we had fallen over the rocks, and been killed: others thought they had seen a thunderbolt strike the spot which we frequently visited: others dreaded lest the heavy rain should give us our death of cold: in a word, the whole family, joining in the search, ran here and there looking for us with much uneasiness, though their anxiety was considerably diminished on finding that we were not alone. Our names resounded from glen to glen, and startled many a lonely bird in her recess. The scattered flocks ran

together, as if for mutual security ; and even the distant herds ceased to ruminate, attracted by the unwonted shouts. It was long, however, before the storm abated, and longer still before we were relieved from our unpleasant situation ; as Mr. L. was afraid to let us leave our retreat, until further assistance arrived, the ground having become exceedingly slippery, and dangerous from the heavy rain.

At length we heard my father's voice, and, uniting ours, we called as loud as we could, "Where are you ?" was his answer: "In the grotto," we replied, again collecting our strength, while the deep tone of Mr. L. resounded far above our shriller notes ; and in a moment we were both folded in his arms. Though he had recognized the tutor's voice, and now saw us under his protection, so much was my dear father overcome, that he could at first only weep upon our cheeks, as we hung sobbing round his neck. Just at that moment, as if to reanimate our drooping spirits, the setting sun broke forth from the dark

and watery clouds that had concealed it, like a parent's countenance brightening through tears; and, if I may conclude my story with another quotation from the bard, to whom I have already been indebted for a description of this sweet spot;

"Heaven his wonted face renewed,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled."

We were afterwards, as you may suppose, more cautious in our rambles."

"Possibly," said Mrs. Villaret with an insinuating smile, which did not escape the quick eye, or agitated heart, of Emily, "you could take better care of yourselves *now*, if these rocks and woods were again to become the scenes of your solitary hours."

"Oh, that is more than you could expect. The young lord of Mertenburg could not have had any passes so formidable to encounter in his travels, as those he would meet with in the extensive domains of Major Villaret," replied Emily; smiling, and blushing, as she courteously retorted.

At that instant, the trees rustled behind them. Simultaneously attracted towards the sound with a curiosity, not unmixed

with alarm at this unbidden intrusion on their retirement, they turned—and Alphonzo stood beside them. Agreeably to the manners of the politer school in which he had received his education, he was uncovered. His long brown hair, as generally worn by the students of the German universities, separated on his forehead, hung gracefully on his neck. . . His countenance denoted emotion of no common kind: his colour going and coming, as he looked alternately at Mrs. Villaret and Emily; . . while a moisture, as if arising from suppressed agitation, dimmed his expressive eye. At length, after a pause of mingled and deep sensations; “Is it possible?” exclaimed Emily;—“Alphonzo de Mertenburg!” and, turning away her face, as if to conceal the feelings which she could not restrain, sunk pale and trembling upon the seat from which she had risen.

“It is, indeed, Alphonzo!” answered young de Mertenburg, unconsciously repeating her words—“returned after so long an absence from all he held dear in life.”

Mrs. Villaret, in the mean time, perceiving Emily's painful embarrassment, and sensible that, unless she was immediately relieved from the view of him, whose presence had so surprisingly affected her, some serious consequences might result, mentioned to Alphonzo Major Villaret's intention of following them; adding, that he would perhaps have the goodness to inform him where they were.

Alphonzo, conscious of Mrs. Villaret's motive, and not less anxious than herself to leave Emily to the care of so kind and intelligent a friend, replied, that he thought, indeed, that he had seen the Major in his accustomed walk of meditation, and would willingly undertake to conduct him to their retreat. Then, bidding them a polite adieu, and with as unconstrained an air as he could assume, with the same agility, but with other emotions than those with which he had mounted it, he descended the eminence, and bent his way to the Major's retirement.

The walk, which was so frequently the scene of this venerable soldier's heavenly

contemplations, was one, which had been laid out, and planted, under the direction of the Baroness de Mertenburg, Alphonzo's mother. Its situation was peculiarly beautiful. Winding on either side of a little headland, which there runs out into the lake, it presented, at various points of view, to the eye of the beholder the rich and sublime variety of landscape, towards Chillon on the one side, and the Rhone, and Alps on the other. 'The water-loving alder,' which overshadowed it, grew side by side with the weeping willow, whose pensile foliage was now waving in the breeze, that gently agitated it from the lake. As Alphonzo approached, the wind gradually swelled until every leaf was in motion, creating a mixed but melancholy sound, that seemed sweetly accordant with the solemn feelings of the season of devotion, and would naturally tend to diffuse a hallowed calm around the mind.

The veteran had withdrawn to an alcove, there, as it were, to 'shut his doors about him, and pray to his Father which seeth in

secret.' From this recess issued a little stream clear as crystal, that found its way onward over pebbles, and minerals, of different kinds; now, stealing past you quietly for a moment, then, fretting over the obstructions it met with in its progress to the limpid bosom of the mountain-waves below, where it was hastening to lose itself. Beside this the soldier was seated. He loved it, for it reminded him, he said, of that laver of regeneration, which, like as the 'body is washed with pure water,' cleanses and sanctifies the soul—that 'fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,' which removes the vileness of transgression, and makes the offender 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.'

Unconscious that there was any eye upon him, but that which pervades creation, he was engaged in prayer; that best-befitting occupation for weak and erring man. A little volume lay beside him on the grassy bank. He was kneeling. A small verdant cushion, as if framed for the purpose, rather lower than the seat, lent him its support.

His eyes were raised devoutly to heaven ; and Alphonzo, as he stood waiting the conclusion of his supplications, caught in louder accents as he grew in fervency at the close : “Thou art my Saviour ! Thou hast kept me to hoar hairs ; and thou wilt keep me even to the end. Lord Jesus, look upon thy poor, unworthy, unprofitable servant. His hope is in thy mercy, thy atoning blood, and in that alone. According to thy promise, be it unto me, O my God ! Amen—Amen !” For several minutes he continued still in the posture of adoration, as if pouring forth his heart in silent ejaculation—in ‘groanings which could not be uttered.’ He then rose, and, replacing the little volume in his side-pocket, whence Alphonzo had often seen it drawn on former occasions, he advanced to meet his visitor, who had just called to his dog, to give his venerable friend warning that he was about to intrude on his retirement.

“Good morning, Major,” said Alphonzo, familiarly saluting the veteran : “as usual, in your favourite walk.”

“Yes,” replied the soldier, as if his mind still retained the impression of the emotions with which he had left the mercy-seat: “a favourite, and favoured, walk indeed. Here, secluded from the busy scenes of life, and shut out from all the cares, and distractions, incident to our abode in a world over-run with sorrow and crime, I have often found it good to draw near to God. How many and sweet foretastes has he granted me, in these tranquil shades, of that blessedness which eye hath not seen!”

He then took the offered arm of his companion, and they proceeded for some time without speaking. At length, the Major, as if suddenly recollecting that he was still conversant among men, broke the silence:

“Is the Baron well?”

“Quite so. He had just returned from Lausanne, where he had gone to visit an old acquaintance, as I passed the gates of the castle.”

“I believe, indeed, I saw him riding by yesterday; at least I observed a crimson livery, which I suppose was of one of your

servants. But, like the patriarch's, my sight is becoming dim, gently warning me that I must be preparing for my removal. Happy, that there is a hope laid up for me, where I shall no longer require the aid of mortal vision !—Did you call at the cottage ? You would not find our ladies at home, I am afraid.”

“ I called, and was informed that they had walked towards the lake ; and as I was well acquainted with Mrs. Villaret's favourite seat, I directed my way to it, and found her with Miss du Blesne. But,” he continued, hesitating, “ I came upon them rather unexpectedly, and—”

“ You alarmed them, perhaps,” said the Major, willing to save him the pain of an explanation, which he perceived Alphonzo wished to avoid. “ Well, we will walk towards them leisurely, and they will, probably, have recovered their composure before we reach them.”

But it may be necessary to interrupt our narrative here for a moment, in order to account, more fully, for Alphonzo's sudden

intrusion on Mrs. Villaret's and Emily's retreat. Urged by an interest in Emily's welfare, which was undefined, and possibly as yet but indistinctly revealed to himself, he had left the castle rather earlier than customary, having been detained at home for several days by matters of importance, which required his presence, and anxious once more to meet the cordial salutations of his newly acquired friends: Emily, in the interval, having again become an inmate of the cottage. On his arrival, learning that Mrs. Villaret, in company with Miss du Blesne, was gone down to the water-side, and rightly conjecturing the direction they had taken, as the view from the eminence where they were seated was extremely beautiful, and much admired by Mrs. Villaret, he turned down the path that conducted to their retirement.

Though by no means desirous of overhearing their conversation, which his delicacy and good-breeding alike forbade, he approached them without noise, in which he was favoured by the formation of the walk,

concealed, as it was, by the rotundity of the hill, and covered with the thick and interlacing foliage of a thousand different trees. On attaining the foot of the rising ground, he stood for a moment. Numerous recollections rushed upon his mind. Hope, and fear, alternately predominated. A mixture of doubt and anxiety, now suddenly betraying the latent cause of his emotion, checked his steps. "Shall I go?" he said within himself. "No; I will return to the cottage, and await them there. But, *I must* meet her. And why not now?" Fortified by these reflections, and at that instant hearing his name mentioned by Emily, without permitting himself further to hesitate, he turned the angle at the extremity of the walk; and a few agile bounds placed him behind the seat whereon they were resting. As he passed under the oak, he had disturbed some of the pendant leaves, which attracted the attention of the ladies, and the scene followed that we have described.

Conversing on different subjects, the

Major and his companion reached the spot, where the latter had parted from Mrs. Villaret and Emily. These were, however, not to be found ; and the Major, whose penetration soon led him to divine the secret of Alphonzo's ill-concealed agitation, proposed that they should return immediately to the cottage. On their arrival, they understood from Mrs. Villaret, that Emily, feeling herself indisposed, had withdrawn to her apartment, requesting her to apologize for not waiting to receive the major and his friend ; when shortly after, expressing his apprehensions that his sudden intrusion might have alarmed Miss du Blesne, and his regret that it should have occasioned her any inconvenience, Alphonzo took his leave, and, desiring his servant to ride forward that he might feel himself more at liberty, slowly retraced his way to the castle, with a variety of emotions warring in his mind.

It was now, perhaps, for the first time, that Alphonzo was conscious of those feelings, indefinable but to the bosom that has been their seat. He might, till this hour,

have imagined, that his interest in Emily was that of a casual acquaintanceship, commenced in infancy, and leaving some dubious impressions behind, like the day-light lingering in the western cloud, long after the orb whence it proceeded has risen in another hemisphere. But, by the affecting incident of which he had been the involuntary cause, his heart—that thing deceitful above all others—was unfolded to his view. His meditations, now, were of a new complexion. Whatever the lapse of years, or change of scene, and intercourse with the world, might have induced him to believe, it was now, at least, evident, that the hope which had often secretly buoyed him up, and his anxiety lest he should be effaced from the recollection of one, who in childhood had held him dear, were of the tenderest kind. The dye, at length, seemed cast. An occurrence, totally unexpected, had disclosed the secret, which had so long lain mutually concealed; and he felt it might be requisite for the peace of a heart, still, perhaps, too little under the control of

higher motives, to trace that secret through its labyrinths, until he had reached the source whence it issued, and had proved the effects it was calculated to produce on the future tenour of his earthly existence, and on his prospects beyond the grave. What these effects were, and how deeply interesting both to himself, and to the object of his affections, the sequel of our narrative will develope.

CHAP. VIII.

“ 'Tis a good thing to keep a watchful eye
Upon the heart ; for it has windings, where
Of-times th' unwary will be led astray,
And brought to danger, ere the step recoils.”

From his father, Alphonzo anticipated no objections to his wishes in this delicate affair. Although, from the habits of the Baron, there had been but little intercourse between him and Mr. du Blesne since the death of the Baroness, Alphonzo was fully aware, that he still entertained the highest respect for the father of Emily. Nor was there any thing to wound the pride of birth in the alliance. The du Blesnes were themselves descended from a noble stem, Albert, created a peer of France by Henry IV. as tradition said, precisely twenty-four hours before he lay mangled in the Louvre

by the dagger of Ravillac. Their family had now been nearly a century resident in Switzerland, and had consequently lost in the eye of the mountaineers the odium of French extraction. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, they had fled from their native country ; and, after wandering for a considerable period in Germany and elsewhere, had finally settled, towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, in that part of the canton of Berne, known to-day under the appellation of the Pays de Vaud. Until lately, their estates had been large, and even at present were far above mediocrity, in a neighbourhood where five hundred pounds a year is an income that falls to the lot of few. Himself a widower, and an only son the sole support of his house, de Mertenburg had long looked forward, with parental anxiety, to Alphonzo's marriage, and settlement in life. He had even occasionally hinted to him the pleasure it would afford him, to see a daughter at the head of his table ; adding, that ample provision should be made for her accommodation and comfort.

Though of a peculiar disposition, de Mer-tenburg was a man of feeling, and much attached to his son. Often had he fixed his eye on Alphonzo with the wish to read his heart, and penetrate into its secrets ; not from any invidious or sinister motive, as, alas ! is but too frequently the case between parent and child, but with the sincere desire of promoting his happiness. For some months he had remarked that Alphonzo had ridden more frequently in the direction of the lake ; and he was not without suspicions, rather let us say hopes, that something would ere long disclose the reason. He determined, accordingly, to introduce the subject himself, should opportunity offer. Nor did many days elapse before this presented itself.

About the time when we parted with Alphonzo in the preceding chapter, after he had taken his leave at the cottage, and was proceeding slowly towards the castle, the Baron ascended the hill that overlooked his mansion ; not, as we would believe, ‘ to walk in pride’, as did the king of Babylon when from his palace he surveyed the mag-

nificence of his seat of empire, but rather, as we would trust, to meditate on the transient nature of all sublunary enjoyment, which he had so mournfully experienced to be illusory and vain. While wandering, in his pensive manner, to and fro along the side of the mountain, he observed Alphonzo's servant enter the court alone. Anxious to ascertain the cause, he hastened down, and, meeting the groom, enquired where his son was, and why he (the groom), had come home unaccompanied. The servant replied, that such had been his young lord's orders, and he had obeyed.

"Was there any thing that occurred," rejoined the chief, "to affect my son?" "Nothing, my lord," replied the servant; "unless it was Miss du Blesne's illness. They told me she was unwell, and had retired to her room, before we left Major Villaret's."

"Oh! Miss du Blesne. She is not seriously indisposed, I hope."

"I should think not, my lord. She was very well, they said, in the morning, and had gone out to walk with Mrs. Villaret, but

returned some time after we reached the cottage, complaining of being faint."

"Something immaterial, I should trust," rejoined the Baron; and resumed his walk with his accustomed gravity.

In an hour or two Alphonzo returned. His air was embarrassed. The smile, with which he was wont to greet his venerable sire, was absent; and there was a look of irrepressible emotion in his eye. The Baron perceived the change in his manner and countenance, and was conscious that the moment he had wished for had arrived. In the course of the evening, when they were alone, he thus addressed his son:

"I need not tell you, Alphonzo, how lively an interest I take in your welfare. You are my only child—the sole pledge of the one attachment, that ever warmed your widowed father's heart." A tear stole along his cheek, while he stopped for an instant, as if afraid to trust his voice with a further allusion. After a pause, he continued: "I have long been desirous to see you settled. You are now arrived at such an age as

renders you capable of forming a just estimate of the woman, who would be most likely to promote your happiness. Your studies are completed ; and you have travelled as long as your inclination leads you. It is time, then, that you should think of introducing a daughter into my family. I have on a former occasion mentioned to you, that I would make ample provision for your marriage, and you have now only to prefer any other request to me on the subject. In consulting your wishes, I have every thing this world can give me. It has long appeared to me a dreary waste ; and had I not an object in you, which still holds me to it, I would gladly lay this weary head to rest." As he concluded, again a tear betrayed his emotion. A long and deep silence ensued ; broken only by a sigh which escaped from the Baron at intervals. At length Alphonzo summoned resolution to reply :

" I cannot but be sensible of your kindness, father ; and I would willingly testify it by my conduct. I do not desire to keep a secret in my breast to which you are a

stranger, because I wish to harbour none that I should be ashamed to communicate to you." Here he stopped for a little to compose himself, and again proceeded in his avowal. "You have, perhaps, remarked that I have been absent from the castle more frequently of late; and it is not impossible but you may have your conjectures—I would not say of an evil nature," added the ingenuous youth, while a glow of crimson bespoke him not unmoved, "concerning the cause. It is true, father, and I will candidly acknowledge it,* that my affections, if I am not mistaken, are now fixed whence death only can withdraw them. The events of this day have discovered me to myself. You enquired last week, if I had seen Miss du Blesne. At that period I had not, as I stated; but I have since had an accidental interview with her. I met her this morning—and"—his colour deepening as he spoke—"I believe—if she would not refuse my overtures—that"—

"You could be happy with her," said the Baron, relieving him from a further confes-

to nurse her in person, aided only by the medical knowledge which the Major had acquired amongst his sick and wounded comrades, and by the sweeter and more effectual balm of his supplications on behalf of her patient.

Seated beside the bed, gazing on the half-closed eye, and convulsed visage, of the meek sufferer, she unconsciously gave utterance to her thoughts. "Poor Emily! now I perceive what has so long lain heavy on thy heart. Could I have imagined that in childhood thou hadst placed thine affections, whence thou couldst never recall them, I might have been able sooner to have afforded thee relief. But thy humility, thy meekness, thy resignation, may yet, I trust, not be without their reward." At this instant she was interrupted by observing the lips of her patient quivering. She listened, and heard her as if communing with herself, through her slumbers:

"But, oh! why did I betray myself? I trusted I should have been enabled to meet him with more composure. But it was so

unexpected I was quite unprepared. And yet—was it not the Divine permission? I require the rod and it may, perhaps, be already suspended over me But, he could not have remembered me when far away! So many years have elapsed since! O no, it is impossible He would not have remained so long absent. . . . He would, at least, have sent me some slight token of remembrance. . . . But, I will carry the secret unrevealed, till I am laid where the weary rest O my God, sustain me, that I may not dishonour thy holy religion.” She now gradually became more composed. The concluding petition, offered on the altar of the Divine glory, seemed to have gone up as a memorial, and to have brought down an answer of peace. The Spirit appeared to move over the troubled waters of her heart, and they presently ceased their tumult, and the tempest died into a calm. Her muscles resumed their tone; her countenance relaxed into a smile: her bosom heaved more quietly; and she sunk into a deep sleep. From this she

awoke towards evening ; and after taking some slight nourishment, and being commended in prayer by her kind friend to the care of Him, who ‘ makèth darkness, and it is night,’ and whose ‘ angels encamp about the bed of his saints,’ she again sunk into a tranquil repose, when Mrs. Villaret, feeling that she might now leave her with safety, rejoined the Major, who had been waiting for her with considerable anxiety.

“ Well, how is poor Emily ?” said he, as Mrs. Villaret entered the room, where he was sitting with Desmaret’s Annotations before him.

“ Better, I hope. Her agitation seems to have subsided, and she has just dropped asleep. Poor thing ! Though she and I have been so long on terms of the closest intimacy, it was only from the most casual expression, that I was ever led to believe that her affections were engaged.”

“ Ah, my dear,” replied the Major, resuming a conversation which had been interrupted ; “ I can feel for her, and pity her : but, possibly—”

“Nay, Louis,” said Mrs. Villaret, “do not be too severe. Remember, we were once young ourselves.”

“I do not forget it,” rejoined the soldier; “but I am doubtful, whether the sober judgment of maturer years can sanction all that passes in the youthful breast, though connected with a subject, in which every child of Adam must more or less be interested; and that with the approval of Him who gave us being, and originally implanted in it the springs that move it.”

“It may be so,” replied Mrs. Villaret. “Yet, in a heart like Emily’s, where, if I can at all discriminate ‘between those who serve God, and those who serve him not,’ every feeling centers in the desire to promote his glory, I cannot but retain the opinion I have already expressed, that she has watched over this growing attachment with many a secret supplication.”

“All true, my love,” said the veteran; “but you are still wandering from my position. I am far from denying that our dear Emily may have often laid her sorrows be-

for a throne of grace, and sought the Divine blessing and direction in every step of life. Yet, is it not possible, that some subtle insinuations of our vigilant adversary may have escaped her observation? I have no doubt whatever of Emily's deep piety; but I should be rather more scrupulous in affirming, that her heart has forgotten its deceitfulness."

"That poor Emily's heart is, with our own, deceitful," replied Mrs. Villaret, "and that above all things, not only the voice of Inspiration, but melancholy experience, must constrain us to allow. Still, however, I must repeat my full persuasion, that a subject of such vital importance, not only to her usefulness, but to her welfare and happiness, must frequently, very frequently, have called forth her cries and tears before God."

"Keep thy heart with *all* diligence," said the Major, "is an injunction of wide extent, and emanating from Him who knows what is in man. If, indeed, as is probable, Emily's affections were engaged before Religion had sown its regenerating principle in her breast,

something more may be said in palliation of her error, and a greater degree of compassion, at least, may be extended to her, without trespassing on the sacred limits of duty or propriety. Emily was young, and had lived secluded from the world. Her own family, and the poor of her neighbourhood, had long formed almost the entire circle of her acquaintance. Her imagination, therefore, ardent as we know it to be, and doubtless, my love, not retained in due subjection—that subjection which ‘brings into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ’—would look for some kindred being with whom its wanderings might cease, and might naturally rest on the young lord of Mertenburg. The human heart, as it is, seeks, and ever will seek, a repose. Like the shipwrecked mariner, grasping the first plank that floats within his reach, and still clinging to it, though another may pass him by with greater promise of safety, lest in the struggle of exchange, he should be overwhelmed in the abyss, the affections will often twine around that with which they have blended

their earliest hopes and fears, beyond the power of separation in after-life, unless that separation be effected by the dissevering of ties, whose disruption is attended with the most painful sensations."

"That is all I contend for in Emily's behalf," said Mrs. Villaret.

"A moment, my dear; I have not concluded my remarks. Though such may be the *natural* effect of an early attachment, I must still be permitted to believe what I have stated, that that heart cannot have been kept with *all* the diligence implied in the precept, which is allowed to produce such agitation as we have witnessed. And I have no doubt but Emily will feel this herself, when calmer moments of reflection succeed. She may not have been aware of the danger to which she was exposing herself: that, however, is now but too apparent, and will not elude her own maturer observation.

"And besides, my love, though my prayers shall ever attend both her and Alphonzo, experience would lead me to believe, that the Divine disposal seldom accords with

what we might denominate the waywardness of its children ; and you and I may yet be spared to see, though may the Father of mercies avert my secret misgivings ! that poor Emily's error has not been unnoticed by the tender watchfulness of Him, who rebukes and chastens the objects of his affection.

CHAP. IX.

"They loved; and such their passion was, as heaven
Might view, nor darkly frown. Not pure, indeed,
(So poets vainly talk of innocence),
As breathed in Eden, ere our parents fell :
Yet such, perchance, as the Omniscient's eye
Might see, not deeply blaming, fix its seat
Within the bosom of his ransomed child."

It was night when Alphonzo withdrew from the haunts of men, and retired to the solitary banks of the Rhone. It rolled onward, as ever it will do until the mountains, whence it derives its waters, have been removed from their place, and are found no more,* little caring for the joys or sorrows of the generations, that had been

* " ——— At ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."—Hor.

swept away as it flowed. The moon was bright upon its troubled breast.* Silence had thrown his mantle over the neighbouring hills, and all seemed hushed in repose, save the stream, and him who watched it as it fled.

Here, again, he retraced the occurrences of the day; again, he wondered at the hidden cause of Emily's mysterious agitation; and, again, he asked himself—"Could it have been connected with me?—No, no! One so amiable, so lovely, so pious, could never think of the poor wanderer, Alphonse. He could have no attractions for a mind, whose hopes have so long been fixed on heaven. What congeniality could there be between her, and one whose heart has hitherto been so much set on the enjoyments and pleasures of this unsubstantial scene? Alas! how transitory, how unsatisfying, have they proved!"

* The waters of the Upper Rhone are peculiarly dark and muddy. It is not until they have been purified in passing through the lake of Geneva, that they assume that lucid appearance, which is so striking before they unite with the Arve.

From these meditations he was roused by the bugle at the gates of the castle, which were still closed as in feudal times, when the evening bell was heard among the hills. It was the servant whom he had despatched to Major Villaret's soon after his reaching home, with enquiries for Emily. Having received his report, which our readers are aware would be favourable, he returned to his apartment. It was in vain, however, that he threw himself upon the bed, and attempted to snatch a hasty repose. His heart was too deeply agitated to permit slumber to visit his eyes, and as soon as the twilight was opening on the earth, he arose, ordered his horse, and proceeded towards the cottage.

When he arrived, the family were still enjoying the refreshment weary nature demands; and as the house was quiet, he thence augured well of the invalid. Giving his horse to his servant, he strolled, scarce knowing where he went, down to the lake; and, before he was aware whither his path conducted, he found himself on the spot

where he had yesterday been witness to Emily's agitation. He placed himself on the seat where she had reposed, and again revolved in his mind the affecting incidents of their interview.—“But no,” said he, at length, as if involuntarily uttering thoughts too painful to be repressed, “it cannot be. Years, long years, have passed away, and remembrance must have ceased to dwell on the light hours of childhood. True, she wandered with me through many a weary day; and her image may have been an instrument in that higher hand, which threw the shield of its protection around my head, of restraining my wayward steps.—Yet—” His meditations were here interrupted by a message from Mrs. Villaret, informing him that they were waiting his company at breakfast, which, on the continent, is so simple, that it cannot be called a meal, consisting generally of a single cup of coffee, with the slender addition of a morsel of bread, or cake; except, indeed, where the numerous English residents have introduced an alteration of manners in this respect, as will

now frequently be met with in the environs of the lake of Geneva. At the period of our story, however, the islanders had long been debarred entrance to foreign climes, and foreign customs, consequently, reigned with an undisputed sway.

With a beating heart Alphonzo took his way to the cottage. The scenes of infancy, in which he had first felt an unknown pleasure in the society of little Emily of the glen—the visions of childhood—the deeper reflections of youth—and the moving incidents of yesterday—all rushed upon his mind. Almost he would have wished himself a stranger at the hospitable mansion whither he was going, so much was he agitated in anticipation of the succeeding interview with Emily. At length, with an emotion, now subsiding for a moment, and again increasing, as it responded to the current of his thoughts, he reached the house, and after a cordial salutation from the Major, who met him at the door, entered the room where Mrs. Villaret and Emily were waiting his arrival. Their morning

devotions had just been concluded, and every face seemed still to bear the serenity imparted by communion with the God of peace. They had been 'in audience with the Deity;' and a beam, as from his presence, appeared yet to be lingering on their countenances, and gave them a look of inexpressible tranquillity. In one of them, it is true, that look was blended with a 'mantling crimson,' which told a tale that vibrated on the heart of Alphonzo.

"Permit me," said Mrs. Villaret, taking Emily by the hand, and advancing towards Alphonzo as he entered, "to introduce Miss du Blesne to the young lord of Mertenburg. The agitation of yesterday must plead my excuse for the omission."

"If apology be necessary, Mrs. Villaret," replied Alphonzo, colouring deeply as he bowed to Emily, "it must be placed, I am afraid, to the charge of my intrusion. But I must appeal to your accustomed kindness, and to that of Miss du Blesne, to pardon my thoughtlessness." Emily could only answer, by a blush that grew warmer still.

Rendered yet more engaging by her modest diffidence, and the embarrassment under which she evidently laboured, arising, possibly, from recent circumstances, and also, in some degree, from the etiquette which existed in France and the neighbouring countries, previous to the Revolution, and which was not yet entirely done away, Alphonzo beheld her surpassing his highest expectations. Although not what, in the court of the Persian, might have been deemed 'the perfection of beauty,' there was that in Emily, which never fails to interest and please. In stature, rather above middle size, her slender form was marked by an elegance of outline, which denoted something beyond the mere symmetry, that unites casual admiration. Naturally vivacious, the sprightliness of childhood had been chastened by the pious seriousness of her riper years, and her aspect had thence assumed a softness which such a union alone could impart, giving her countenance a mellowed tinge, like the sun dimmed, but made more lovely, by the denser atmo-

sphere through which he shines at the horizon.

Though from her retired situation, and the custom, we have alluded to, of allowing to young, and unmarried, females but little intercourse with society, a custom so eminently detrimental to the developement of character, we might have anticipated something ungraceful in her motions, there was an unstudied ease, and dignity, in all she did; at once attractive and commanding. Her dark eye, inherited from her mother, and indicating an alliance, which subsisted through that line, with the warmer suns of Languedoc, had that pensive cast about it, which bespeaks a heart overflowing with sensibility, and easily touched by another's woe. Her hair was of a jetty hue, and formed a striking contrast with the brow it oftentimes carelessly covered, whose exquisite whiteness reminded you of the wreath that crested her native hills. Unattainable by any effort of imitation, there was in her manner a peculiar suavity, denoting that refinement of feeling, which, imbibed in the

cradle, 'growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength,' is so seldom met with in those, whose minds have not been early cultivated. Ardentlly devoted to her country, that pardonable characteristic of the Switzer in better days, she was not displeased with the appellation of 'an Alpine girl;' and, not ashamed to wear the badge of her nativity, there was in her dress an elegant simplicity, whence she derived a fascination, which all the arts of a sinful invention would only have tended to obscure. Thus unadorned, 'like nature in the world's first spring,' the daughter of Albert was indeed 'adorned the most.' In a word, among her mountains, Emily was accounted 'exceeding fair.'

The morning stole agreeably, and unobserved, away: noon had passed, and already the shadows of evening were lengthening over the vales, ere the pre-occupied thoughts of Alphonzo permitted him to recollect his promise to the Baron on the preceding night, to return at an early hour. 'Time,' it has been said, 'flies swiftly on

enjoyment's wing ;' and light indeed were the wings of those moments, that bore Emily and Alphonzo onward, during that interview, towards the 'irremeable bourne ;' for, whether in joy or sorrow, we must still draw nearer that appointed limit, when we shall cease to be conversant with this lower world. Thus—are we happy ?—our very happiness, because it is such, seems hurrying the faster from our grasp ; and the tear of regret will mingle with the draught of joy, still speaking with a voice of warning, and urging us to seek an inheritance in heaven, and to set our affections on those 'pleasures, which are for evermore.'—A thousand little tales they had to tell of early days :—how they wandered together through the copse-wood, or with playful emulation vied with each other in plucking the first primrose from the margin of the stream : how they sat on some sunny bank, while Alphonzo related the dangers of the hunt to which his father had taken him : then, how he would run away from Emily, and leave her in some lonely place, and come back, and find her crying : then, the storm

that drove them to the grotto, and how Alphonzo had endeavoured to encourage Emily—and again the kindness of his pious tutor ; while a tear of gratitude started at his venerated name.

Thus, unmarked, save by the revival of feelings, which they had rekindled, and strengthened, several weeks elapsed. Each succeeding day, with few and short intervals, beheld them together, either at the cottage, or the glen, whither Emily had returned not long after the renewal of their acquaintance. But it is unnecessary to detail minutely those tender interchanges of benevolence, which a reciprocation of affection will ever educe. These were no strangers to the intercourse of Alphonzo and Emily ; and many an hour, thus gilded, lost itself before them in the ocean of eternity, ere they had leisure, and perhaps while they had too little inclination to attend their lapse.

With that undeviating adherence to decorum, which had always distinguished her, as well on occasions of less, as of greater moment, Emily still retained, amidst the easy familiarity of politeness, a modest and

becoming reserve. However consonant it might have been with the dictates of an attachment, so long cherished in uncertain and timid hope, and now first permitted to acknowledge its existence even to itself, to receive an avowal from the lips on which hung every prospect of happiness she had harboured on earth, she yet conceived it not less the dictate of propriety, than she felt it to be a duty, to restrain the expression of her feelings. Though weeks were already growing to months, since the hour, which revealed her to herself, had passed away ; and though several intimations, more than intelligible to a heart so tremblingly alive, had been given to her, she had as yet, withheld by a timidity so natural to real affection, had no communication with her parents, relative to Alphonzo's intentions ; and she could not, without their approval, admit any overtures of the nature hope whispered she had reason to expect. But, from them not many objections were to be apprehended. She wellknew the anxiety the unprotected situation of herself, and her

sisters, had occasioned them in the anticipation of their removal to another scene ; and she could not but be sensible, that the disclosure would be welcomed by them with undissembled satisfaction.

Yet, though there was much to commend her union with the son of de Mertenburg, there were, notwithstanding, considerations which constrained her to hesitate. Affection, how ardent soever it might be, was not sufficient, nor indeed to be at all relied on, were there no congeniality of tastes and sentiments on subjects of higher importance. It was not merely a wedded partner that she sought, but a fellow-traveller to a better world : one, who would assist her on the journey, who would help her infirmities, and who would rejoice with her, for ever, in the termination of their mutual trials. His love, she hoped, would beguile the tediousness of the way, and scatter it with many a fragrant, though unobtrusive, flower. Amidst the storms of life, she there looked for a kind and compassionating sympathy, which would at least

alleviate, if it could not remove, the sorrows ever attendant upon an abode on earth.

With sentiments such as these, it was impossible rashly to enter on any irreversible engagement. ‘What communion hath light with darkness?’ ‘What concord hath Christ with Belial?’—though by some, she was aware, differently interpreted, were more than sufficient to awaken in her mind uneasiness, and that of the most painful description. In one of the most solemn, and, undoubtedly, constituted as we are, one of the most interesting, steps in life, she felt the most anxious solicitude so to conduct herself, as to meet with His approbation, whose she was by creation, and by the more endearing ties of redemption. How could she then, deliberately, ‘take part with an infidel?’ How, deliberately, ‘yoke herself, unequally,’ surely! with an enemy of her Lord?—Here, therefore, she determined to await the issue, devoutly praying, that no unworthy motive, and in her eyes every motive was unworthy, which had not the Divine glory mediately, or immediately, for its object, might induce her to deviate from

heart, as she was assured, was daily becoming more weaned from its cruel and unseemly diversions. The leisure his rank afforded him had not unfrequently been devoted to ministering to the necessities of the indigent and infirm ; and, munificent as his fortune was princely, distress never appealed to him in vain. If, in his visits to the abodes of mourning, his diffidence had often prevented him from pressing the importance of seeking an inheritance where sorrow shall not enter, he had been heard to whisper the name of Jesus—that name which falls so sweetly on the bosom, agitated with apprehensions of the Divine wrath—in the ear of a dying penitent. Often, too, had he sat, as she had been informed by one, not unable to distinguish between the appearance of piety, and the emotions of sincerity and truth, at the feet of the venerable Villaret, listening to his narratives, interspersed with many an instructive application : at times, too, had he hung upon his lips while he dwelt on ‘the exceeding riches of that grace,’ which urged our offended Maker to

deliver up his only, and well-beloved Son, as a lamb of immolation, that we might be restored to his favour, and reinstated in the privileges we had forfeited: and more than once had the tear stolen unconsciously along his cheek, while attending 'the devout soldier,' as he traced the suffering Saviour, from the supper to the garden—from Gethsemane to the cross.

Yet, it is not to be denied, that, in some degree countervailing these auspicious appearances, there were occasional inconsistencies of deportment, which, though alas! but too natural to the mind but lately awoke from the sleep of death, entered into the soul of Emily like iron, and elicited from her many a deep-drawn sigh. On weighing his character, however, with mature and dispassionate deliberation, she could not but conclude, with hope, that, though not all she would gladly have seen him, he was no longer alienated from that Lord she served. 'Whoso is not against us is on our part,' was perhaps, at first, the sweetest solace she could find for her desponding solicitude—

yea, possibly, the only permission she had to authorize the thought of uniting herself, in the closest of human ties, with the son of de Mertenburg.

The season she had anticipated with so much anxiety at length arrived. Alphonzo's affections were now deeply interested, and all his prospects of earthly enjoyment seemed to him to be centered in Emily. She it was whose presence imparted a charm to every thing, and gave to life all its attractions. With her, it appeared to him, that the world would no longer be a vale of tears. She had power, in his imagination, to fascinate even the throb of anguish, and turn the clouds of affliction into the sun-shine of joy. But alas! 'with how little security can man reckon on the days he destines to happiness!' The flower of mortal expectation may bloom in loveliness for a moment; but 'the wind passeth over it,'—and lo! it is gone.

It was in the sweet solitude of her summer-bower, that Emily was called upon to summon all the resolution, her natural for-

titude, aided by religion, could command. The hour ever after was sacred to her heart; and, amidst a thousand swords that in the sequel pierced her bosom, the remembrance of it fell on her wounded spirit, like the dews of healing on the drooping herb. The scene was such as would demand, and yet surpass, all the powers of description in the pencil of the painter, or the pen of the poet. The sultriness of the day had given place to the breeze of evening, which had just sprung up. It was from the west; and, blowing over the lake, received from it a freshness, which would have been counteracted by the glowing rocks and glebe over which it must have been wafted, had it come in another direction. Yet so gentle was it, that the bosom of the water extended before them in far and lovely quietude. Not a dimple was perceptible over the fair expanse, unless when one of the aquatic birds, which were sailing on it, instructing their new-fledged brood, and alluring them to attempt the unaccustomed element, dived upon the trout which the sweet serenity of the weather had

invited to approach the surface in dangerous pastime. The depth of the water, which is said to be unfathomable in many places, now seemed to have its full effect; and, uniting with whatever additional causes nature may have secreted in her stores below, imparted to it, at this moment, a softer shade of that cerulean blue, so well known to be peculiar to the Leman lake.

“ Its breast return’d, in chasten’d gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam :
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool :
The weather-tinted rock and tower ;
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower ;
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world, than earthly world more fair.”

Distant was seen, at intervals, the smoke, indicating from its colour the particular fuel of the country, rising from the chimney of some cottage, concealed in the thick foliage that covered the acclivity, and curling as it ascended towards heaven. The feathered songsters, you would have supposed, were attuning their sweetest notes, to raise the

last full chorus of their evening-hymn ; while the low of the cattle, blended with the sonorous sounds of the bells, which among the Alps are always suspended to their necks, to guide the steps of the milk-maid, diffused an unusual, though not unpleasing, mournfulness over the mind.

Sweet was the scene indeed ! Here, the shadowy depth, occasionally touched by the departing beam, as it glanced from mountain to mountain, which would have given a character to the tamest landscape ; there, the partial illumination, intermingled with the glooms that were already extending over the vales, and heightening, by contrast, that sombre but soothing tinge, which the approach of a serene twilight throws over the world ;—seemed to unite their efforts to ravish the imagination, and fill every faculty of the soul of the beholder with calm, and holy, and grateful joy. The Jura, beyond, stretched its continuous length, visible indistinctly from the refraction of the intercepted rays, which, lingering in the bosom of the clouds its height had arrested in their passage across the valley, retained a portion of their vermi-

lion dyes, but were now withdrawing, and consigning the landscape to deeper hues.

Seldom, perhaps, did eye gaze on a scene of sweeter loneliness ! The perfect silence of the elements : the extreme serenity of the weather, which, though by no means infrequent on these delightful shores, was at this moment peculiarly tranquil : the vault above them, pure and unspotted, as if it would lead the soul directly to the throne of Him, ‘ who inhabiteth eternity, and who cannot behold aught that is unclean :’ all—was eminently calculated to soften and harmonize every discordant emotion : and ill at ease, indeed, must have been that heart, which would not have imbibed a portion of the peace that dwelled around.

Nor was Emily’s a stranger to its power. She had a mind formed to converse with nature ; and, endowed from her birth with a taste for rural beauties, religion had moulded it into a full capacity for receiving the most exquisite sensations of the sublime. She could gaze and gaze, and seem still to rise nearer to God. Her communion with Him, while she surveyed ‘ the operations of

his hands, grew deeper and more awful. But, when she traced his love in all, and fixed it on herself, as redeemed by it from the dreadful penalty that was her due—then it was, that she drew nigh to him in prayer and praise, and felt more impressively, that it was her blest privilege to view, in their author, a Father and a Friend. She was not alone when no human eye beheld her. She was not alone while wandering solitarily up the mountain-side. She was not alone, when no foot was near her, and not a sound broke on the silence, but the ripple of the wave that washed her steps—No: God was present with her wherever she went.

“To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er, or rarely, been :
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
With the wild flock, that never needs a fold :
Alone o’er steeps, and foaming falls, to lean—
This is not solitude : ’tis but to hold
Converse with Nature’s charms, and view her stores
unroll’d.”

This she felt. But a heart, trained as

Emily's in the school of redemption, would not permit her to rest in material attractions. She admired their loveliness ; but the more they were lovely, the closer did they draw her to Him, from whose benignity they came—leading her to adore its Maker, in

“ ——— a world,
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man.”

In such an hour it was, and amidst such scenes, that Alphonzo at last avowed the affection he bore her, and asked for a return. They had winded among the devious paths that conducted through the glen and the adjacent glades, until, as evening fell, they found themselves beside the arbour, which we have already occasionally alluded to in the course of our narrative. Here, desirous of enjoying the prospect, and not unwilling to repose after many an aberration through walks, which passion, undeclared, but not unknown, had rendered sweet, they entered. Emily's bosom was beating high. It seemed to her, as if that hour was to be decisive of results which were to characterize her future life, and yet she scarcely was conscious

why. Some kind spirit, she almost imagined, was whispering in her ear of secrets, long concealed, and now to be disclosed, and nly admonishing her of the high, though arduous, duty she had to perform. "Be faithful, Emily," he appeared to say ; "and leave events to God !"

Alphonzo was seated at her side. She had observed him more thoughtful than usual during their rambles, and once even fancied that she had perceived him wipe away a falling tear. He was now still more thoughtful. He remained beside her, gazing, one while, on the water, and again on the hills, and now on the departing orb. At length his eye fixed—it was on the setting sun. He watched it—and sighed deeply. It was descending. Still he watched it—it descended still. Still he gazed fixedly—it was rapidly withdrawing from his view. Fixedly still he gazed—and now it was seen no more ! He then suddenly seized her hand, and said in a voice so agitated as almost to prevent utterance : "Ere that sun arise, Emily, may I request

you to tell me, whether these eyes shall hail its approach with joy, or whether it shall behold me exiled for ever from the spot whence I have seen it sink.”—He turned away his head as he concluded, as if to hide some emotion he strove, but was unable to controul. “Speak, Emily,” he continued, with look averted: “I need not acquaint you with the fondness of a heart you have long read; nor need you be informed that my earthly happiness is bound up in—” here articulation failed him; and he could only say again—“Speak, Emily.”

The sources, whence we derive the subject of our story, do not furnish us accurately with the maiden’s reply. All we have been able to learn is, that, after a long and impassioned pause, she declared her unalterable purpose of giving her hand only to him, on whose arm she could lean with confidence through the journey of life—who would be at once her protector, and her companion in travel to her Redeemer’s rest—and who would worship with her, by the way, at the altar of propitiation, in sincerity

and truth.—In such terms, however, was her answer couched, as betrayed, while they would have thrown a veil over, her tenderness ; and conveyed to the anxious listener the silent assurance, that there was one bosom, at least, on earth, that beat in unison with his own. “ And what, then,” said Alphonzo, either misunderstanding her, or feigning to do so, and reading in the death-like paleness, that overspread her delicate and expressive countenance, the latent affection with which she was contending—“ am I to see my beloved Emily no more ? ”—snatching up his hat, which he had laid on the seat, and moving as to depart—“ Farewell, then, Emily :—O *must* I say, for ever farewell ? ”—In her turn, Emily, trembling and agitated, now became an unconscious suppliant. Rising, and taking hold of him—“ Did I say so, Alphonzo ? Do forgive me, if I did.”—“ Farewell,” he repeated, gently disengaging himself from her grasp.—“ O Alphonzo ! and will you, then, break my heart ? ” said she, bursting into tears, and sinking upon the seat.—

The youth, deeply moved, turned, and approaching her, took her passive hand in his, and pressing it, bedewed as it was with tears, to his lips, uttered, in a tone softened by a thousand sensations warring within—"No, Emily: I should indeed be more than cruel, could I do aught of violence to a heart so gentle.—But, for the present, I *must* say farewell."

Night was now advancing, and the shades were thickening round. All was still, however, and Alphonzo, as he hurried along the winding path towards the spot where his servant waited with his horse, fancied he could hear her sobs, as he stopped at intervals, mingled with faint cries of "Alphonzo, Alphonzo;" until they gradually died away in the distance, and he could catch them no more. He then quickened his pace, threw himself into his saddle, and was ere long again within the walls where he had received his birth. Here, retiring to his chamber, he thought of Emily's reproof. He was not so little conversant with the labrynth of woman's heart, as to dis-

guise from himself the feeling, that he had an interest in the affections of one, in whose bosom he most wished his own finally to repose. But he perceived that there was a principle in her breast, predominant even over its most tender emotions.

“And am I, then,” said he within himself, “really such as her fears represent me?—an out-cast, and an alien, from Emily’s God? Alas! it may be, it may be indeed. Yet, Emily, dost thou not know me? Could I not discern in thine anxiety some hope, that I was not altogether a stranger from the covenants of promise? But, if it be otherwise—I will still, never, never deceive thee. Though the hypocrisy of a moment might betray thy hand to mine—I will never, never deceive thee.”—He felt that she was now raised in his esteem. Much as it was evident she loved him, he saw that she would not hesitate to sacrifice her affection, were it necessary, on the altar of duty. With her, experience had taught him, the high allegiance, due to the author of her being, was paramount to every other sentiment.

From this period, he began to scrutinize severely the motives by which he had been hitherto actuated. He was sensible that in many things he had offended. If the Lord were to be his God, here, and hereafter: if he hoped that he should finally enter into his presence, there to dwell for ever: if he was redeemed, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ; he was conscious that a closer walk became him with One, who had so mysteriously proved Himself his Friend. He then kneeled in prayer. Tears of contrition were blended with those of gratitude; and, in a strength not his own, determining to live henceforth more immediately to Him who had died for him, he arose, threw himself on the bed with a peace of mind no merely-mortal happiness could have bestowed; and sunk into a sleep uninterrupted save by hallowed dreams, until the morrow's sun warned him, that the lapse of another night had brought him so much nearer to that goal, where he was to bid adieu to all that was desirable on earth.—

Emily, meanwhile, had held sad communion with her heart. She had seen Alphonzo leave her, without being permitted to explain herself more clearly—he had withdrawn from her, she was apprehensive, under a mistake relative to her sentiments; and her bosom anxiously responded to the sudden reaction of the chill that was thrown upon her affections—upon

“Those hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguish’d throng;
Each tender feeling, long subdued—
Subdued, and cherish’d long.”

She thought over and over her answer to him, and still recurred to some expression that might have worn the semblance of unkindness. She dreaded to have wounded the spirit she loved. Even while the voice within acquitted her, and commended the decision she had taken, she still trembled lest some word should have escaped her, which might bear an erroneous interpretation. In the violence of her agitation, she had been totally unconscious of his tender language, and the pledge of affection.

which her own hand had sealed ; nor was she made acquainted with these, until circumstances in the sequel brought them to light. His words—"for ever farewell"—seemed all she could retrace : and a thousand and a thousand times did the remembrance elicit from her some bitter ejaculation of self-reproach.

Gradually, however, the tempest of emotion subsided into the calm of an approving conscience. Whatever might be the issue, she had fulfilled the supreme obligations she owed to God, and into his hands she committed herself and her happiness. In reflections such as these several hours elapsed after Alphonzo's departure ; and the moon was already high in heaven, when she slowly retired from the melancholy spot.

END OF VOL. I.

An Alpine Tale.

**"E'en now, while Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend."—*Goldsmith.***

AN
Alpine Tale:

SUGGESTED BY
**CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH OCCURRED TOWARDS
THE COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
Present Century.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TALES FROM SWITZERLAND."

"Hail! awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose:
Can passion's wildest uproar hush to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!"—BRATTLE.

"Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for
**FRANCIS WESTLEY, 10, STATIONERS'-COURT, AND
AVE-MARIA-LANE ;
AND L. B. SEELY, 169, FLEET-STREET.**

1823.

AN
ALPINE TALE.

CHAP. I.

"So may we oft a tender father see,
To please his prattling son, his hope and joy,
Coast all about to catch the roving bee,
And, stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for his gamesome boy ;
Or from the snake her rancorous tooth eraze,
And make his child the harmless serpent chase,
Or with his little hands her swelling crest embrace."

NEARLY three weeks passed without any tidings from the castle ; a period much longer than any which had intervened without the arrival of Alphonzo, since the renewal of his acquaintance at the glen. Heavily had their hours rolled over the head of Emily. Often would she wander involuntarily towards the brow of the hill, and cast a wistful look in the direction of the

castle, if possibly she might catch a glimpse of the accustomed form—but in vain. Days and weeks were numbered, but he came not. Some horseman might occasionally meet her view, and her heart would beat quick for a moment; but, the next, it only sunk into deeper dejection, as his nearer approach revealed a stranger, and elicited from her the sad inquiry; “Will he never come again?” Her disquietude, it is true, was alleviated by the consciousness, that it had been her desire to demean herself as became a disciple of the Redeemer; yet still, she could not exculpate herself from the charge, which had a foundation only in her tender solicitude, of having ‘spoken unadvisedly with her lips.’ The morning had gone by amidst these and similar reflections. She had visited the haunts which Alphonzo’s presence had so often enlivened; but she found no rest among them—he was no longer there. She ascended the hill, hoping that its lighter atmosphere would remove the weight from her bosom, and restore the elasticity of her spirits; but she returned more oppressed

than before. She descended to the vale, but there the air was insupportable. She sat down to table with the family ; but it was in vain that she attempted to eat. Her heart was full, and her food remained untouched. Thus agitated, she had retired to her room ; and there, bowing in humility, was laying open the distresses of her mind. At the mercy-seat, she met with a Friend whom she could trust, and who was ever ready to listen to her complaints. To him she could reveal every feeling in her breast, with all its delicate sensibilities, and without a blush. Her Bible was lying before her ; and a tear, where resignation was mingled with the anguish that called it forth, had just fallen upon the page, when she was startled by a knock at the door. She rose hastily—it was her favourite attendant, similar in piety, and not less interested perhaps in the welfare of her mistress, who had educated her with parental tenderness, than was that little maid of old who directed the Syrian leper to the prophet.* A smile of compassion and

* 2 Kings, v. 3.

affection illuminated the girl's countenance, as if she considered herself the bearer of good tidings to one she loved. Putting a note into the hand of her mistress, and saying ; "It's from the castle, Miss Emily ;" she hurried away, urged by a sense of natural good-breeding, that she might neither witness, nor interrupt, the emotion her message might excite.

Emily eagerly snatched and opened it ; scarce allowing herself leisure to follow successively its contents. It was from Alphonzo ; and expressed in substance his unfeigned regret, that he had not been able to summon resolution again to confront her eye, since their last painful interview. Her words, he said, had sunk into his heart, and awakened many an agonizing, but, he hoped, profitable, thought. He could not but fear, that she would always find him far below her own standard of excellence ; yet he trusted, that his one supreme desire was—'to be prepared to meet his God.' She might accuse him, possibly, for withdrawing from her presence so abruptly on a

late occasion, but he had the solemnity of a promise to contend with, as well as the distressing agitation of his own heart. If she could ever think, he added in conclusion, of sharing his joys and sorrows in the dearest bonds of earthly relationship, she must never hope that he could be a guide to her ; but, if she would lean on his arm, and direct him in the path he should pursue, his beloved Emily would find him a willing pupil, and a devoted friend.

Like the light mists of morning before a summer-sun, Emily's apprehensions vanished, as she read. She could now divine the reason of his protracted absence, and with peculiar pleasure dwelt in her mind on the delicacy which had restrained him from visiting her. We need not say how often she perused the welcome lines, nor with what lively gratitude she now approached that mercy-seat, where but a moment before she had sunk down in such bitterness of spirit. These are the little tendernesses of hallowed love, in which every pious and

feeling bosom will participate, and which it will easily picture to itself.

The next day brought Alphonzo to the glen. Expecting, from the tenour of his note, that he would desire a personal interview, and that she might consequently look for his arrival, and anxious that their meeting should be private, Emily, after leaving a message for him with her faithful maid, walked up the hill, and sat down under the shade of an ancient oak, where, according to a traditionary tale still told among the Alps, Victor Amadeus, one of the dukes of Savoy, had passed a night, when driven upon the coast by a storm that overtook him while he was fishing on the lake, and where he was discovered asleep in the morning by a pretty peasant girl, who, ignorant of his rank, awoke him, saying it was dangerous to sleep there, and, observing him exhausted, offered him some milk which she was bringing from the mountain, and whom he afterwards made the partner of his throne. Here, Emily was reposing, and reading the interesting story of Ruth, whose piety and simplicity of spirit

she was praying to be enabled to imitate, when she heard a foot. . She thought she knew the manly step. Her heart beat quick and quicker ; but as yet no one was visible. It drew nearer—and you would have supposed that every pulse which heaved her breast, would have burst its fragile covering. A form appeared—she rose, and received Alphonzo. We shall not attempt to describe the emotions with which they met. How different they were from those with which they had last parted, we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

Their intercourse was now renewed under other and more benign auspices. Explanations were mutually given, and readily accepted ; and ere Alphonzo had quitted the seat he had taken beside Emily, she had consented one day to become his bride. Thenceforward, life wore to each of them another aspect, while every revolving hour only seemed to prove how necessary they were to each other's happiness, and to render more apparent the conformity of tastes and sentiments, which the unreserve of their

continued and frequent interviews had been silently operating between them. With hearts as yet untouched by disappointment, and acquainted only by rumour with the unnumbered sorrows which attend the path of mortality, they gave themselves unconstrainedly to the sweet illusions of hope. Meanwhile, it was Emily's gentle and pleasing task, to tend, as with an unseen hand, the germ of piety in the bosom of Alphonzo. Though sown, and imperceptibly gathering strength, it was still of immature growth. Gradually, however, it expanded under the fostering culture of heaven, and she doubted not but the evidences of his adoption into the family above would daily become more manifest, and that she would ere long behold Alphonzo all her tenderest anticipations could desire.

Some time subsequent to the period at which we are now arrived, Alphonzo was called to Paris. He had been frequently drafted into the ranks of the conscription, and had found it difficult, notwithstanding

the payment of large sums, to get himself exempted from serving ; and it was now deemed expedient, both by his own friends and Emily's, that he should visit the seat of government, and make the requisite arrangements in person, in order to avoid any thing disagreeable in future. As he was detained, from various unforeseen difficulties, much longer in the French capital and elsewhere than he had anticipated, his letters to Emily were of course numerous, and not less so her's in reply. That we may not crowd our pages, however, with a correspondence, which, deeply as it engaged the parties, might be tedious to general readers, we shall select only a few of the more interesting communications, which may serve, we hope, the double purpose of amusing the reader, and carrying forward our narrative, until Alphonzo becomes once more a dweller amidst the scenes of his nativity.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Paris, June 10th.

I HAVE just arrived, and hasten to convey the intelligence to my Emily, hoping that, while I fulfil this duty, she will accept it as an offering of the tender affection I bear her. The weather was favourable; and had it not been that I was absent from all I love on earth, and momentarily removing to a greater distance, I might have enjoyed the journey. But, when the heart is sad, every thing we are conversant with partakes of its emotion. No wonder, then, my Emily, that with the last look I turned towards your lovely vale, as I reached the summit of the Jura, my spirits sunk, and my pleasure was changed to melancholy. Thenceforward, nature seemed but a blank to my eye. The fertile plains of France, and her hills covered with vines, appeared barren and desolate; and I often fancied that I was travelling through a wilderness.

I should express my obligations to your fond solicitude, which urged me to provide

myself with a passport from the military, as well as from the civil, authorities. The former, for which I am solely indebted to your care, was peculiarly serviceable, as I was continually accosted by the patroles, which, in these unhappy times, are marching and countermarching in every direction. Had it not been for my double security, they would willingly have been rude, as my Swiss accent rather betrayed me. Let me be thankful, however, for the mercy which has followed me, and brought me hitherto uninjured.

‘ Wars and rumours of wars,’ with their attendant horrors, thicken over our hemisphere. I had occasion to witness a most painful scene in the vicinity of Dijon. A young man, lately married, had been drawn, amongst others, to supply the place of those whom ‘ the sword, the famine, and the pestilence,’ are daily sweeping away. He had been ordered to repair to the depôt, but being rather dilatory, unwilling probably to leave his wife and fire-side, a party of *gens-d’armes* were commanded to arrest him. It so happened, that at the time of their

arrival my carriage drove up. Enquiring into the circumstances, I determined to wait, that I might, if possible, calm the exasperated ferocity of the soldiers, and comfort their unfortunate prisoner.

They had already seized him, and were driving him forward at the point of the bayonet, when his wife, with an infant at her breast, rushed in among them apparently in a state of extreme agitation, and threw her arms about her husband's neck. In this manner they continued for some minutes, sobbing and crying alternately ; “ O Antoine, my dear Antoine ! ” “ Lucie, my Lucie, must I leave thee, my beloved Lucie ? ” — So touching was the sight, that the guard themselves were almost moved to tears. Observing this, I asked if nothing could be done, and offered to be at the expense of a substitute ; but they replied that their orders were peremptory, and they dared not disobey. At this moment, an officer, the Count de P., whom I had been acquainted with in Vienna, rode up, and after threatening the soldiers with martial

severity for permitting such miserable trifling as he called it, desired the young woman with the most dreadful imprecations to let the conscript go, or he would run her through. Not hearing him, probably, she still clung to her husband, when the wretch drew his sword, and, whether he actually intended to kill her, or merely to frighten her, I cannot affirm, but, before I could arrest his hand, the body of her helpless babe received the thrust, and with a little shriek the innocent expired. "P."—I called—He turned round, and seemed surprised. "Mertenburg," said he, at length, "is that you?" Then, without waiting reply, or taking the slightest notice of the murder he had committed, as if it was a matter of total indifference, he commanded the guard, on pain of death, to carry off the prisoner instantly, and appear before him on arriving at the depôt to answer for their conduct. He then put his horse to a gallop, and was soon out of hearing alike of my indignant expostulations, and the ories of the unfortunate Lucie.

O Emily ! could I witness such a scene of horror, and not think of you ? While I beheld an unhappy being rendered childless among women, and left in a situation more trying than widowhood, could I restrain the reflection that wandered to her—who has so long twined herself round every pulsation of my heart. To fancy her bereft of husband, and children—was more than nature could endure ! I remained with the poor creature for nearly an hour, using my endeavours to console her, but she refused to be comforted. I promised, however, to represent the affair to the proper authorities, in order to procure, if possible, her husband's discharge ; and, putting a trifle into her hand to enable her to bestow on her infant the decent rites of sepulture, I proceeded on my journey. This incident made a deep impression on my mind, and greatly tended to increase my dejection. Ah, Emily ! should our domestic happiness ever suffer so rude an interruption !—But I must banish the idea, lest it incapacitate me for other employment.

I have not as yet taken any steps, relative to the object of my visit to this busy capital. My first duty was to Emily: that fulfilled, with a pleasure which those I have subsequently to undertake will not, I am afraid, afford me, I shall turn my attention to more serious labour. No doubt I shall have many difficulties to encounter. But this is my consolation—‘that the Most High ruleth among the children of men.’ Hope, too, shall buoy me up; and in the soothing thought of once more seeing her, in whose bosom alone my earthly affections can find repose, I shall endeavour to forget the irksomeness of the intervening period.

How often, Emily, have I retraced the hours we have passed together! Alas! how swiftly have they fled! warning us, dear Emily, of that approaching season when the few allotted moments of our present existence will escape from us for ever. Tell me, then, my beloved, O tell me to press forward in my christian course. Encourage me in running the race that is set before me; for indeed I am ready utterly to despair. Yet:

thus torn from *me!*” I thought, and wept: again I thought—“Should Alphonzo be torn from *me!*” and again a tribute of sorrow fell for Lucie’s melancholy fate. But, perhaps, we should not anticipate evil, when a gracious God seems to place us beyond it. A substitute is at all times to be procured, though the expense must necessarily be considerable. Let us rejoice therefore, and accept the boon with gratitude, that *you*, at least, have the means of avoiding the conscription, if it be the Divine will to prosper your present negotiation. We beg you to bear poor Lucie in remembrance. Do endeavour to obtain her husband’s discharge. Though ‘the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,’ shame will occasionally influence, when compassion would be appealed to in vain.

In return for your affecting narrative, I shall now tell you a little story with which you will be pleased, unless my hopes greatly deceive me. The morning after you left us, as I was on my way to visit our pious Aline, the old blind woman whom I took you to

see, as you will recollect, one evening, I met a poor creature who appeared to be in great distress. There was a semblance of humility and diffidence in her exterior, which attracted my attention ; for you know I am more friendly to the modest and uncomplaining of the children of affliction. She curtsied as she passed me, and I could perceive that she had been weeping. She did not speak, however, and I permitted her to walk on without interruption, expecting, indeed, that she would have addressed me with some tale of woe, real or fictitious. Finding that I was mistaken, and my heart smiting me for having accused her unjustly, I ran back to her, and overtook her as she entered the adjacent hamlet.

Apologizing for my intrusion, for I could not help feeling that I was intruding, so mournfully dignified was her aspect, I said I feared she had some cause for the sorrow I observed depicted in her countenance, and expressed my hope that she would allow me to participate in her grief. Looking at me stedfastly for a moment, as if to scrutinize my

motive for accosting her, she burst into tears, and replied: "It is seldom, young lady, that I have found any one, who would sympathize with the distresses of a poor desolate widow." She then informed me, that she had heard her only son was wounded, and that she was going in search of him. "Aye," said she, meekly raising her eyes, filled with tears, to heaven; "I often dreaded this hour. My poor boy was scarcely able to carry a gun, when they hurried him to the slaughter, from his wretched mother's arms. But, the will of the Lord be done! If I am bereaved, I am bereaved."

I was so much touched with her unaffected story, that I prevailed on her to accompany me to my father's. We were all deeply interested in her anxiety about her son; and mamma particularly. She was conscious, that she might soon be in a similar situation, and she wept bitterly over the widow's tale. At length mamma told her that she was apprehensive it would be a fruitless errand, as she was unacquainted even with the name of the regiment to which

he was attached, and ignorant of the place where he was reported to have received his wound. "Good lady," she replied, "I could not rest, night or day, thinking about him. My poor boy! What he suffers in his body is, no doubt, cause of great affliction to me; but what is that, compared with the danger of his soul? O the eternity, the long eternity that's before him!" Here, she sobbed aloud. "He was a good child," she continued, "and often read the Bible to me of a night, when he came home from the mountain; but I dare not say he was turned to God. Yet, I have seen the tears in his little eyes, too, dear child, when I have taken him on my knee, and spoken to him of the Saviour of sinners, and how he loved little children, and said; 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not.' But, lady, it is an awful thing to die, when one has not 'a good hope through grace,' that all will be well for ever. O my poor boy, my poor boy!"

Finally, however, we diverted her from her purpose. "It was very improbable," we told her, "that she would find him, and perhaps she herself might be unable to

vain ! His eye is over them, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against their peace. Remember that inimitable passage of Luther's hymn :

“ Act but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart :
No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest.
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe his love can shew.
Bid thy base servile fear retire—
This task no labour will require.”*

Repeat these lines, dear Alphönzo, frequently to yourself, and supplicate the aid of the Holy Spirit to apply them to your heart. Through them, behold the wonderful love of that Redeemer, ‘who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.’ Meditate on his gracious condescension. Think of his kind invitation: ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,

* We have adopted Mr. Browne's translation of this beautiful hymn, which we cannot too strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers.

and I will give you rest.' He does not, indeed, promise that every thing shall glide smoothly with us in our journey through life ; but he encourages us notwithstanding : ' Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

Emily does not deny that she will rejoice when the season approaches, which will restore you to her retreats ; but, in the mean time, she would wish you not to mourn too deeply over what is irremediable. To prove to you, however, that I have not been altogether unmindful of you, I send you a few lines, in which I have attempted to clothe the feelings of a pensive hour in the garb of poetry. I need not crave your compassion towards them—you know too well, that all Emily does, requires forgiveness and pity.

LE SOUVENIR.

On the night we parted last,
Did the rain fall cold and fast?
Did the wind of winter blow
O'er the valley fleeced with snow?

Or, on Balmé's haughty crest
 Did the storm's rude legions rest?
 No:—the skies of gentlest hue
 Wore a soft ethereal blue;
 And arrayed with silvery light,
 Gladdening far the reign of night,
 Mounting to her peaceful noon,
 Walked through heaven the waning moon;
 Nor, o'er all her liquid way,
 Did the highest cloudlet stray.

Distant as the eye could reach,
 From the wave that swept the beach,
 To yon mountain's towering head,
 Where the heath-cock makes his bed:
 Where the mew retires to rest:
 Where the eagle tends her nest—
 All was peace—nor sound was heard,
 Save the prayer for thee preferred:

“Thou art going far, and where
 Many a Syren weaves the snare:
 Where Religion's heavenly voice
 Bids no mourner's heart rejoice:
 Take, O take, then, o'er thy head
 Faith's protecting buckler spread;
 And may He thy path attend,
 He, declared the stranger's friend,
 And thy bark good angels guide
 Safe through danger's adverse tide.

Shun, O shun, the charmer's smile—
 Ruin lurks beneath her smile:
 Keep thy heart when near her seat:
 Steel thy bosom: bind thy feet:

—O, may all a Saviour's power
Arm thee in that trying hour !

And if heaven ordain it so,
And we meet no more below,
When, adown thine evening-sky,
Death is seen to hover nigh:
When, as shrill the summons rings,
Darkness o'er thee waves her wings:
May the voice of love proclaim
Pardon in Emmanuel's name,
While thy thoughts—thy wishes, soar
Where, once met, we part no more !”

I must now conclude this voluminous epistle, lest I exhaust your patience. You know I often try it ; but let me experience you still as easy to be pacified as hitherto. The united regards of the glen accompany this, with the tender remembrances of your unworthy

EMILY DU B.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Paris, Sept. 15th.

THE days roll heavily onward—different indeed in their tenour from those which I

have spent with my ever-dear Emily. But these, I suppose, and is it not so, Emily?—are trials designed to prepare us for others still more severe. Yet, it may be the merciful intention of Him, ‘from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift,’ in sending me these little afflictions, to render my enjoyments doubly sweet hereafter, while they are contrasted with my present occupations and feelings. O Emily, it is hard to bear up under the ills of life! But, if my trifling grievances are so heavy, what must be the wretchedness of myriads? And O, let me not pass over unnoticed His sufferings, who, with a mind spotless, and wounded even by the distant appearance of impurity, endured so many taunts and reproaches, and so much contradiction, from those very beings whom he came to save! Should not the consideration of this, Emily, nerve me for rebukes and insults, while it teaches me patience under the provocations of deluded men? Yet, my beloved, my soul is deeply oppressed. Truly I can sympathize with the mourning psalmist, when

he exclaims : ' Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar !' But, with him, I would lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help, in the hope to descry beyond this scene of trial the glories of an undisturbed, and unpolluted rest.

I waited on the minister of the war department yesterday, and was favourably received ; but I have been too long the sport of profession, to set much value on the civilities of courtiers. They have hitherto thrown every impediment in my way, and risen in their demands on every renewed application. Often, often, have they made the tear of indignation spring to my eye. But I must bear with them, Emily, must I not ? The generality have little of the politeness of the *ancien régime* about them. Things have changed their masters ; and the masters wear another exterior, than that which graced the court and cabinet of the unfortunate Louis.

Would I were once more in my own dear native vale ! There I had only to walk

heavenward with my Emily, comforted by her voice, and directed by her counsels, while I attended her from hill to hill, or visited with her some lowly shed, the dwelling of poverty, but the abode of peace. Our pleasures consist much in anticipation ; and I feel it a balm to my heart in this melancholy moment, to look forward to the hour when my mind will be tranquillized by some hymn from the lips of my Emily, or solaced by the endearments of her tender affection. Pray for me, Emily, O pray for me, that I may indeed be enabled to fix my hopes more unwaveringly on another, and a better, world ! Pray for me, O pray for me, Emily, that the finished work of my Redeemer may become increasingly precious to me ; and that my desires of seeing him in his glory may be quickened—of beholding him face to face, and rejoicing evermore in the unveiled effulgence of his grace and truth !

I enclose you a few lines, which I composed the other evening to calm my agitated spirits, after a very uncourteous reception

from Mr. C. the secretary for home affairs. He imbrued his hands in the blood of his king, and may well treat the son of a Swiss Baron with little ceremony.

O blest be the feeling, whose soothing can wile,
Though it were but a pang that around thee would stray ;
And blest the illusion, where sorrow the while
Emerges to hope, and illumines my way !

How dear to my heart is thy wild-wood retreat !
How tender the thought that would image thy form !
But ah ! 'tis a day-dream—as transient, as sweet ;
Like the moon-beam that bursts from the throne of the storm.

I'm away from thy haunts, a sad exile, and far
From thy hills and thy dales, and the blue of thy wave :
—'Tis the night of remembrance, uncheered by a star,
And lone as the flower o'er the sleep of the brave.

Then green grow the wild-wood, that round thee entwines
Its arms of seclusion, and whispers of me :
Still calm flow the life, that thy bosom enshrines,
Till I visit thy shades, my beloved, with thee !

And now, farewell, Emily. I need not assure you of the fondness with which I think of you. You know my heart, and have long since seen where its affections center. I do not transgress, do I, Emily ? in regarding you with so much tenderness.

It is said of Jacob's hallowed attachment to Rachael, that the seven years of his servitude seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her: yet the inspired narrator of the interesting anecdote does not imply the remotest censure. Embrace your father and mother for me, and remember me with fraternal solicitude to your sisters.

Ever your's—

ALPHONZO DE M.

P. S. I have just received a line from your eldest brother. He tells me he is ordered with his regiment to the coast. They informed me at the war office, that Adolphus was on the Austrian frontiers, alive and well when the last returns were made. His letters have miscarried probably. Adieu, Emily. I commit this to a private hand, as the posts are in many respects insecure. If you write by the courier, I always expect your answer with his return. May the God of our fathers protect you, and 'keep you in perfect peace.' This he *will* do,

Emily ; for ' your mind is stayed on him.' Would mine were equally so ! Do not be anxious about my health : I am not unwell, though occasionally depressed.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen, Sept. 20.

WHILE we rejoiced in the arrival of your letter, and in the assurance it brought us, though too dubiously expressed, that you were well, we participated deeply in the melancholy spirit it breathed. I need not tell you, how sincerely *one* of the family sympathizes with you in all you feel. Continue, dear Alphonzo, to open your sorrows to her, for it affords her a mournful gratification to have that communion with your afflictions ; and you will thence, perhaps, derive some alleviation of your distress, as anguish, of whatever nature it may be, is relieved by laying it on the bosom of another, who is willing to share its load.

Be comforted, however, by the full persuasion, that these troubles are from a Father's hand : ' they come not of the dust, neither do they spring out of the ground.' When our path is strewn only with roses, we are too apt to be enamoured of our present condition. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to awaken us from the pleasing delusion, should be considered as the effect of that love, from whence floweth every blessing we enjoy ; and ought, doubtless, increasingly to endear our anticipated repose. The swell of the ocean, and the buffeting of the tempest, which the seaman encounters on his voyage, teach him to value the quietude of his desired haven, where neither wind nor wave will assail his bark.

But do not imagine, Alphonzo, that I thus speak, as if I could myself always so regard trials. Alas, no ! Your Emily is a poor weak girl, and ought rather to be sitting at the feet of her Divine Instructor, than offering counsel, where she so much stands in need of admonition herself. All your anxieties, however, she has long made her

own ; and how much more the uneasiness you express relative to the issue of the present negotiation. To have you rudely torn away from me—(forgive for a moment the unrestrained emotion of a bleeding heart)—after a union so close and so tender, would, methinks, soon bring poor Emily to the grave.

Again, let me recommend to you the utmost exercise of prudence. Forbear resenting injuries: wisdom and religion alike demand it. Recollect the practice of the philosophers we once spoke of while walking together; and suppose yourself in the mean time a Pythagorean.* ‘Cease from anger, and forsake wrath,’ is a Divine injunction; and ever bear in mind, that ‘the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.’ If possible, do not even have the

* The custom here alluded to is mentioned by Plutarch. Speaking of the Pythagoreans, and referring to any occasional disagreement that had arisen among them, he says: „Τὰς δεξίας ἔμβαλλοντες ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἀσπαζόμενοι, πρὶν ἢ τὸν ἥλιον δύναι διελύοντο.” (They shook hands, and embraced each other, and forgot all their differences before the sun went down.) St. Paul would seem to have had this amiable practice in view, Eph. iv. 26: ‘Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.’

appearance of noticing an affront: it will thus be much easier to avoid recriminations, for pride often hurries us forward to resentment, as well as a desire of revenge. Remember, our poor Switzerland is no longer what she was—free and happy. It has pleased God, in chastisement for our iniquities, to place over us hard taskmasters, yet more cruel than those of Egypt. *They* only required brick—the labour of their captives: these drain off the best blood that warms the veins of our fathers and brethren. But, notwithstanding, submission is our duty, and we owe it by a high command to the powers that be;’ for ‘they are ordained of God.’ Meanwhile, Emily will plead in your behalf with that Sovereign Ruler of the universe, ‘who alone can still the unruly affections of sinful men.’

Papa says, the streets of Paris should never find you on them after sun-set. Many has been the dark deed committed there by unseen hands. The bridges in particular are dangerous after night-fall. Papa very nearly lost his life on one of them, and only owed his preservation, under God, to his strength

and agility. Avoid those hateful places, therefore, and be cautious, dear Alphonzo, if not for your own, for *another's* sake. The spirit that reigns in that unhappy country, a remnant of that blood-thirsty ferocity engendered by the Revolution, is now doubly hostile to personal security.

I was much obliged by your kind remembrance of me, and was tenderly sensible of it. It is my prayer, that I may in any degree be worthy of your confidence, or of the interest you manifest in me. You must pardon me, however, if I remind you that there is an affection, which attaches itself too much to the creature, and in so far dishonours the Creator. He is, and must be, through the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer, and in Him, the supreme object of all our desires, hopes, and fears. Not, that I consider a virtuous affection forbidden by God. On the contrary, I should believe it designed to soften the asperities, to which a heart insulated from its kind must be liable, and to mitigate the sufferings incident to humanity. Yet, must it be in subserviency to a higher

devotedness—‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him, only shalt thou serve.’ The German hymn, you brought me from Stutgard, has an allusion, as you will recollect, to this subject; and, as it may act the part of a silent monitor to my Alphonzo, he will excuse me for transcribing the two concluding verses :

O no, my Father, no, no more
I'd think a thought of mine :
The weight of woe my Saviour bore
Has too long sealed me thine.

Thine, dear Redeemer, then, I'll be ;
And, if aught else I love,
Let it but bind me more to thee,
Its giver—thee, above !

Mamma desires me to thank you for the trouble you took about Adolphus. If I mistake not, Adolphus is her favourite boy. And, truly, he is an amiable youth, looking, I would sincerely hope, for that better country, where the followers of the Lamb will ere long be gathered from the four winds. How often in a summer evening has he given me his arm, saying, “Come, Emily; let us go to some quiet spot. I have a few ques-

tions to propose to you.” Then he would open his pocket testament, and ask my sentiments on such and such a passage. If my interpretation was consolatory, the tear would start in his eye ; and I have heard him ejaculate, as if unconsciously, on several of these occasions—“ O my God ! can such a wretch as I find mercy at thy hands ? ” Nor do I despair of my eldest brother, though less intimately acquainted with him. His letters frequently breathe a spirit of piety ; but there is too much of our national pride in his character. Let us not forget, however, that we are still in the body ; while we are so, we shall ever be compassed about with infirmity. My poor brothers ! I have many an anxious thought on their account.

I am glad you use the precaution of a private conveyance, when you have any thing particular to communicate. There is but too much reason to believe that our letters are opened.* When you write to me by

* A German, who at the period of the author's acquaintance with him was a man of probity and piety, and would

post, therefore, speak in general terms, and with the utmost *nonchalance*. Enquire if the weather be fine ; and whether the lake is as blue as usual : whether the birds sing as sweetly as they were wont ; and whether the tree is thriving that you planted. Send a kiss to mamma, and a riddle to one of the girls—but reserve your sorrows, Alphonzo, for a faithful ear, unless you can commit the letter that conveys them, to some hand that would sooner ‘ forget its cunning ’ than betray you. If any thing untoward should happen to you, Alphonzo, what would become of poor Emily ?

I am deeply indebted to you for your tender and pathetic lines. They have awakened a mournful chord in my bosom, to which my fond thoughts but too anxiously reply. At some future period, perhaps, I may endeavour to give them a poetic dress.

doubtless have shrunk from such an iniquitous occupation, confessed to me, that he had been employed under Buonaparte to open letters. The *sealed* letters he said he could open almost without possibility of detection.

In the mean time, however, I transmit you the tale you requested. It was related to me by one of the brethren of the convent,* and is supposed to be told in the name of the fraternity. You must consider it merely as a fragment; and if it afford you but the amusement of a moment, Emily will not have lost her reward.

THE WANDERER OF THE ALPS:

A FRAGMENT.

Around that heart, in blythesome beat,
No pulses of remembrance meet :
And in that eye, anon, there glowed
A demon-fire, delirium's goad :
And o'er his look, awhile, there gleams,
As thou hast seen from frightful dreams,
The horror of the visage tell,
The sufferer deemed him woke from hell.

Upon a wreath of snow reclined,
And, reckless of his fate, resigned—
Resigned, as who beholds but gloom—
Nor hope, nor fear—beyond the tomb ;
As beat him rude the cold night-gale,
Drifting the flakes from mount and vale,
His strength in a collected shriek,
Whose wildness spoke the life-pulse weak,

The convent of the Great St. Bernard ; in the album of which, as the author believes, the narrative still exists, whence the subject of the poem is derived.

He had spent :—then all exhausted fell,
Where th' winds had made his bed so well;
While a dread vacancy reclined
On the dark evening of his mind,
Amidst a chaos that possest
The chambers of his soul's unrest.

Yet, though to him in horror clad,
That hour was fraught with tidings glad,
And Mercy smiled in it, to see
Another of her ransomed free.

Long had he wandered through that shade,
Where visions float with bliss arrayed—
Flowers of life's morning that distil
Somnific dew—enchant and kill :
But where ne'er found a recreant child
A heavenly Father reconciled.
But hush !—the hour's arrived. Anon,
Forth from the throne the mandate's gone !
—Swifter than bears an angel's wing,
To the redeemed ministering,
Hailed by hosannas, through the skies
The everlasting purpose flies.
His spirit wavers :—ere it fled,
The message to his bosom sped :
He heard the tidings 'twould impart—
They came with power and reached his heart.

Sad was his tale—and o'er his soul
Thou 'dst seen the billows wildly roll ;
And thou hadst thought the mighty God
Had touched his spirit with the rod.

“ 'Twas autumn ; and the purpled west
Had felt the last ray warm her breast,

And bright and fair the setting sun
Had smiled upon his warfare done,
When Gertrude, from the evening bower
Of duty's meditative hour,
Came forth to meet me:—no alarm
Disturbed her heart—no thought of harm:
Calm all, and tranquil! hushed around,
Above, below, slept every sound,
Save where some insect hummed its song,
Or murmuring streamlet passed along.

“As led our path a cypress shade,
Slowly we traced the upland glade,
And sweet, and mild, the moon-beam's play
Seemed to allure our onward way.
But soon we marked—and swift indeed
This widowed heart was trained to bleed!—
A thousand warring clouds from far
Enfold the planet's westering car.
The winds arose, and through the air
Wild gleamed the lightning's livid glare:
The thunders deepened; and the rain
Deluged the lately-smiling plain.
’Twas then my gaze beheld the form
Of Sorrow, riding on the storm;
And chill, anon, with searching swell,
The blast on Gertrude's bosom fell.
—How looked on me her tearful eye!
How heaved her heart so quick and high!
Yet pang was ne'er less wild, or deep,
Than laid her loveliness to sleep.

“She comes—the tomb resigns its dead:—
I rave, I rave, the vision's fled!

Yet her remembrance shall attest
The tempest rising in my breast,
Till rending recollections cease,
And dark oblivion whispers peace.
—Peace ! no :—a heart, as warm as mine,
Can it beneath a calm recline ?
Can love, as once I knew it bless,
Slumber in cold forgetfulness ?
Grief may be silent ;— but my truth,
Can it dissolve as did her youth ?
Die, as the rose on that dear cheek—
A timid thing, a blast might break :
A fragile flow’ret, that a breath
Might crumble to the dust of death ?

“ And I have listened, and have heard
Her midnight prayer to heaven preferred :
Seen her in such a smile arrayed,
As told her peace with God was made.
And she has soothed me, while she sung
Of One from Judah’s monarch sprung,
Who died, she sweetly said, for me,
What time he bled on Calvary,
And Death disarmed, and from the Grave
The laurel tore that victors wave.

“ How could a thought that answered thine,
Dear Gertrude, leave these lips of mine ?
Or could that prayer be owned above,
Nor breathed by faith, nor hope, nor love ?

“ Oh ! I remember well that shriek—
It flushed thy pale and livid cheek,
While blanched, as lies on Mola’s crest
The wintry wreath, was that fond breast !

—'Twas then she snatched from me her child,
And looked on it, and laughed so wild—
While, unalarmed, the baby smiled !
She fixed on me her gaze:—the last,
In it on high her spirit passed.
—Horror that instant froze my frame :
The sense of suffering went and came :
And floods of torment swept my mind,
All wasted by the desert wind ;
And Reason then resumed her reign,
And searched each nerve, and thrilled each vein :—
O, would it never had returned :
That this cold bosom still had burned :
That horror had o'erhung my brow ;
And frenzy racked my brain till now,
While, 'mid these Alpine wilds, I sought
A shelter from pursuing thought !"

"Hush, hush," we said : "Dost thou not know,
Who rules on high is Lord below ?
Dost thou not feel, the sons of men
Are guided by no mortal ken.
—To cleanse the heart, the hopes sublime ;
To wean the soul from sense and time ;
To train her to her warfare high ;
To fit her heavenly panoply ;
To point her to her rest above ;
To warm her with atoning love—
On errands such as these, is sent
The angel of his chastisement.

"Jesus," we whispered : "in his smile
The desert joys, and blooms the while :
Emmanuel speaks, and Sharon's rose
On the repentant bosom blows.

Glory to Him ! In grace unknown,
Unasked he left the Father's throne ;
Singly for us the wine-press trod :
Endured alone the wrath of God.
Glory to Thee ! By every tongue
Of every tribe, thy praise be sung :
Where'er there lives, let every knee
In adoration bow to Thee !"

Soothed by the sound, as if some balm
Had reached his heart, his brow grew calm :
Around his couch we kneeled in prayer,
And faith illumed the darkness there.
He fetched a sigh :—it seemed as then
Remembrance would revive again ;
And as he looked around, a tear,
You'd thought, would ask " Is Gertrude here ?"
—Yet Death, we deemed, had lost his sting,
And bowed the Grave to Salem's King ;
And angels then had joy in heaven
Over a sinner's sins forgiven !

And, now, let me commit you to the
keeping of Him, ' who neither slumbers nor
sleeps.' My sweetest hours are spent in
supplication for you ; and were it not, that
no other thought should intermingle with
our desire of heaven, but that which centers
in the wish to be with God in Christ,
methinks heaven itself seems dearer to me,
when I hope to share its felicity with Al-

phonzo. The redemption too, that is in Jesus, appears to be enhanced in value, when I believe it offered for the ransom of one who lies so near my heart. O Alphonzo, in the midst of all your engagements, often steal a moment for the throne of grace. If you prize your never-dying soul, neglect not a throne of grace. Do you remember that sublime idea of your favourite, Pascal, where he makes the human being enter the lists against the universe, and gives the palm to the immortality of man? "Man," says he, "is but a reed, the feeblest in nature; but he carries a thinking principle within. It needs not the universe in league to overwhelm him—a vapour, a drop of water, suffices for his destruction. But, though he were sinking under the combined efforts of the universe, man would still have a dignity superior to his vanquisher. The universe, even while it prevailed against him, would be insensible of its advantage:—man maintains his consciousness in death."*

* L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus foible de la nature; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers

If, therefore, dear Alphonzo, you value that immortal principle within you, in which consists all your dignity—if you wish the peace of one who would willingly resign her life, if in doing so she could rescue your's, neglect not the throne of grace. There you will meet a friend, who will sympathize with you still more affectionately than Emily, happy as she is to participate in all you feel. You have your Bible with you. Even should any accident have deprived you of your pocket edition, you will find another which an unseen, but not unkind, hand introduced into your portmanteau, when we were sorrowfully assisting you in getting ready for your departure, the night before you left us. O meditate over its sacred pages. A day *will* come, Alphonzo, when you will rejoice in every hour you have

entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais, quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme seroit encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien.—*Pensées de Pascal; première partie, Art. 4. sect. 6.*

spent in listening to its voice. When you are laid on a dying bed—O may that moment be distant ! and ere long to be folded in the searments of the tomb—when eternity, with all its awful consequences, is opening on your view:—then, it will not repent you to have been a frequent visitant at its hallowed shrine. Meanwhile, it will refresh, and invigorate, your drooping spirit: its healing influence will diffuse itself through your bosom, like springs of water over the thirsty ground. There is a ‘river, whose streams make glad the city of God.’ Drink of them, Alphonzo, and you will not fear even should calamities overflow you. Such is the earnest, and anxious, entreaty of your

EMILY DU B.

P. S. Forgive the length of my letters. When I am writing, I fancy myself talking with you, and I know not when to stop—for, then, the pleasing illusion vanishes. Farewell.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Hôtel de V. May 2nd.

My dearest Emily:

At length I hope the term of my captivity is drawing near. O how tedious its hours have been! But, as I have only a little longer to suffer, I shall endure the remaining period of it with greater equanimity. I hasten to communicate these tidings to you, assured that they will gratify you. And will they not, my Emily? If they do not, I may still sojourn in a strange land, for it will not be a return to my native hills that will then calm this agitated heart. It is Emily's affection that gilds my future prospects, and sweetens the anticipation of years to come. Enjoyed with thee, Emily, how delightful will be my walks among those shades, which beheld our juvenile, may I say innocent—loves? though we were as yet unconscious of the attraction, which blended the tender scions of our hopes and fears. A latent charm seems to dwell upon the reminiscence of the past. There is

something in those things, with which we have been conversant in early life which twines itself round our affections involuntarily, but with a mournfully-pleasing power. The memory of days and years, when we were as yet unacquainted with the trials and anxieties of maturer age, resembles in some degree the light reality of a world, where care and sorrow had not entered ; and though the season has irrevocably fled when our bosoms beat buoyantly amidst the pleasures of infancy, the soul will oftentimes wander back in fond recollection to the emotions they inspired. But, may we not promise ourselves, my beloved, in dependance on the Divine beneficence, enjoyments less visionary than those ? The feelings of childhood are, at best, illusory. It is reflection alone that can constitute us happy ; consequently the happiness of infancy is merely as a morning-dream, shadowy, though lovely.

Yet,

To the glen, and the hill, and the rock, and the wild-wood,

Still in visions of infancy memory clings ;

Then calm be your moments, ye thoughts of my childhood,

That softly enshroud my life in your wings !

I hope to reach Dôle by the 25th. If so, you may expect me, I should think, on the day following. Do not be disappointed, however, if I do not arrive, as I shall not be able to fix a precise period for my departure. But, the moment the papers receive the secretary's signature, that moment, with the Divine permission, I shall be on my way to Emily. Pray for me, Emily, that, in the anticipation of earthly felicity, I may not be unmindful of that country, where are pleasures for evermore. Meantime, anxiously looking for another letter from you, I am
your tenderly attached

ALPHONZO DE M.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen.

I SHALL not say how fondly my bosom replied to your intelligence, lest I should exaggerate, or appear to act inconsistently with the feelings of the poor heartless girl you have found me. Yet, be assured, Al-

phonzo, that many here will rejoice to see you, though the timidity of your Emily may throw a damp on the expression of *her* congratulations. Believe me, the interval since we met has been a painful one. Many an apprehensive thought would turn towards you ; and I will not repeat to you how often I approached the mercy-seat, as a suppliant in your behalf. Enough for me, that my prayers have gone up as a memorial, and brought down an answer of peace. Enough for me to see Alphonzo once more in health on this side the grave. Even that would be a consolation sweet indeed—I dare not add what hope would whisper of some tender relationship besides.

I cannot help acknowledging a secret pleasure, that your recollections return so fondly to our sweet retreats. They have long seemed to lament your absence, and scarce have greeted me with a smile since you left them ; unless it was, when I was pruning some tree that you planted, or succouring some drooping flower that you were wont to admire. I visit them, when ‘ the out-

goings of the morning and evening are rejoicing' around me, but I am unable as formerly to participate in their joy. The mountains and the hills used to break forth before me into singing. Instead of the thorn, I beheld the fig-tree, and instead of the brier, came up the myrtle-tree ; but alas ! all has long been desolate and sad. The hill and the dale have lost their cheerfulness, and the woods appear to my eye only a tangled brake. My flowers are growing, but they have no longer their accustomed loveliness. I tend them solitarily, like Eve in Eden, when too confident in her own strength she refused to hearken to the dissuasive voice of her consort :

“ From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.”

Perhaps, too, Emily would not be less secure, had she an arm to lean on. But the Christian has always aid at hand, and that, mightier than an arm of flesh.

I promised, I believe, to reply, if occasion offered, to your tender remembrances ; and I now send you the tribute of my poor neglected muse. You will compassionate,

I know you will, her little labours to please you. Yet, do not spare them, much less commend them, lest Emily should be vain.

The linnet still warbles ; still green the wood grows ;
The cascade still murmurs ; still blushes the rose ;
The winds on the hill are still quiet ; the wave
Still as blue, and as calm, o'er the mariner's grave.

The Morning still greets me with many a smile,
As if 'twould invite to be happy the while ;
Still, Evening as ever glows sweetly serene—
But ah ! their attractions have fled from the scene.

The note of the linnet sounds harsher ; less bright
Grows the green of the wild-wood retreat to my sight ;
The cascade falls hoarser ; less kind to my care
The flowers that I tended, and once thought so fair.

The breeze seems the spirit that howls through the storm ;
The soft-rolling wave wears a wild-welling form :
The crimson of Morning but saddens the sky ;
And Evening is lovely no more to my eye.

Long past from the season 's the smile of its bloom ;
And mountain and valley are seated in gloom :—
Ah ! why then this change canst thou tell me ?—I ween,
The voice of the charmer is mute o'er the scene !

Instead of this mournful reminiscence, I had almost determined on sending you the

melancholy, but elegant and affecting, lines of poor Tasso, ‘Tu che ne vai in Pindo,’* &c. but perhaps you will still permit me to adopt his idea, and apply it to myself.. Possibly, you will scold your Emily: she will trust, however, to your generosity.

O thou, who leav'st these sweet retreats,
To visit pleasure's crowded seats,
Tell my Alphonzo—(he resides
Where Seine rolls down her silvery tides)—
My once-loved harp, untouched, unstrung,
Beside me 's on the willow hung,
And I have ceased to sing—'tis vain,
For he 's not here to list the strain !

The lamentation of the unhappy Thirza, in the tender tale of Gessner, has often occurred to me. May I never be called on to sympathize too deeply with her afflictions ! You recollect the passage: “Every object, that once delighted me, will only aggravate my grief. Your green twilight, ye verdant bowers, will seem to ask me: ‘where is he who, with such gentle affection, embraced thee beneath our shades?’ The streams, as

* See note s.

they wander by, will murmur to me : ‘ where, forlorn Thirza, is thy beloved ? ’ ”

But I must be no more sad ; and if I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal from you my sorrows, you will know how to pardon me, for your heart will whisper that I did so, not to add to what you were already suffering.

Your allusion to the days of infancy awakened in my breast some painful, though perhaps not unpleasing, emotions. I fully coincide with you in the sentiment, that the happiness of childhood is illusory. If we were happy, and say Alphonzo, if we were not ! while rambling in days now long gone by, arm in arm, or hand in hand, chaunting some Alpine carol ; it was only as the lark that sang to us over head. She was light-hearted, and so were we. She knew no care, nor were we as yet initiated in the mysteries of the trouble which was our birth-right. She had no dreams of futurity, neither had we. She looked not beyond the sunshine of her morning, nor did we think

of the thousand ills that would beset our onward path :

“ We rolled with pleasure on her rattling car,
And danced with childhood to her fairy star,
While eastward yet we saw no clouds arise,
Nor cast a glance upon our evening skies.”

Ah, Alphonzo ! in those gilded moments, there was no reflection ; and reflection alone, as you well observe, can constitute us happy. What will not bear the ordeal of reflection—the deepest reflection—even that which places us at the Divine tribunal, and summons us to that awful account which we must render of every thought, and word, and action, to Him, from whom no secret is hid, will form but a sandy foundation indeed for happiness ! Mirth there may be without it ; but if we may believe the voice of Inspiration, there is such a thing as ‘ the laughter of fools.’ I trust we may truly anticipate more solid delights. Our minds are now matured to contemplate our real situation. We know what we are. He, whose ‘ going forth is prepared as the morn-

ing,' hath visited us from on high. He has taught us, and has he not Alphonzo? that there is a joy beyond these perishable, unsubstantial, scenes—a joy, of which we even now partake, while we are wafted heavenward in spirit, and penetrate into worlds to come on the wings of faith, and hope, and love. Then, though we had heard of a Saviour's compassion, we had not 'tasted that he was gracious.' We had been told that he was fond of little children; but we had not seen ourselves 'gathered with his arms, or carried in his bosom.' They had taught us to pray to him; and we had listened with glistening eyes to the stories of his tenderness; but we had had no experience of his affection, as manifested to ourselves; nor had we as yet been sealed as his. His Spirit had not borne witness with our spirits that we were the children of God, and heirs of a kingdom, whose glory should never fade.—And how, then, could we be happy? we knew not that all was well for eternity, and how could we rejoice? No, Alphonzo; we were not happy—we were only without thought.

Our pleasures were merely the light visions of a mind, that rested under the shade of the passing hour, and desired not to go beyond.

Yet, do not accuse me of even insinuating any disapprobation of the sentiment expressed in your beautiful stanza. Though we may allow a little latitude to the poet in point of imagery, while the great essentials of grace and truth are held steadily in view, I would not affirm, that for your affecting lines we must crave even that. The Christian will look back upon his childhood, and the momentary sigh may escape him for enjoyments fled, never to return. But he will not permit himself to tarry amidst vain regrets. He may pause there for an instant, and let his soul disquiet itself within him; but it will only be to resume his travel with renewed alacrity, as having seen another proof that he *must* repose, if he repose at all, in things to come; and he meditate on the past, only to remember that it is irrecoverably gone. Thence, his thoughts are led to futurity; and there they are riveted by the recollection, that as death leaves him, judgment must find him. He then arises,

and goes quicker on his way. It leads to heaven ; and he finally attains the happy country. The troubles and sorrows he had met with on his journey are done away, and forgotten for ever ; or, if retraced, it is only to awaken new emotions of gratitude to the hand that guided, and to the right hand that upheld him. Thus, through the merits of his adorable Intercessor, he reaches the ‘ rest that remaineth for the people of God,’ and enters on the possession of a felicity which ‘ eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.’ Farewell. May such be the blissful experience of Alphonzo, and his

EMILY DU B.

P. S. Papa desires me to tell you with his love, that he will have a relay of horses for you at Vevay, as the post there is but indifferently supplied. Emily will charge herself with having them there in time. Need I add, that they shall not be those of our stud which will bring you with least speed ? ‘ The righteous is merciful to his beast ;’ but on such an occasion I think you may urge them, though not distress them. This is no casuistry, is it, Alphonzo ? If it be, rather

wait a week longer than think of my anxiety. Mamma and the girls are already busying themselves getting your apartment ready. They say we must have the Baron over, as they cannot let you leave us for a month at least. Farewell. May 'the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort' hide you 'under the shadow of his wings!' Once again, farewell.

The negotiation was at length finally concluded, and Alphonzo was on the eve of setting out on his return. At the glen and the castle all were in motion. Preparations were made, and many a bonfire ready to be kindled by the happy tenantry of de Mertenburg, who would not be dissuaded from thus testifying their joy at the approach of their amiable young lord. The morning was fine, and the inmates of the glen had gone to the summit of the hill, to catch the first distant glimpse of the carriage freighted with so many tender wishes, when Mr. du Blesne, whose telescope had long been directed to-

wards Vevay, announced a courier approaching at full speed. Many a heart beat high at the intelligence, and many a fervent ejaculation rose, that he might be the bearer of auspicious tidings. They watched him—he had left Chillon far behind. Still they gaze—he has attained the rising ground, that fronts you from the embouchure of the Rhone. Still they trace his progress, which had it been swift as the lightning, would have been outstripped by their anxiety. Now he winds round the angle to the right—here he passes through the wood of pines, and they lose him for a moment. Again he appears, and now they hasten to receive the letter he already extends in the distance. It was from Alphonzo—without address, as if in his haste he had forgotten to direct it. It was, however, committed to the agitated hand of Emily. She opened it, and read :

Dearest Emily : Afflictions abide me. At the instant I was stepping into my carriage to revisit my dear native hills, I received a packet from the Marquis of A., from the banks of the Rhine, informing me that my aunt, his

wife, and my mother's only sister, was at the point of death, and extremely desirous of seeing me. I tremble for the event. He speaks obscurely ; but I am afraid, from the tenor of his letter, that she is in great distress of mind. Pray for her, for me, for us all, dear Emily. We require the support of many intercessions. When I shall return to you is known only to Him, from whom nothing is hid. Adieu, my Emily.

Ever your's—A. de M.

The next letter that arrived was dated at the chateau d'A., and was as follows :

I am come to a house of mourning—of darkness, and the shadow of death indeed ! I found my poor aunt fast approaching the term of her mortal existence, and awfully sensible that she was about to render her account. Her disease is violent, and augmented by the agony of her mind. Her shrieks, at times, are dreadful. I flew to her bed-side the moment I arrived—and all she could utter, was, “ Too late ! Too late !

‘Too late!’ and burst into tears. After a while she became more composed, and I took the Bible, with the permission of my uncle, and read some promises to the returning sinner. But it was in vain. She rejected the offers of pardon as not made to her, and again shrieked, and trembled, and wept, by turns.

O Emily! such a sight as I have been called to witness—and that, too, of one so near and dear to me—the only maternal relative that now remains to me. Yet, may the Divine Spirit seal these things upon my heart. Ah, how the world deceive themselves! They trust in a chimera—a delusion of iniquity and death. While they are consoling themselves with the hope that all is well, the gulph of perdition is yawning beneath their feet. ‘They think God,’ in the language of the prophet, ‘such an one as themselves. The Lord,’ they say, ‘will neither do good nor will he do evil.’ But yet a season, and their terror shall come as a whirlwind. If any could repose on an externally blameless life, one would imagine

my unhappy aunt might derive comfort from the retrospect of her's. A character she was, the admiration of all who were acquainted with her, lovely and amiable. Her path seemed to an outward view, to be pleasantness and peace. Many was the eye that blessed her approach, and many a heart had she made, as far at least as charitable munificence could effect it, to sing for joy. But, alas ! her confidence was in these things. She trusted, as she told me but a moment ago, to her own righteousness, and did not loathe herself in her own sight —“and now,” she added, with a look of indescribable anguish, “I am left to perish in my own deceivings. I was a ‘friend of the world,’ and now I am found ‘the enemy of God.’”

I cannot say more at present. This house is indeed a melancholy abode. Not a ray of hope seems to penetrate the thick darkness in which it is enveloped. The mirth and gladness, with which it has so often resounded, are hushed and silent, as if for ever passed away. *Now*, at least, are they proved

unequal to the task of ministering consolation. But it is thus, that millions delude themselves, and, if I may be pardoned the expression, go with songs and dances to everlasting ruin. Farewell. Pray for us, Emily; pray, pray!

Your unhappy Alphonzo.

P. S. I shall write again as soon as any thing material occurs.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A. Banks of the Rhine.

The last scene is over—and such a scene! O Emily, Emily, such a frightful scene! During the whole of yesterday it was evident that the final crisis was approaching; and as the body wasted, the spirit seemed to gain fresh vigour to pour itself forth in cries of anguish and despair. In a frame so emaciated, it was dreadfully dismaying to hear her shrieks. O, my pen, and my heart,

alike refuse to proceed with the fearful detail. Such a house as this is, at this moment ! Every one more terrified than another, as if they were themselves ready to be swallowed up in similar torments. O Emily, Emily, what a scene I have witnessed ! My poor, poor, aunt ! My eyes are overflowing, and my soul is sinking within me. How shall I begin, or where shall I conclude the overwhelming narrative ? O, may others take warning ; and, ere ‘judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,’ ere the rivers of Divine vengeance come, that shall ‘sweep away every refuge of lies’—O may they examine themselves, and see, and know, whether they are indeed building on ‘the Rock of Ages,’ or on the broken reed of human virtue !

About one o’clock on the morning preceding that on which she died, I was hastily summoned to her apartment. The servant, who brought the message, was so frightened that she could scarcely articulate—“O come, Sir, come Sir !” In a moment I was in her chamber, for I had lain down in my clothes,

anticipating some such event. My aunt was then delirious. Her eyes were rolling in her head ; and her cheeks were flushed to scarlet. Her mouth was parched, yet foaming ; and her lips were of a dead livid colour. O Emily, it was a terrific sight ! Indeed, indeed, I can scarcely continue the horrible detail. At first, she did not recognize me ; but, the fever abating for a little, she cried out : “ Is that Alphonzo ?—My nephew, my dear nephew, who would have prepared me for a dying bed ? ” Then again she relapsed into her former state, and shrieked about ‘ eternity ’—and ‘ the pains of hell ’—and ‘ everlasting burnings ’—and ‘ the worm that never dies ’—and ‘ the fire that never shall be quenched.’ O Emily, it was dreadful to listen to her. Poor, unhappy woman ! With what vivid emotion was that awfully sublime description of the prophet brought to my recollection, at that moment ! ‘ The great day of the Lord is near ; it is near, and hasteth greatly ; the voice of the day of the Lord : the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a

day of wrath ; a day of trouble and distress ; a day of wasteness and desolation ; a day of darkness and gloominess ; a day of clouds and thick darkness ; a day of the trumpet and alarm !'

Thus she continued with occasional intermissions until noon of yesterday, when her minister, the Lutheran pastor attached to the marquesate, came to visit her, to exorcise if possible the evil spirit. But alas ! his attempt had a contrary effect, and only seemed anew to revive the sensations of horror which agitated her. He would have 'healed her hurt slightly, and cried peace, peace, when there was no peace,' as he had often done, when health and affluence rendered sweet the voice of delusion. But, the season was past with her for ever, when she could shut her eyes on the holy law which she had violated, or rest under the shadow of her own virtues ! He told her how affectionate a wife she had been, and how tender a parent : how exemplarily she had fulfilled all the relative duties, and how regular she had been in attendance on the

ordinances of religion. Her charities were then adduced, and her alms-deeds displayed before her—the poor she had made rich, and the lives she had rescued by timely assistance. But, all was vain. The charm was dissolved; and however soothing such eulogies might once have been, her awakened conscience could endure the sound no more! That atoning sacrifice, which can alone heal the wounds that sin has made, or calm the agonizing spirit, was never once alluded to, except in a manner which testified but too strongly the little estimation in which he held it, even while he called himself a minister of Christ. Surely, surely, such men have reason to apprehend the severity of the Divine denunciation—‘His blood will I require at the watchman’s hand!’

As soon as he had ceased, or rather indeed interrupting him, she said, “Peace! speakest thou to me of peace?—thou who hast deceived me to my eternal ruin. Begone from my sight! Leave me, and come not to torment me before my time! You

it was, who taught me that all would be well in a dying hour, if I was guilty of no gross dereliction of obedience. When did thy unhallowed lips warn me to flee from the wrath to come? When didst thou inform me that ‘all my righteousnesses were as filthy rags?’ When did I hear from thee, that I must be born again? When didst thou utter that name, at which now I tremble, or point it out to me as a refuge? Begone, wretch, begone!” “Oh!” she continued, bursting into tears, “I am undone, everlastingly undone!”—and with this dismaying exclamation, and with a shriek of unutterable horror, she expired.—I can say no more. O Emily, Emily, such a dreadful scene! O pray, pray, that the awful recollection may never leave me, until I am beyond the reach of such a termination to my earthly existence.

A. DE M.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen:

BELIEVE me, dear Alphonzo, my heart is continually ascending in prayer for you. Most deeply, indeed, have we all been affected by your late melancholy narratives ; and many and bitter were the tears they drew from our eyes. Awful, awful, warnings ! Hear O heavens, and give ear O earth ! for the Lord will assuredly bring every secret thing into judgment. What will then avail the fragile reed of righteousness such as our's—polluted and impure ? done from unworthy motives, and far—yea, infinitely below the standard of the Divine holiness and truth. ‘ This do, and thou shalt live,’ is the tenour of the covenant of works ; but who ever yet came up to its extensive requirements ? And even were we not condemned by every part and portion of it, as doubtless in the sight of that eye we are, which is ‘ too pure to behold iniquity ;’ still ‘ whoso offendeth in one point is guilty of all :’ so that the accumulated sanctions

of the entire law we have infringed—infringed times without number, in thought, word, and deed—must fall on the unpardoned sinner's head, and, in the fearfully energetic language of our Lord, 'will grind him to powder.' Whither then shall the poor criminal turn? whither shall he flee? where shall he hide himself from the wrath to come?—how escape the blackness of darkness for ever? Is there no means of deliverance—no outlet by which he may elude the search of Omniscience? Yes, one there is, and one alone! A city of refuge—of sure habitation—whence the Divine anger is turned aside, and removed for evermore! See it—lo! on Calvary—the Redeemer dies!

“Rest, O my spirit, by this martyr'd form:

This wreck, that sunk beneath th' Almighty storm;

When floods of wrath, that weigh'd the world to hell,

On Him alone in righteous vengeance fell!”

Most anxiously have we prayed, Alphonzo, that the solemn event you have witnessed may be blest to you and to ourselves, and that the recollection of it may tend, under a higher direction, to keep us

all more steadily in the paths of peace. Gloomy, indeed, after a dispensation so awful, bringing to view as it were the fearful realities of the denunciation, 'Depart ye cursed,' would be our journey to the grave; were not its dreary mansions illumined by the Star of Jacob! Every hour, every moment, is only hurrying us from all below, and how then can a sentient being give himself to repose, until he has found that pearl of inestimable price, for which he willingly parts with all he has besides? Strange, marvellously strange, does it seem indeed! But 'the God of this world blinds the heart,' and withhold it from surrendering itself to the law of faith, and the holy obedience of a Saviour's love: yea, and *will* withhold it, until the voice of the Redeemer is heard in its retreats, and the Spirit moves upon the face of the dark waters, which have laid desolate that habitation, which should be the temple of the living God.

May you be supported under these trials by an Almighty arm! There is none other that can sustain you—for 'vain is the help

of man.' 'His breath is in his nostrils;' and it needs only a touch from His rod, who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine,' to overwhelm him with anguish, and crush him to pieces. Raise your eye, therefore, dearest Alphonzo, to Him, and stay yourself upon your God. 'He is a refuge in time of trouble,' and he never yet failed any, who 'put their trust under the shadow of his wings.' Flee thither, and hide yourself until these calamities be overpast. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and he hath promised to be a little sanctuary to his people. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' is his gracious language; and 'God is not a man, that he should lie, neither the son of man, that he should repent.' 'Surely there is no enchantment,' that shall prevail 'against Jacob; neither is there any divination,' that shall endanger the tents of Israel. Whatever, therefore, he may call you to endure, be of good comfort, for 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' I remain your affectionate and sympathizing

EMILY.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A: Banks of the Rhine.

MY dearest Emily : The last sad solemnities are closed, and all that was mortal of my poor aunt is now laid, where it will await the voice of the archangel that summons it to judgment. Ah ! were there but a hope in her death, I should be consoled ; but say, dear Emily, is it strange that I should refuse to be comforted ? Time, that brings a balm for many a wound, will probably pour a degree of forgetfulness, at least, over that which now bleeds so profusely in my heart : whether it will ever be entirely healed, is what my feelings of this moment would induce me to deny. Never, no, never, since I became a thinking being, has so poignant an arrow pierced my breast ! And scarcely can I weep : even the soothing efficacy of tears seems to be withheld.

Yet, undoubtedly, these things have not been permitted without the wisest and most merciful designs. Already my poor uncle

appears to be hastening, as it were, from that delusion, in which he and his unhappy partner had slept with such fatal security. May the God of his fathers, for he is the branch of a holy stem, watch over him, and lead him by that way, from which he has hitherto wandered so distant. His Bible is frequently, indeed I might say constantly, in his hands; and I often observe the big drops falling silently upon the page as he proceeds. Nor does he neglect the mercy-seat: at least I hear him often 'enter into his closet, and shut his doors about him.' 'O may that 'God, which seeth in secret,' in his appointed time give him the gratuitous, but ample, recompence of a renewed mind! Pray for him, Emily, for he seems to be deeply cast down. 'The great waters' you would think 'were going over his soul;' but I have a fervent hope, that there is an Almighty arm supporting him, and that they will not finally overwhelm him.

His chapel, ever since the period of my aunt's death, has been closed against the pastor, who had heretofore been his spiritual

guide ; and he has sent an invitation, on my recommendation, to an eminently pious young minister, who was lately ordained from the university of Tübingen. Meanwhile, an aged servant of Christ, who had laboured in poverty and contempt in the neighbourhood, though doubtless with acceptance from above, officiates in the vacant pulpit. The situation was offered to him ; but, though much more lucrative than that he holds at present, he positively refused to accept it. His reasons were few, but cogent ; and indicated the genuine simplicity of his aim to promote the interests of his Master's kingdom, rather than to aggrandize himself or his family. The tender that was made him, however, and his admission within the limits of the marquisate, ' have fallen out unto the furtherance of the gospel ;' and he is now treated with some respect even by the enemies of his Lord. How my heart rejoiced to welcome the venerable disciple to the threshold of the castle ! You would have admired his modesty, Emily. No look that betrayed him elated ; no sign

of exultation could you have read in his countenance. All was humility, and meekness, and gentleness. I thought, indeed, that I could discern a tear of gratitude to that God, who said, 'Them that honour me, I will honour,' as the Marquis took his hand, and pressed it with a cordiality that denoted previous esteem; but he seemed instantly to check that starting tear, as if afraid that in leaving his eye, it might foster pride. He reminded me not a little of your pious instructor. And then, to see and hear him when he speaks as the priest of the Most High God! Truly it is edifying.

"He views his flock with all a father's eye,
And toils to lead them onward to the sky,
A well-trained pupil in the Saviour's school,
The Cross his glory, the Command his rule."

As Jonathan's to David, I can indeed say that my heart was knit to him, from the first moment I listened to him, in the character of an ambassador of Christ. Paul himself would not have been dishonoured by his strain! His nervous eloquence, when he would warn the sinner: his pathetic language, when he intreats him to 'save him-

self from this untoward generation,'—' beseeches him to be reconciled to God ;' his full and sublime descriptions, as if he had just visited its sacred courts, when he paints the glories and beatitude of heaven: his overflowing tenderness, when he but imagines any of the redeemed, backsliding, though it be but for a little season, from the ways of peace: his unbounded compassion for a lost and perishing world; and his exceeding love, when he dwells on the mercies of his adorable and gracious Lord! While he is proclaiming the glad tidings, you would almost believe with the prophet, that his 'heart was moved and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind;' with such power does his word go forth.

O Emily, amidst the dismaying gloom which so lately enveloped this mansion—thick as the depths of midnight, and terrifying as the darkness of Egypt, how soothing is the smile of Mercy!—how sweet, how reviving, is the Gospel's sound! Methinks, already, this 'desert rejoices and blossoms as

the rose.' Instead of the thorn, the fig-tree is budding ; and where the brier spread itself, there the myrtle-tree is springing in verdure and loveliness. O, I could delineate such a scene, almost I could persuade myself, with ' the pen of a ready writer,' so gladdening is the contrast to what we have so recently witnessed. Who is it that beautifully says ?

" So the bright sun, triumphant in his powers,
Flings his fine beams amidst descending showers ;
Bids the fair arch, that nobly spans the skies,
Display on darkest clouds its richest dyes :
We view the bow its matchless tints assume—
Smile on the beauty, and forget the gloom."

Such are my feelings, while my bosom beats lightly in the refreshing prospect of life and immortality. But, alas ! dear Emily, it is not always thus. Many a sorrowful remembrance there is, which throws a sad-denying shade even over those moments when I would ' rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' The days, and months, and years, in which I lived estranged from him, and slighted the offers of his pardon—and, above all, the transgressions wherewith I have grieved his holy Spirit, since my adoption into the family of his

redeemed, often, often make me go mourning, and would well nigh whisper an apprehension, that 'my spot is not the spot of his children.'—Again, let me intreat you to intercede for my poor afflicted uncle, and for your tenderly affectionate

ALPHONZO DE MERTENBURG.

P. S. I shall write when such arrangements have taken place, as will afford me a possibility of revisiting you. Adieu, dearest Emily.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A.

At length, I hope, my uncle is becoming reconciled to the thought of parting with me. He is, indeed, a distressed man, and most gladly would I minister to him any consolation in my power. But, I would humbly trust, he is now supported by an arm, more able to sustain him than mine. Mr. G., the young minister I spoke of, is arrived, and has already entered on his

office. It was very delightful to witness with what filial observance he treated the venerable pastor, who had occupied his place in the interval. It seemed to me, that Paul and Timothy might thus have mingled in embraces, tears, and prayers. In some respects, perhaps, he is better adapted for the situation than most of the Lutheran clergy, as he is a young man of high connexions, and consequently more intimately acquainted with the manners of the society in which he will be called to move at the castle. His erudition also is extensive, and he has a peculiar knowledge, almost to intuition, of mankind. If you will excuse my pedantry, though by the bye, if I am not mistaken, I taught you as much Latin as will enable you to understand the quotation, he has the nicest art imaginable in seizing the ‘tempora mollia fandi;’ and I have frequently been surprized at the amiable adroitness with which he turns the most trivial incident to advantage. Withal, his piety is of a character, which bespeaks it imbibed at the foot of the cross. No appearance of

levity in his conduct, yet with a demeanour softened by the genuineness of Christian affability and kindness. ‘Courteous to all’ with whom he walks in the intercourse of life, yet steadfast as a rock to the purposes of his high vocation. Meek and gentle under contempt and reproach, yet unalterably fixed to follow his Master, ‘through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report’—yea, methinks, though he should summon him to trace his steps ‘to prison and to death.’ Such is a hasty sketch of our new chaplain, and to his care, under the watchful protection of a Father in heaven, I trust I may safely commit my uncle’s advancement in the knowledge of Divine things.

Thus my work appears nearly concluded, as far as it regards this house and family. I have now been here two months, and should hope in another week that I may be taking my leave. Dearest Emily, my heart and eyes are alike overflowing at this moment. Mysterious, mysterious indeed, are the ways of God! Since my arrival here, I have

seen one near and beloved relative depart under circumstances which would appal the most unthinking—and another, I hope, ‘delivered from the power of Satan, and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son.’ I have beheld ‘the shadow of death turned into the morning, and the day made dark with night.’ One has been ‘plucked as a firebrand out of the burning’—another has gone—but let it be hushed for ever, till lips, that cannot err, pronounce the irreversible sentence!—Adieu, my Emily.

A. DE MERTENBURG.

The next letter that reached the glen was dated from Bern, where Alphonzo was detained as the heir of the house of Mertenburg, and hereditary counsellor of the Confederacy. It was as follows :

Bern, Maison V.

I am at length, dearest Emily, thus far on my return. My eagerness once more to see you has met with a very tantalizing check

here, but I hope it will only be momentary. This is in many respects a favoured spot. Sweet it is, indeed, to observe the hallowed decorum with which the day of rest is kept. Many of the higher ranks are strenuous supporters of every thing that is good, and not a few deeply imbued with that knowledge which 'maketh wise unto salvation.' Yet, notwithstanding, I feel as a stranger among them; and, when I listen to their edifying conversation, am fain to hide my face with confusion at the years I have wasted in frivolous pursuits, and the little proficiency I have attained in what most intimately concerns a being, destined to be eternally happy, or, dreadful alternative! miserable without end—shut out from the presence of God—and having 'a portion' with the devil and his angels.'

I have been detained here in the name of the council, as one of the hereditary nobility of the Helvetic Confederacy. A matter is now depending relating to some new regulations, and it is necessary that I should give them my sanction; as heir presumptive of

our good Baron of Mertenburg. But, alas! Emily, this is now a mere form. We are cyphers in the government of our country: yet, still we think it desirable to retain the usages of the olden time, in the remote anticipation of better days.

Pray, my beloved, that we may meet in peace. Until separated from you by death; and withdrawn to scenes where we shall be as the angels of God,

Believe me your truly affectionate

A. DE M.

A few days from the date of his last letter brought Alphonzo to the glen. His eye was sunk, and his cheek pale and emaciated; the effects of anxiety and suffering. Restored, however, to all he held dear, or dearest on earth, and to the air of his native hills, now freshening into the blast of winter, as he mounted some Alpine height, now softening into the breeze of summer, as he descended to the interjacent vales, quickly

flushed anew his manly aspect, and gave his eye its wonted vivacity. Absence from the scenes of peace, which once more surrounded him, had imparted an additional value to their sequestered retreats; and the awful lesson he had received of the importance of being prepared for that hour, when he was to bid adieu to all sublunary things, enhanced in his view the prospect of a union with one, whose mind was so conversant with heaven, and who would rejoice to assist, and quicken, him in his christian warfare.

To Emily's anxious scrutiny he appeared improved. The delicate hue of his countenance, arising in some measure, as her heart whispered, from a separation she had herself deeply felt, gave him a more interesting expression, which still remained when the occasion of it was removed. His tall figure had been gradually softening into the dignity of manhood, and had now attained in her estimation a graceful maturity; while he had learned effectually to despise that unmeaning frivolity of deportment, which was, unhappily, already beginning to

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united them. Happy in each other, they
would have regretted the rapidity with which
their years were stealing from them, had not
every revolving moment been bringing them
nearer, as they hoped, to the consummation
of their tenderest wishes. The castle,
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be accounted amongst the hills of Switzerland the necessary accompaniment of rank and fortune. He had again had experience of the vanity of the world, and of its unsatisfying and sickening pleasures, and he returned to her, she fondly believed, doubly enamoured of quietude and repose. The painful emotions of absence, so her bosom silently dictated at least, would only the more endear the sweets of connubial life; while the late affecting circumstances, in which he had been placed, would only lead him to prize more deeply that atonement offered for transgression, and conduce to the harmony of their wedded intercourse.

Thus time passed. Each day seemed but the bearer of new enjoyments, and to bind more closely the ties of affection which united them. Happy in each other, they would have regretted the rapidity with which their years were stealing from them, had not every revolving moment been bringing them nearer, as they hoped, to the consummation of their tenderest wishes. The castle, as the future abode of Emily, was preparing

for her reception, and the hour, destined to make her its acknowledged mistress, appeared to be at hand.—But, let not man trust too much to the bright clouds of his morning; for, if we listen to the monitory voice of Inspiration, we shall hear it whisper, that ‘he walketh in vain shew.’

CHAP. XI.

"Whate'er the lot of man be found below,
Drink he the cup of happiness or woe,
In every state of life his bliss is one,
Formed by religion, and by that alone.
How light all else ! as transient as gay flowers,
And mutable as clouds in vernal hours !
Though wise and wealthy, honoured and admired,
Unless by truth instructed and inspired,
Man only boasts a transitory charm,
And well may spend his moments in alarm ;
For all is mortal round him, and the day
May quickly come, that sweeps his pomp away."

SEVERAL months had already elapsed since the return of Alphonzo to the scenes of his nativity. The castle had undergone the requisite alterations, which he had superintended with peculiar pleasure, in anticipation of the approval of another eye than his own. Many a new walk had been laid out according to the improvements

which modern taste had introduced, and many a straight one had been taught to wind its sinuous course. Many a retired spot had been planted, where the wanderer might repose screened from the sun of summer, and enjoy the sublimity of an Alpine winter, sheltered from its storms; whilst many an opening had been made through the deep rows of elms, which had grown unmolested for ages in gloomy uniformity, concealing some of the finest features of the prospect they were intended to adorn, and which now, by the addition of some irregular plantations, fell into perspective from different points of view, and gave to the domain a character, at once grand and picturesque.

Gradually maturing in affection, the young enamoured pair seemed at length in similarity of sentiments to have been cast in the same mould. The germ of piety over which Emily had watched with so fond and lively an anxiety, had ‘spread out its root beside the waters,’ and its branches were now verdant and flourishing; and, though not yet, perhaps, as luxuriant in those fruits which

honour the Divine hand from whence they spring, as she might have desired, she was still enabled without hesitation to unite herself with Alphonzo in the strictest ties of love and tenderness, in the full persuasion that He, whose immediate presence sanctioned, and blessed the nuptials of Eden, and who in after-times manifested forth his glory, when

“The modest water saw its God, and blushed,”*

would not withhold his benediction from *her* espousals. But, O how precarious is our tenure of earthly felicity ! Human happiness is indeed a frail and fragile flower. It comes forth in verdure and loveliness, with many a promise of waiting the leisure of those who would cull its sweets. But as it comes up,

* Vidit, et erubuit, lympa pudica Deum.

This inimitably beautiful description of the first miracle, which our Lord performed, would have given a deserved immortality of earthly fame to its author ; and better, perhaps, had it been for himself and for the world, if the germ of his genius had blossomed, matured, and withered for ever, in its production.

so it is cut down. The rude blast of adversity passes over it, and its place knows it no more!

The day of their marriage had already been demanded by Alphonzo, and referred by Emily, as the blush of virgin bashfulness mantled over her, to her mother's decision, in which she had consented to acquiesce. The intervening period was now drawing rapidly to a close, and the season fraught with so much interest to many, and so long expected, seemed to be approaching with an unerring flight.

The week preceding that which was fixed for the solemnization of their nuptials, the Baron, who, to testify his satisfaction at the anticipated event, had agreed to abandon his castle for a day, Alphonzo, Major and Mrs. Villaret, and the Pastor of the adjoining hamlet, who, agreeably to Emily's request, was to perform the ceremony, met by invitation at Mr. du Bleane's. Mirth and good-humour, becoming the occasion, yet shaded by that gentle seriousness, which, remote from melancholy, will ever keep the devout

mind in an equable and dependent frame, led on the happy hours. Emily, seated beside Alphonzo, her now acknowledged suitor, received his attentions with unaffected hesitation, but yet with that involuntary acquiescence, which bespoke them offered by one she loved, her cheek glowing with the expression of modesty, as she caught from time to time the well-pleased eyes of her family and friends.

When dinner was ended, and the glooms of evening were beginning to prevail over the fervid heat of the atmosphere, while here and there the mists were seen revolving on the mountains, as they rose in succession from the lake, Alphonzo, giving Emily his arm, strolled down the glen.

“Well, Emily,” said he, when they had turned an angle which concealed them from view of the house, “the moment so long and so anxiously looked for is hastening on. Dearest Emily,” he continued, taking her hand, while she gently returned his pressure, “may our years glide happily away, yet more happily even than those which have cemented

the union of our hearts, after these hands have been joined, to be dissevered"—the tear springing, as he paused, unbidden to his eyes—"only by death."

Emily could with difficulty force the brief but not inexpressive reply, "Ah, Alphonzo!"

Advancing till they reached the place where the walks separated, one going forward towards the avenue, the other narrowing in its ascent, leading to the recess where La Roche reposed, they unconsciously took the latter. Winding in its course round the eminence, it imperceptibly brought you to the spot where it ended—a seat, placed across the foot of the pilgrim's grave. The trees, which had been planted to protect his rest, had already grown considerably, and now agreeably shaded the rural chair, embowering it as in a kind of tasseled alcove. The view, though not extensive, was pleasing; rather sombre perhaps, than lively, from the high and spreading foliage which confined it on either side, and from its being terminated

by the adverse mountain of Savoy, which was seen as through a vista, stretching a mantle of dark green before it. About it grew flowers of every hue, which Emily, in pious memorial of her friend, had disposed with her own hand, to shed their earliest and freshest fragrance around his bed.

As they slowly ascended, calm but happy in the prospect of a nearer and dearer union, the conversation was renewed. "With what different ideas, Emily, do I regard the approaching solemnity, from those which I once thought I should feel on such an occasion! The emotion it excites in my heart is indeed various in its nature; but the sense of the Divine favour is the sweetest feeling I experience in the anticipation of it."

"Yes," replied Emily, slightly colouring, "I have no doubt but it will be sanctioned from above."

"Sanctioned, Emily!" rejoined Alphonzo, with animation; "Did I not think so, my beloved, unalterably as every affection of my heart twines about you, I believe—I hope

—I could part with you—for ever:” his voice trembling as he reached the concluding words.

Unprepared for such a sentiment, and overcome by the piety and tenderness which it breathed, Emily could only answer, “Oh, Alphonzo, how I rejoice to hear you say so!” and overpowered with contending emotions, she wept long and unrestrained.

She was just beginning to recover herself, when they heard a foot slowly approaching them. It was the pastor. Anxious to have a private interview with them, he had marked the path they had taken, and followed them at a distance. Catching a glimpse of his emaciated but majestic figure, through the trees, “Oh, it is only good Mr. B.” said Emily, her heart beating less quick, as she wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to resume her composure. “How beautiful,” thought she within herself, as he turned the last sweep of the walk which had hitherto concealed him from her view; “how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth!'—Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Guide of my youth, and friend of my riper years, I owe thee the gratitude due from a child to a parent." Not observing them, as if his mind was employed on something, that excluded for a moment the material world, the venerable man appeared with that unconstrained air, which a consciousness that we are alone inspires, and presented himself to their gaze in all the native comeliness of simplicity and truth.

The suns and storms of seventy revolving years had bleached to a snowy whiteness the locks of this faithful and laborious servant of God. Divided from his forehead, according to the more seemly custom, if we may express an opinion, of the primitive periods of the Reformation; a custom, which, as we have ourselves witnessed, is still preserved occasionally on the continent, giving at once grace and dignity to the men, they hung down gently waving on his shoulders.

In stature tall, and still unbending, he bore the marks of a youth of temperance, and of an old age yet vigorous in the service of his Lord. His cheek was pale, and evidently had felt the hand of time. His dark eye beamed with intelligence, while it indicated that the hopes and wishes of the heart, that warmed it, had long soared above terrestrial things. Yet, in his look there was a gentle sadness, which denoted the disciple of the 'man of sorrows.' Like Him, his servant had been acquainted with grief. So serene was his aspect, however, yet so resigned, shaded yet mellowed by affliction, while it was at the same moment animated by a lively faith, that you might have thought him the patriarch ascending the mountain to the sacrifice of his son.*

* It may perhaps be not inappropriately remarked here, that Calvary is a small eminence or hill upon the great mount of Moriah. It is impossible at present to ascertain with accuracy on which of the heights Abraham bound his son, and prepared him for sacrifice, but it is beyond reasonable doubt, that the hill of which it was said, 'upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of,' was part of the mount of Moriah.

For nearly fifty years had he ministered at the altar, honoured and useful in his day and generation. The valley where he lived was sweet and sequestered, and his affections had now become riveted to it, and to the little flock he fed amid its retreats. Though he had often been invited to accept of more valuable preferment, he had as often declined. "His Master," he said, "had placed him there. There it was, that he had first proclaimed the welcome tidings of His salvation: there, that his humble and unworthy labours had first been owned in the conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways; and it was there, that he wished to declare, with his dying breath, a Redeemer's love."

No mystical piety was his. Unlike the tree luxuriating in blossoms, but bringing none to perfection, his religion, lowly and unostentatious, was 'full of good fruits.' While he preached faith in the Saviour, as the sole medium of reconciliation between God and man, he was studious never to separate the effect from the cause. In the

power of the cross to heal, he demonstrated its influence to cleanse. “Art thou a christian,” he would meekly say, “shew me thy principles by thy conduct. My Lord has given me a test, and I dare not go beyond it—‘by their fruits ye shall know them.’” And what he taught, he was careful to exemplify in his practice. He was at once the instructor, and the benefactor, of the people of his charge. He comforted the afflicted, he warned the disobedient; and often would the tear of compassion and regret bedew his cheek, when compelled by duty to denounce the vengeance of heaven against the impenitent. But, while he ‘cast his bread upon the waters’ to supply their spiritual wants, he ‘withheld not his hand from relieving their temporal necessities. True, he had but little to bestow; for the pastor was, like his Master, poor: but to the extent of his ability, and frequently beyond what many would call the limits of prudence, he fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. Conscious, therefore, that he was indeed their friend, they fled to him on every

occasion of disquietude or alarm ; and never did they leave him without hearing that there was balm in Gilead, and seldom without deriving some benefit from its healing power. They felt they were his children. He looked on himself as their father, and consequently took a paternal interest in whatever concerned them ; and never, perhaps, were those lines of one of the chastest of our poets more beautifully illustrated, than in this venerable servant of Christ :

“ His ready smile a parent’s warmth exprest :
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Such was the pastor ! As he slowly approached them, they observed his eyes, now raised to heaven, doubtless, in prayer, then cast upon the ground, as if in the humility of his soul he did not dare steadily to fix his view on the place, where the divine honour dwelt. His step was grave, becoming his

age, and the sacred character with which he was invested; and all his demeanour such as indicated the pilgrim, whose 'redemption was drawing nigh.' In a word, he bore the semblance of a tried ambassador of God to men, who was soon to be called to the reward of the good and faithful servant—a reward as he well knew, not of debt, but of grace—and who 'counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy.'

Emily and Alphonzo rose, and advanced a few steps to meet him. "We are ever happy to have our kind instructor in the ways of peace beside us, even in our retreats," said Emily, affectionately taking him by the hand, and leading him to the seat.

"Not less so am I to see and counsel you," said the good old man, placing himself between them, "according to the best of the little ability, which has been allotted me by the Sovereign disposal of him who gave me being; and I have, therefore, sought this private interview with you, ere you are

in a measure withdrawn from my care, and enter under the guardianship of another. Not, Emily, my child, my dear child—pardon the warmth of my expressions, for such I have ever called you, and such I ever must call you—not, that I shall in any wise lose the anxious solicitude I have so long felt for your best interests in time, and in eternity; but the delegated authority of a father must necessarily in some degree be absorbed in the new and virtual one of a husband, which you are so soon to commit to this the son of our venerated chieftain. No, Emily; no, my beloved child, I shall never forget you, never cease to follow you with my eyes, and when they can trace you no longer, with my tears and prayers.

“The tie, that binds you to this aged and bereaved heart, is one of no common kind. It was I, who sprinkled on you the waters of baptism, and solemnly dedicated you to the service of Him from whom you derived existence. I it was, who admitted you into his visible church, and who in your riper years received the declaration of your in-

violable determination to be his ; and my hand it was, that first delivered to you the pledges of your Redeemer's dying love.* And often, when you were as yet an infant, have these arms upheld your tottering steps ; for you were doubly dear to me, as much resembling the sweet babe that was lent to me for a season. In you, my own child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, seemed to be revived ; and I have ever entertained for you a paternal fondness." He stopped for a moment to wipe a tear. " And you, too, my young friend," he continued, turning to Alphonzo ; " you too will allow me to regard you with interest, on account of the tender relation you are about to bear to Emily."

" I will indeed, Sir," replied Alphonzo, much moved by his affectionate manner and language. " Emily has often told me she revered you as a father, and for her sake, and may I add, Sir, for your own, I would wish also to consider you as a parent. Emily and I are both of us as yet young,

* See note t.

and we much require the counsel of piety and experience."

"I followed you," resumed the venerable disciple, "that I might have a few minutes of uninterrupted and private conversation with you. What I have to say is the advice of years, chastened by such better knowledge, as it has pleased the Father of lights to impart to his unworthy servant. I address myself therefore to both of you, and may the Divine Spirit enable me to speak, and you, my children, to hear, with an understanding heart.

"You are ere long to enter into the most solemn engagements. Of all bonds which can subsist on earth, marriage is perhaps the most sacred. Our Lord has frequently chosen it, by the mouth of his apostles and prophets, to intimate his near relation to his church. Your bosoms no doubt are buoyant with anticipation, and I would not willingly throw a damp on your pleasures. I deem your hopes and wishes sanctioned from above, and God forbid that I should disparage what he has himself proclaimed, 'honour-

able in all.' Yet, beware, lest you are tempted, in the pardonable exuberance of youthful affection, to overlook the nature of the obligations you are about to come under. The vows you will soon take, if God permit your wishes to be consummated at the altar, are too awful to be viewed with levity, or entered into without much and deep humiliation at a throne of grace.

“ I remember well, and the days of more than forty years have since been numbered over me, and blanched this hoary head, when I was on the eve of becoming a husband. Many an hour did I spend at the mercy-seat imploring the divine blessing: and I did not seek it in vain. The help meet for me, whom the Lord provided, was in her station a pattern to her sex; and we lived together as happily as those, subject to the versatilities of this world of trial, can do, for the protracted period of thirty years. And if our mutual enjoyments were then interrupted; it was only because death disjoined us, summoning my partner to a higher sphere, yea, even to sit down at the marriage supper of

obscured, is often hid in darkness, ere he has reached his noon. And even should he walk through heaven without a cloud upon his path, he is still hastening to his evening, and must by and by be finally lost in the shades of night.

Such will be your connubial state. Though we have every reason to hope, that the glooms of sinful passion will never lour in your horizon, or interrupt the harmony of your union, sorrow, that constant attendant of humanity, will assuredly blacken it with many a storm. You will be joyful indeed in the certainty of the Divine approbation, and you will be blessed in each other; but you will have your trials. The Christian course is a warfare; and as the prize is glorious, so the conflict is proportionally arduous. Not that it is dubious in its issue: no, we do not trust to an arm of flesh; but it is unintermitted and severe, for our adversaries are powerful, and vigilant. Your social comfort will have the firm foundation of christian unanimity. Bound together as you will be, not only by bonds, which no man may undo,

but also by the indissoluble ties of esteem and love, you will derive, from the surrender of your individual inclinations each to the other, a source of the most refined delight. While you, therefore, Emily, are placed in subjection, you will render the cheerful obedience of a willing mind; and while your 'desire is to your husband,' you will experience a pleasure in gratifying him, which will not only lighten every burden borne for his sake, but convert it into an occasion of sweetening your own life. You, my young friend, on the contrary, will be a guide and protector to your wife. She is the weaker vessel, and deserving of honour and respect. Let every affection therefore of your heart, second only to the allegiance you owe to God, be her's; yet let your intercourse be attempered by the discreteness of religion, as well as softened by the ardour of love.

“United, moreover, as I am fully aware you are, by the similarity of your tastes and sentiments on other subjects, you will thence also draw many sources of mutual

pleasure and benefit. The refined gratifications arising from intellectual companionship you will abundantly enjoy ; for the blessings of education, well directed, have been eminently your's. . But let these ever be held in subordination to higher duties, and more durable delights. To promote each other's piety be your end and aim. While journeying through the scenes of an earthly union, never forget that you are hastening to a state, where 'none marry, nor are given in marriage.' 'The voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, will ere long be heard no more.' Though 'your land may not be left unto you desolate,' and yet we know not what may be in the womb of futurity, yet a little while, and *you* will have passed away. You are still young, and, like yonder flower before us, blooming in health and vigour ; but let a few more suns be risen, and set upon these hills, and you will resemble that which was once its rival, but which is now beside it scentless and dead. 'The

stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times :’ be not ye, therefore, my children, less discreet than she. ‘ Death will soon come up into your windows, and enter into your palaces,’ and you will go ‘ the way of that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.’ Let him not find you, then, unprepared. But, as ‘ it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,’ let your eye be ever fixed on Him from whom cometh your help ; and let your first solemn act after your union be, to dedicate yourselves anew to Him. He has a paramount claim to your gratitude and love. From him have come all the blessings you have hitherto enjoyed ; and from him must proceed all you look for hereafter. Let your concerns, therefore, be regulated in his faith and fear ; and when you place your foot upon the threshold of that abode where you hope to dwell in wedded amity and concord, let your noble determination be, with that of the leader of Israel of old ; ‘ As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord !’

“ Put on, therefore, my children, the whole armour of God, for you will require it in the evil day. You will have many enemies to contend with, both from without and from within ; but with the helmet of your Redeemer’s salvation, with the shield of faith, and with the breast-plate of righteousness, you will be finally, through the assistance of his spirit, more than conquerors ; and in your passage through time, more than happy, daily rejoicing that

“ ——— In one common lot
Your lives, your fortunes, and your beings blend.”

The venerable pastor then reverently uncovered his hoary locks, and assumed the posture of supplication, while Alphonzo and Emily sunk unconsciously to their knees beside him. His prayer, at once calm, ardent and affectionate, drew many tears from all their eyes. The good old man then rose and embraced them both. Emily wept and sobbed aloud : Alphonzo’s emotion was silent, but deep.

“ And now,” said the man of God, as he turned to leave them, “ farewell, my

children. The hour appointed for our next meeting is hastening on ; and if it be the Divine will that these aged eyes behold you united at the altar of truth, I need not tell you that they will overflow with joy. Yet; let us be watchful, for we know not what a day may bring forth." Then raising his hands to heaven, he gave them his benediction ; and

" Solemn as dying saint's farewell,
The fervour of that blessing fell."

He then slowly moved away from them. Long their eyes followed him, as a friend who was dear to them—as one whom they might see no more—and while they wistfully gazed after him as he passed from view, with the forsaken prophet each in heart ejaculated, "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." So much were they affected by the scene that had just taken place, that they were unable to renew the conversation, and after a season they silently withdrew from the interesting spot.

As they approached the house, they met the Baron walking arm in arm with Mr. du

Blesne. The former, calling Alphonzo aside, detailed to him the arrangements which had been made, and the various settlement of feu and fief, which was entirely to his son's satisfaction, as it reserved, in case of his demise, a handsome provision for his surviving widow. It was then finally agreed on, with Emily's concurrence, that the marriage should be celebrated on the Monday following, in order that the young couple might have an interval, between that and the succeeding Sabbath, to make a tour through the mountains, and returning by Geneva, and Lausanne, to reach Mr. du Blesne's on Saturday night, so as to afford them the opportunity of attending the church of their venerable friend on the day following there, solemnly to renew their engagements at the sacramental table. Thence revisiting the glen, they were to spend there the remainder of the day of rest, and Emily was finally to enter the castle on the subsequent Monday, as her future residence.

These things thus definitively arranged

to the satisfaction of all parties, the Baron and his son, after mutual greetings, took leave, but not until Emily had secretly obtained a promise from the latter to return as early as possible. "Not to-morrow, my love," said Alphonzo, as he gently pressed her hand. "The Baron will require my presence to-morrow: but the day following I trust to meet you." Then cordial salutes interchanged, the chief and his son mounted their horses, which were waiting for them, and set out for the castle, whither they hoped ere long not to withdraw, alone.

"Well Father," said Alphonzo, as they descended the avenue, "I hope you are pleased with Emily."

"Pleased, my son," replied the affectionate parent, "it is seldom I have had to express my disapprobation of your conduct, and assuredly in this instance I cannot but be highly gratified with the choice you have made. I was persuaded, indeed, that your good sense would lead you to despise the foolish airs, which so many young ladies consider it necessary to assume, in order to

enhance their importance in the eyes of others ; but I could scarcely have hoped you could have found one so unaffected, and so amiable." Here the Baron heaved a deep sigh.

"You are not unwell, father," said Alphonzo anxiously. "No," replied the Baron, "I am not unwell ; but memory is too faithful."

"My mother, I suppose," rejoined Alphonzo. "I have heard Mrs. du Blésne say, indeed, that Emily had a strong resemblance to her."

"Yes, the likeness is striking," replied the Baron, his voice faltering as he spoke ; "but in nothing more so, than in the artlessness and simplicity of her manners. Your dear mother was truly the pattern of woman-kind." After a pause—"Well I remember thee, Matilda ! The ties which bound me to thee were only riveted by thy death."

Alphonzo, who had seldom heard his father so communicative on this subject, thinking it a favourable opportunity for becoming better acquainted with the history

and character of his deceased parent, of whom, from particular circumstances, he knew but little, now replied in a tone which indicated his desire—"My mother, I believe, was a native of Wurtemberg?"

"Yes; and nearly allied to the reigning house. But her father who, like myself, was a man of retired habits, generally resided in his castle on the banks of the Rhine. It was there I first saw her. I had received letters of introduction from the Prince of L——, and as I was passing in the neighbourhood of your grandfather's on my return from the Tyrol, I thought I would visit him, with the intention of remaining only one night. But such was his friendly hospitality, that I was constrained to defer my departure from week to week. In the mean time his younger daughter (he had only two children), had insensibly interested me. There was a *naïveté* about her, which was peculiarly engaging. She sang, and played exquisitely; and often in the evening would she take the melancholy Baron, as

she used playfully to call me, to the river side, and order her harp to be brought to a grotto, which far overlooked the rich champagne, and the clear waters which rolled below, that she might endeavour, as she said, to wile away the sorrow that was preying upon my spirits. Dear Matilda! Sometimes too she would sing me a hymn: and I have marked her eye glisten as she spoke of hopes beyond"—here he paused for a moment, as if in meditation or prayer.

"From weeks my visit extended to months. The Duke observed our growing intimacy, and did not discountenance it. My rank, though inferior to his own, was respectable, and my domains were perhaps as productive as most of the German principalities; and he was kind enough to express himself as esteeming my friendship. After a season, I proposed for his younger daughter. I recollect well, good old man, the tear that started to his eye; as he threw his arms about my neck, and assured me

how glad he would be to commit the happiness of his child to my care.

“ A month or two subsequently, when I had visited my own residence to put it in order for its future mistress, I returned to receive her hand. We were married, and never was union more blessed than ours. But—alas! how transient were its joys! Within one short year they began and ended. The night before she died—and never shall I lose the recollection of the calm dignity, with which she spoke, while the sad anticipation, that we were so soon to part, softened her sweet countenance into a look of indescribable anguish—she gave me her charge about the babe she was to bring forth. She felt a strong presentiment that she would leave me the widowed father of a son, and she foresaw the innumerable dangers that would beset your path. It was this reflection that overcame her—and she threw herself into my arms, and broke into convulsive sobs. She was taken ill immediately, and the next day, ere noon, I folded

her to my breast a corpse"—Tears now moistened alike the cheeks of father and son; and unable to continue the conversation, they pursued their way in silence, and entered the castle, as the clock from the tower told them that night had already long spread her sable mantle over the world.

CHAP. XII.

**" Whilst secret things unto the Lord belong,
Unsung by prophet through his lengthened song,
Enough we know—th' inevitable day,
Swift as the eagle hastes her to the prey,
Pursues our steps—when all that life has been
We *must* resign, and quit this passing scene.
Yet oft, as missioned from the courts above,
And winged with tidings of mysterious love,
Some dark and dead presentiment of woe
Will heave the breast, or bid the eye o'erflow."**

IN the tenour of human life there are frequently periods, when the purpose of God concerning us seems more peculiarly veiled in 'the darkness that is round about him.' At such seasons the heart is naturally depressed. The gloomy apprehensions of the future which cleave so closely to the mind, unenlightened from above, and consequently unacquainted with those paths of peace which have been opened to the sinner through the shedding of Emmanuel's blood; will necessarily induce despondency. The

soul, indeed, even of the Christian, will often be disquieted within him, but his uneasiness is of a kind widely different from that which agitates those, who cannot, with filial confidence, call God their friend. To the one, it is a voice from heaven crying: 'Vengeance is mine:' to the other, the correction of paternal tenderness whispering: 'My son, give me thy heart.' In either case, doubtless, it is the warning of mercy, if received in humility, and should urge us to flee to Him, who will abundantly pardon every returning penitent.

The evening was more than usually serene. A September sun was declining in unclouded majesty, and reflected from the clear quiescent bosom of the lake, invested with its glory the fading foliage of the hills, that rose from its banks. The day had been sultry, but the light breeze, which frequently follows the departure of the sun, had just sprung up, and imparted to the fervid atmosphere an agreeable freshness, yet without that chill which so generally, in these our more northerly climates, leaves something to regret

amidst the loveliness of an autumnal evening.

Invited by the calmness, the unperturbed tranquillity of all around, and perhaps too with some unavowed restlessness of spirit, which sought relief in solitude, Emily withdrew from the house, and directed her steps towards the delightful recesses, where she had passed so many a happy, so many a meditative, hour. The path she chose was one, which traversing the plantation on the acclivity to the right of the glen, and conducting by easy windings to the summit of the eminence, permitted her, as she stopped at intervals, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery. As she ascended with a pensive step, some verses of Racine, the chastest, and perhaps the most elegant of the French poets occurred to her mind. As they may be given with the variation of one line, nearly in the language of a celebrated writer of our own, we shall present them to the reader :

“ Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go :
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey—
Then higher rise above a world of woe.”

Repeating these to herself, and some others, with which it is unnecessary to crowd our pages, soothing as they may have been to the saddened heart of the fair mourner at the moment, she reached the bower, which had been the work of her childhood. Here Alphonzo found her. He had mounted his horse in the afternoon without any intention of visiting the glen; but suddenly changing his mind, after hastily returning to acquaint his father, he had taken a direction, where he was sensible of so many and powerful attractions, and whither he had long been guided, as by a magnet pointing in his breast. From them arose a charm that bound him as with new ties to existence. Life now was sweet in possession, and sweeter still in anticipation. In his view, mortal felicity had assumed a real form. The gay dreams of infancy, and the scarcely less visionary imaginings of childhood and youth seemed to him already within his reach.—But, how often are the fondest expectations frustrated! and how frequently do the enjoyments, which we believe we are on the point of securing, elude our

grasp, and, even while we gaze on them, vanish for ever!

On this occasion, though seen a thousand times before, every object appeared new, or adorned with unaccustomed beauty. He looked on the castle, the abode of the generations of his fathers, and stopping gazed on it with unwonted pleasure. "Ah," said he to himself with a smile of joy, "ere three suns have set, thou wilt own a mistress within thy walls." The massive structure, though not perhaps devoid of becoming ornament, now seemed to him more than comely. The lofty battlements wore a gayer form, as they rose amidst the glories of departing day with solemn magnificence. "From you, too, shall another eye than Alphonzo's survey the fair scene around"—he continued. "How pleased will she be with the morning dawning in crimson over yon eastward hill! How will evening delight her, sinking behind those luxuriant trees!—And yet"—he exclaimed, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts—"And yet"—he repeated; and started at

the lonely echo of his voice. Then spurring his horse, he hastened forward with a wild and indefinite anxiety, for which there appeared no assignable cause an anxiety, which, were the fables of our infancy to be credited, might possibly be deemed the presage of impending ill. ♥

Having no reason to suppose that Emily expected him, as it was not until the day following he had promised to return, and willing to surprize her agreeably as he hoped, he avoided the usual path, and chose another and more circuitous route, for he had long since become familiar with the various windings of the glen, and 'every bosky bourn from side to side,' which, leading underneath the projecting crag, that she had early fixed upon, as a spot suited to retirement, and where she had twined the interlacing leaves and branches of elm, willow, and chesnut, into a pleasant shade, enabled him, by climbing up the rock, to approach the harbour unobserved from behind.

He had now attained the grotto, formed by the jetting crag on which Emily reposed.

As he had still a considerable and more arduous ascent before him, he folded his arms, and reclined against a tree to breathe for a moment. Here, while permitting fancy to range over scenes of bright perspective, he insensibly forgot himself, until awakened from his reverie by the sound of music from above. It was a voice, whose cadences had often fallen soothingly on his heart, accompanying the soft tones of the lute ; and never had its modulations, commanding as they were, seemed to him so full, or sweet. Music, it has been not inelegantly remarked, when the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers. The spot at present aided the illusion. The trees were still clothed with autumnal verdure, here hanging over the precipice, and there retiring to raise themselves heavenward in some recess, while the deep melody of the blackbird, answered by the thrush from the adverse brake, blended with the warblings of a thousand lesser throats, resounded from

their branches. He listened with fixed attention. The song continued. The tale was mournful, and appeared to speak in a foreboding strain :

As the cloud that walks the mountain,
When the morning gilds its breast ;
As the crystal of yon fountain
Lightly leaves its bashful rest :

Gentle visions round me flying,
Still attendant where I stray,
Breathed of countless pleasures lying
Strewed beside Life's early way.

But, how changed ! No morning-slumber
Swathes with golden dreams my bed ;
Joys no more, surpassing number,
Hover smiling o'er my head.

Yes, I loved him ! But, if heaven
Snap the wreath affection wove,
Shall my heart, though wildly riven,
Therefore from its Saviour rove ?

No ; forbid it gracious Father !
Though that heart may ache the while ;
If thou wilt it, I had rather
Feel thy rod, than see thy smile.

Friend of mourners, from thy dwelling—
Thy celestial blest abode,
See each sigh my bosom swelling ;
Guide me on my way to God.

Spirit, Comforter, Instructor,
Mark my tears, and hear my groan ;
Thee I seek, Divine Conductor !
—Fit me for a heavenly throne.

So pensively sweet did the song seem to him, that like the fabled strain of the swan, as she bids a last farewell to the sorrowful companions of her happier hours, and the beloved waters of her native lake, it might have been boding of her death. An unusual pathos appeared to attune every note. It evidently came from the heart, and spoke the language of deep, though resigned, distress. Alphonzo felt the sympathetic moisture starting to his eye ; but dashing the tear hastily from it, as if unwilling to give way to the involuntary emotion that struggled within, he resumed his ascent.

To limbs less active, and arms less habituated than those of the young chief of Mertenburg to the enterprize he was now engaging in, it might have proved a hazardous undertaking. In a few minutes, however, by the aid of bushes growing in the fissures of the rock, and some slight pro-

jecting fragments, which his quick eye, and nimble foot soon rendered subservient to his purpose, he found himself unobserved and supported by one of the trees, whose rich foliage embowered Emily's retreat. Here he stood. He heard a voice. He listened, scarce daring to breathe, lest he should betray his presence. It was the same that had but just charmed him with its song. That song now seemed deepened into prayer.

“ And if it please thee, O Lord, prepare us for all that thine unerring wisdom may ordain. What a day may bring forth is hidden, except from thine all-seeing eye ; but, O grant that we may be ever watchful, always ready for our removal from these unsubstantial scenes. Bless, merciful Father, O bless my dear Alphonzo, and remember him with the favour thou bearest unto thy people. May he continue in the things which he has learned, weaned from the world, and made increasingly meet for the inheritance of thy saints—for that inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, which I trust

has been purchased for him by a Redeemer's precious blood. O lead him into the 'land of uprightness : ' guide him here by thy counsel, and afterward receive him to glory. And if we are allowed of thee to be united in those bonds, which thou hast declared 'honourable in all,' may we be helpers mutually of each other, as heirs together of the grace of life." Her emotion here overpowered her, and she wept aloud.

Deeply moved by this unsought tribute of affection, Alphonzo cautiously drew nearer that part of the arbour where she was ; and though he could scarcely restrain himself from rushing at once into her presence, yet so interesting had been what he had already overheard, that he was willing still to listen, if perhaps he might elicit some further proof of her tenderness from the privacy of her retreat. As he approached her, through a crevice of the trees, he could perceive that she was in the attitude of devotion. Her long dark hair hung negligently over her shoulders, and being gently agitated by the breeze, which at the moment

wafted the incense of unnumbered wild-flowers from the adjoining pastures, imparted to her an air almost more than human. Before her, on a rude table which his own hands had constructed for her during one of their visits to the spot, lay the little volume, which the good La Roche had enjoined her to study. It was open ; and he could trace these words, which he recollected to have heard her use, when endeavouring to encourage him in an hour of dejection, wetted with her tears ; ‘ Let not your heart be troubled.’ Again she resumed, with her eyes uplifted ;

“ But, gracious God, thy ways are unsearchable. Thou mayest see fit that we never never meet in hallowed affiance at the altar of truth.” A tear dropped on the page before her. She wiped it away, and with a sigh continued : “ One of us may perhaps be soon summoned hence. Oh, may we be prepared for every event ! Lord my Saviour, fulfil thy promise to us : never leave my beloved Alphonzo—never forsake me thy poor unworthy child.”

She ceased ; but the tears still streamed along her cheeks. Awhile he gazed on her, almost unconscious of what he did, till, by an involuntary motion disturbing the leaves, and attracting her attention, “ Alphonzo,” she shrieked : “ Is it Alphonzo ? ” An instant he paused—then hurrying into the arbour, placed himself beside the anxious and trembling object of his tenderest affections.

“ O Alphonzo ! ” after a moment she exclaimed in a low tone, and broke into a flood of unrestrained tears. “ It is for you, Alphonzo, it is for you I weep. But, if such be the Divine will, there is still a haven where sorrow will agitate no more.” The youth seated at her side, could only fix on her an imploring look. She perceived his distress, and tried to smile ; but it was as the sun bursting through the heavy clouds of April, portending a return of storms.

The sun was already beginning to be embosomed in the bright clouds, that reposed on the distant summit of the Jura, while the adverse mountains were thence deriving

that peculiar tinge of vermilion, which imparts so magical an influence to these snow-clad eminences, ere the long-refracted beam rises finally above their height. A few thin fleecy exhalations, ascending from the water, hills, and the champaign which they encircled, as if to obscure his departing glory, were themselves invested with it, and only added to the loveliness of a scene they would have veiled. The slanting ray still lingered for a little on the widely undulating surface of the lake below them, whose clear unruffled wave whispered to the bosoms of those who watched it, of a tranquillity, with which at this moment *they* were unacquainted. Here as she leaned on the willing arm of Alphonzo, slowly winding down the descent, Emily suddenly stopped, and gazed steadfastly on the departing sun. "That setting orb," she said, the tears lending to her dark eyes a more than wonted expression, "strangely affects me. I know not what it is ; but I feel a something—forgive me Alphonzo, if I cause you uneasiness—but I feel a something, which secretly tells me"—something

she would have added, but the words died away inaudible on her tongue.

Alphonzo was surprised at the seriousness with which she spoke ; but unwilling to acknowledge any participation in her disquietude, he endeavoured playfully to rally her on her assuming the new character of a diviner, and would have allayed her apprehensions with a smile. Finding his irony unsuccessful, however, or rather that it produced an effect directly the opposite of what he expected, he gently chided her fears : “ Why, Emily, should you thus look beyond the endeared hope that many mornings and evenings will roll over our heads in peace ? Why create these needless alarms ? We know not, it is true, what God may order, and it becomes us to have our loins girded ; but surely, my dearest Emily, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” Thus would he have rebuked her terrors to silence ; but they were not so easily to be repressed.

They had now attained a spot, which, from its position on the angular projection

of the hill, overlooked, at once, the glen and the valley of the Rhone below. Here in a natural excavation of the rock, which descended from the place where they stood, in some parts by a gentle, in others by a precipitous declivity, a seat had been constructed, which commanded a view of the road as it winded on either side, to the right along the lake, and to the left by the shelving banks of the river, to a considerable distance in the direction of the castle. On this, Emily, fatigued with the walk, and otherwise exhausted by the incidents we have noticed, sat down, saying to Alphonzo: "I would wait here until I have so far recovered from the effects of my late agitation, as not to awaken any suspicions in the minds of my parents. We will then go home leisurely together. Your apartment, you know, is always ready: and I hope your conversation will make me forget my melancholy feelings. Our intercourse will also, I trust, be sanctified, by the recollection of past mercies, as it will be sweetened by the anticipation of enjoyments to come." She would have smiled as

she concluded ; but her heart was too full, and the effort was only productive of a tear.

That tear did not escape the observation of Alphonzo ; but wishing to conceal that he already began involuntarily to feel a part in her emotion, after a momentary interval to regain his composure, he replied with an affected gaiety ; “ No, my dearest Emily, to-night you must hold me, excused, as I promised the Baron particularly that I would be with him this evening, though possibly a little later than usual. We have still some few arrangements to make, and to give the necessary orders for an embarkment, which has been too long delayed, owing to other occupations, in the rear of the castle, to prevent any injury from the inundation we have for some time hourly expected. The ride is short, and I shall soon reach the chateau ; and as now

“ ——— night’s Regent fills

Her peaceful crescent on these pleasant hills,”

and the skies are without a cloud, you will allow me to assure you that there is no cause for the slightest uneasiness.”

Although Emily's heart misgave her, when she saw him determined, she reluctantly consented. "I shall only want your company, my fair one," he added familiarly, "as I wind along the valley, to complete my happiness."

"Not *my* company, Alphonzo," rejoined Emily with a sigh; "but the society of *Him*, whose loving-kindness is better than life, and in whose presence is fulness of joy."

Alphonzo coloured at the gentle reproof; and was going to reply, but was interrupted by Emily, who said to him, as she put into his hand a little volume she had just drawn from its concealment in her bosom,

"And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a scarf with modest care."

"Though small, Alphonzo, let it be a memorial of Emily's affection." The youth received it in silence, while the starting tear betrayed the inward struggle. He stood, as if bereft of the power of motion, beside her for a moment—then tenderly pressing her hand, he hurried down the declivity with

his wonted agility, and vaulting into his saddle, was soon at a distance.

Emily followed him with her eye, here winding along the river, there rapidly glancing through the trees, and now ascending a rising ground. And when he stopped, and turning, waved his hand, before he entered the wood that shut him from her wistful gaze, with a deep and measured sigh, she bade him an anxious farewell. “Go, and angels guide thee! Farewell, Alphonzo! Thou art deserving, if not of a fonder, of a better heart than mine. Farewell. May He, whose arm is mighty to deliver, accompany thee! May the Saviour, the sinner’s friend—be thy everlasting portion ;

“And we shall meet again,
In life or death—farewell till then!”

CHAP. XIII.

"I saw her gentle bosom heave:

It was a passing sigh—

Some thought of sorrow, which would leave

A mark that it was by.

I traced its flight: it rudely reft

A tribute from her mind:

It touched her eye's dark orb, and left

A starting tear behind."

LONG lingering on the spot to which she felt some mysterious attraction, Emily beheld the last ray of daylight disappear, and night draw her sable curtain between her and another day, irrecoverably past. The lake lay calm beneath her. Not an undulation was visible over its blue expanse, save from the solitary oar of the fisherman, returning from his labour to the endearments of his family. As he rowed, the dip echoed with a soft mournfulness among the rocks, and seemed to sympathize with the deep vibrations of Emily's trembling heart. It

ceased—the shallop had reached the shore. Now, all was hushed but the little fountain, which, issuing from beside her, winded its lucid current, one while stealing along the smooth surface of the projecting crag, and again splashing down the abrupt declivity.

The moon was walking in brightness through the heavens, ‘pursuing as from the bosom of eternity her calm and destined way,’ alone, and unattended, save by Him whose arm upheld and directed her through the illimitable void. If a few fleecy clouds veiled her modest beauty for an instant, it was only to impart an additional loveliness to her emerging smile. Already had she surmounted the highest of the hills, which appeared almost to threaten to arrest her progress; and her silvery light played full on all around, at one moment reflected vividly from the fluctuating wave of the Rhone as it rolled its perturbed current along, and again reposing on the tranquil breast of the lake. The stars, less brilliant from her splendour, seemed as if resting on the water, one nook excepted, where the

broad and woody back of the mountain, which stretched over against her on the Savoy shore, threw a shadow on its surface, and rendered darkness visible. There Emily's eye was fixed.—It was in unison with her heart—sad, and covered with gloom. No beam brightened it: scarce a hope rose over its dreary solitude.—Now, a mist ascended from the Jura, traced in the distance, here curling over it, there swathing its majestic summit in a sable and chastened robe. It deepened—and night was spread upon the mountain.

Emily at length turned her reluctant and pensive steps from the spot to which she had been riveted, gazing on the sweet solemnity of the scene—(and you would have thought that night had combined its powers on that occasion, to assuage the wounds it could not heal)—heightened as it was by the melancholy shades which her own dejection gave it. She heaved a deep sigh, as if she never might visit it again in peace; and then looking at the spot, where she had last seen Alphonzo, and murmuring

another farewell, she slowly bent her way home, where they were already beginning to be uneasy at her protracted absence.

Although she assumed a smile of cheerfulness, it was evident to the family that her spirits were much depressed. Forbearing enquiry, however, lest it should only have the effect of increasing her agitation, they permitted her to retire, agreeably to her request, rather earlier than customary. With the mysterious presentiment of sorrow which had pursued her through the day, still haunting her mind, it will not be supposed that she could easily give sleep to her eyes, or slumber to her eyelids. If it be true that

“Rest flies the pillow, where affliction weeps,”

it was not at a season like the present, that she could at once yield herself to repose. She found, besides, a sweeter and a better occupation in approaching the mercy-seat. There she had often sought, and thence derived consolation, when those indefinable anxieties, which every one has experienced, were lacerating her wounded spirit. Her

tears had been dried, and the burthen, which oppressed her, alleviated or removed. She had there been enabled to look up, when she had not dared to look around ; for around, all was perplexity—above, all was peace and hope. When nursing a secret passion she dared not to reveal, she there had met a sympathizing friend ; and when that passion was matured, but covered with a mysterious cloud, she could still breathe out her sorrows there.

Nor did she forsake its sanctuary in this time of unknown alarm. It had often proved to her a refuge from the storm, and she was assured it would not fail her now ; and with many tears and prayers did she lay open her heart at its sacred shrine. When holding communion with her Redeemer, all, who were near and dear to her, long had had a peculiar interest in her affections ; and she was not unwilling at the present moment now to acknowledge their claim. Like the patriarch pleading for the devoted cities of the plain, she preferred her suit with humble fervency ; and if her petition, as far as it

was connected with that which of all earthly objects lay closest to her thoughts, was denied, it was doubtless in mercy, though mysteriously displayed.

For many hours had her vows been going up as a memorial before God, when she rose from her knees, and walked still weeping towards the window of her chamber. The night was serene, as when she had withdrawn from her retreat. All was hushed, and silent, but her own poor agitated spirit. Here she stood for a while—"Ah," said she, "nature still sleeps, unconscious of the storms that beat upon this sinking heart. Sleep on, fair image of thy Maker—sleep on, and take thy rest. And thou, too, fair orb," she continued, wistfully gazing on the moon, as it dropped behind the western hill, "bright in thy path, but transient! how quickly, like thee, does joy pass from the habitations of the children of men!" Then, retiring, she threw herself listlessly on the bed, and from absolute exhaustion of her animal frame, sunk into a disturbed slumber. But scarcely had she closed her eyes on the

material world, when new scenes of distress presented themselves to her busy imagination. Now she was turning her last look on Alphonzo as he rode from her. The horse reared suddenly—he was thrown, and lay bleeding and mangled on the road. Again she saw him sailing on the lake—a hurricane came down from the mountains, and his boat was overwhelmed in its violence. She beheld him on the water—she heard his cries—and shrieking “save him, save him,” she awoke. Thus passed the night—a night of sorrow, little anticipated when that morning sun arose. So frail is human expectation! So fragile the hope that would twine itself round the germ, that promises to blow with happiness amidst the deserts of this terrestrial scene!

With the first ray that dawned on her disquietude, she left the house, and repaired to the spot, where she had parted with Alphonzo. As she ascended the hill, she observed with surprise the unusual appearance of the river and the lake. The former had extended itself nearly across the lower

part of the valley, where it had flowed in a comparatively narrow channel; while the latter, instead of its bright transparent blue, was now of a dark muddy colour. Her heart sunk within her, as she beheld it, and a violent tremor shook her frame. For an instant she gazed on it without the power of motion—too soon to be roused from the torpor of anticipation to the reality of suffering. Shrieks now assailed her on every side; and ere she had leisure to call in her scattered thoughts, the villagers were collected, and the neighbouring heights covered with sad spectators:—mothers, who had been bereft of their children—children whose parents had been swept to destruction before their eyes—some, who but yester evening were happy wives, now widowed and desolate—and others, who once were husbands, now bewailing all they had held dearest in life.—The fallen glacier had burst in the night. The waters, whose course it had impeded, having gradually accumulated, until it could no longer resist the pressure, had broken forth with irresistible impetuosity,

overwhelming every thing that came within their reach. In a moment, the strange presentiment of yesterday—her dream—the site of the castle—rushed upon Emily's mind; and with an anxiety which seemed to lend her wings, she hurried back to her father's to communicate her fears.

A messenger was instantly dispatched to the Baron's, with orders to go and return with all possible diligence. The day elapsed, and brought no tidings. Evening was fast closing in, and still no intelligence arrived:—no rumour even to allay the dreadful suspense. All that could be gathered, however, from the surrounding ruin, only tended to corroborate their apprehensions. Numerous dead bodies had been cast on shore, while many were still perceived floating in the lake. Fragments of every description were visible; some lying on the beach; others borne on the current of the water—all melancholy presages of the sad certitude, they wished, yet dreaded, to learn. At length, when the bell from the distant spire, with a toll doubly solemn, as if in sympathy with

the desolation around, had just ceased to proclaim the hours of night begun, and agitation was at its height, the servant was seen ascending towards the house ; but before he could deliver his message, exhausted with fatigue of body and mind, he dropped insensible to the ground. As he fell, however, they fancied they heard some indistinct sounds upon his lips, like “ Alphonzo perished.”

Another morning had already risen on the horrors of the scene, before he was able to relate the particulars. He had set out and galloped with all speed, but had not proceeded far, when he found the road in some places so torn up, and in others so deep under water, that he was obliged to abandon his horse, and make the best of his way by the intricate and arduous route of the mountains. After encountering many unforeseen difficulties, he finally reached the castle about mid-day, and was soon but too mournfully recompensed for his toils. As he entered the outer court he observed a crowd collected. He stopped—his attention was

arrested by a voice of mingled agony and despair, issuing from the midst of it : " O my son Alphonzo, my dear, my only son ! Would God I had died for thee, O Alphonzo, my son, my son ! "—It was the unhappy de Mertenburg, bewailing his blighted hopes !

When the grief of the family had so far subsided, as to permit them to detail the circumstances of the lamentable event, he learned that Alphonzo had returned to the castle about ten o'clock on the preceding night, and had immediately withdrawn to his apartment. Here he had remained for several hours, when one of the domestics, who was in the habit of receiving his commands, thinking he was later than usual, and afraid some accident might have happened to him, going unexpectedly into the room, found him on his knees with a little volume open before him. From this time, although they could not speak with certainty, they supposed he had been engaged in reading and prayer, until a sudden and general alarm arose from a strange noise, which seemed to be approaching them from the higher parts

of the valley. Eager to ascertain the cause of so unusual a sound, Alphonzo hurried to the door, and was descending the steps leading from the drawbridge, when the torrent burst in, and he was instantly overwhelmed.*

As he sunk, he was heard to cry: "O Emily!" and a moment after, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"—then all was silent, but the rush of the waters.

Though the night was clear, such was the tremendous impetuosity of the stream, that there was no possibility of rendering him the least assistance; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that the servant, who was nearest to him at the awful crisis, was rescued from a similar fate. The wretched father, who had retired to rest soon after Alphonzo's return, awoke by the dying shriek, flew in a state of distraction to plunge into the abyss; and it was only by violence, that he was prevented from perishing with his son.

Next morning when the flood had abated, after a long and painful search, they discovered the body of their young lord, lying

* See note u.

at the bottom of the moat, covered with the stones and sand which had been brought down by the current. In his hand he still held a little book, with his finger between the leaves, whose contents, it was conjectured, he had been perusing when the alarm was excited. On opening it, it proved to be a testament: and a mark was observed underneath the passage, where it is said of Mary, that she sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word—in tender allusion, as it was believed, to another, who, like her, was meek and lowly of heart. On a waste page at the commencement, was written, apparently by a female pen: ‘Emily to Alphonzo.’

Emily listened to the melancholy, but interesting recital, with the deepest attention; nor did she betray the least symptom of emotion, except once by an involuntary shudder, and a tear, that dropped unconsciously at the mention of his expiring tenderness, until the tale was concluded. She then enquired, with a calmness dignified indeed, but which seemed only the harbinger of the storm, like the stillness that broods

over nature when the elements are gathering their strength for a destructive explosion, if the servant was sure he had seen him on his knees ; if he had caught his last words distinctly, as he sunk ; if the lifeless visage still retained in death the smile that used to animate it ?—“ And where do they intend to lay him ? for it will be sweet to me to go in the twilight-gloom, and sit beside his grave, and scatter it with flowers, and watch his rest. Yes, dear Alphonzo ! And I will weep, and pray. I will weep for thine absence : yet try to be resigned. And I will pray, that thy God may be my God and thy Saviour mine !”

But, if these were ‘the billows and the deep waters,’ Emily was not unprepared to recognize therein the Divine appointment. Many of their ‘waves had gone over her ;’ but there was a hand, able and willing to sustain her. If, while all was in uncertainty, there appeared a wildness in her air, which indicated a degree of mental alienation, yet when the agonizing suspense was at an end, and she knew the worst, it was manifest that

she had been a learner in the school of Him, who was pre-eminently 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' Accustomed, habitually, to examine every circumstance of her life with the humility, which becomes 'the creature of an hour,' she could now behold her fondest hopes laid in the tomb of Alphonzo, and acknowledge the author of the bitter dispensation.

"She bowed her head in quietness: she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more:
Yet was she calm, for she had heaven in view!"

"There was perhaps," she would sometimes say, "only one, who, under the heavy rod of a Father, could yield a perfect submission; but I will endeavour, through his assistance, meekly to acquiesce, for I am assured He doeth all things well." Then she would pray: "Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" She had 'received good:' and if He saw fit that she should now go mourning, she was aware it was equally from the counsels of his 'everlasting love.' If unable occasionally to restrain the tear, she yet trusted it would not be disowned of

Him, who 'in the days of his flesh' had not thought it unbecoming his exalted character, to weep beside the grave of a departed friend: and she felt an humble confidence, that he would kindly compassionate the distress of a heart, which, while it 'endured chastening,' might occasionally feel an almost involuntary disposition to murmur, and arraign the justice of its burthen so heavy to be borne, yet amidst all its anguish 'struggling to be still.'

But, though Emily was thus wonderfully supported, and though the fortitude with which she sustained the trial, and the sweet serenity of her countenance, afforded a hope to her sympathizing family, that after a season she would recover from the dreadful shock, the issue meanwhile was among those 'secret things,' which belong unto the Lord, and are alone unveiled to the Divine prescience. That 'it is not good for man to be alone,' was the declaration of Him, who 'knows our frame, and remembers we are dust'—a declaration made with respect to our great progenitor, even when as yet he

stood the unspotted image of his Creator in this lower world, untainted by sin, and consequently enjoying the full communion of His love, from whose hand he came. How much more, then, now that he is fallen, and afar removed from the happiness he possessed in uninterrupted intercourse with his Maker, does man require the solace and support, which are alone to be derived from the fellowship of hallowed affection ! Constituted as he is, how often will he feel himself ready to faint under the ills of life ! how often stand in need of some cordial for his drooping spirits — a cordial, only perhaps to be found in the interchange of mutual tenderness !

Marriage, therefore, and with reverence be it spoken, would seem in loving-kindness ordained for man, as some alleviation of the varied sorrows attendant on his state below. The highest authority has pronounced it ‘honourable in all ;’ and it was at a nuptial feast, which he sanctioned by his presence, that our divine Redeemer first publicly displayed his power over the

elements of nature, and asserted his claim by miracle to the character of Messiah, amiably condescending to minister to the poverty of his hosts. Under the guidance of religion, and controuled and directed by its sacred influence, that affection, which subsists in hearts assimilated by grace, and bound together by mutual fondness, as it is the original, so it becomes the cement of the sweetest ties, which can unite rational creatures. It strews the path of duty with the freshest and most fragrant flowers, while the evils incident to our present existence are mitigated, and often removed by the consolations it affords. But if, indeed, the affections have been misplaced, or if the endearing prospect of happiness has been mysteriously blighted by heaven, and nature is summoned to the trial of hopelessness on the one side, or unrequited tenderness on the other, the feeling of anguish will oftentimes, in a pious breast, be gradually absorbed in a higher and more exalted love; and earthly disappointment is thus made in some degree the conduit, by which

the mind is more immediately led to the peaceful resting place of heavenly expectation, and to the attainment of a tranquillity which all the troubles of a world of sin and sorrow can neither destroy nor injure. The ordeal, it is true, which, under such circumstances, the sufferer is called to undergo, may be attended with a poignancy too bitter for humanity to bear; and life itself may sink beneath the weight of accumulated affliction; yet the spirit, with her wings already plumed for brighter scenes, will gladly turn herself to the source from whence she emanated, and find, in the enjoyment of her God and Saviour, that peace which He so dearly purchased for her—a peace, infinitely beyond all that the most hallowed and most favoured of human attachments can bestow.

Several months elapsed, and the late awful event was beginning to be obliterated from the recollection of many, or to be regarded as one of those occurrences, which, as they cannot be remedied, it is better to

consign to oblivion ; and it was hoped that, with others, Emily would insensibly feel her bereavement softening in the lapse of time, and that, like the lake beside her, when long lashed by the storms of the mountains, her mind would at length be wearied into rest. Her occupations were not very dissimilar to those which had previously employed her years. Lovely as was her demeanour, and exemplary as she had been in every department of private and social duty, she now only appeared to be becoming less interested in the world, and more detached from its pursuits, as if desirous of setting all her affections on things above ; or if she visited that world, you might have supposed it only with such a feeling, as actuates angels for their charge.

Her leisure hours were now more uniformly devoted to retirement and meditation ; while her communion with heaven seemed daily to grow more sweet. Yet her piety was active ; and she by no means allowed, what we may term, the selfishness of religion so to engross her, as to withdraw her atten-

tion from those she looked upon as committed to her care. Considering herself the mother of a numerous family, she was continually devising something to promote their present comfort, or their future welfare. Her visits to the abodes of the mourners, now herself the chief, were sources of sacred delight. ‘By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better;’ and she derived, from a participation in the sorrows of others, a temporary alleviation of her own.

The arbour, in which she had had the last affecting interview with Alphonzo, was henceforward more generally her resort. Here she was observed, at intervals, gazing on his picture, dear from its resemblance to the original, but dearer still, as having been placed on her bosom by his own hand: here, too, she was often overheard singing his favourite hymn: here, at times, she was found in prayer; and here she was frequently seen to weep. With the little volume of La Roche, now studied with renewed diligence and pleasure, as the companion of her solitude, she had all the consolation she

could receive on this side the grave. There she ‘drew water with joy out of the wells of salvation ;’ and there she met a solace for every disquietude, and a balm for every woe. Beneath the shade of the trees that encircled the remains of her venerable friend, she would often retire at evening ; and when an unexpected foot approached, she would start as if awakened from some dream of happiness that had vanished for ever, while the unbidden tear, that slowly wandered down her pale cheek, revealed some secret, which her lips would not disclose. She loved, too, to visit the woods and glens, where she had strayed with one now no more—

— “ Wild as the mountain-bee,
And culled a sweet from every flower, that wooed
Onward, or devious, her erratic steps,
Breathing in fragrance by her verdant path,
And, smiling welcome as she passed, embalmed
And beautified the noiseless solitude,
Through which she winded her unheeded way.”

Yet, although perceptible only to the view of Omniscience, her sorrows were silently preying upon her life. The wound was hidden, and the hand invisible that inflicted

it ; but it was mortal—it reached her heart. She had lost the object of her fondest affection. By a stroke appalling, as unexpected, she had been bereft in one overwhelming moment of ‘the desire of her eyes,’ and the centre of her dearest thoughts and unceasing solitudes. In the inimitable language of the prophet : ‘She was a virgin, girded with sackcloth for the betrothed of her youth.’ Her harp hung neglected on the willow : or if she occasionally strung it to some song of Zion, it was one whose mournful cadences peculiarly sympathized with her pain. As a destruction from the Almighty that day had come ; and, buried beneath its mysterious desolation, lay all her earthly hopes. ‘Her vine was wasted : her fig-tree was barked ; and her joy had for ever withered away.’ She bowed, indeed, or at least desired to do so, with unfeigned submission to the will of heaven ; but it was more than her gentle frame could bear, and nature gradually sunk under the weight.

From this period her health insensibly declined. In vain was every assistance

sought, every remedy applied. A physician able to raise her up, it is true, there was—he who of yore had compassion on the widow, weeping over an only son—but his aid was now mysteriously withheld. Though she did not complain, nor was conscious, for a considerable time, of any positive ailment, her appetite forsook her, her nights became wakeful, and her strength diminished. Her eye still denoted the serenity of her mind, but it imperceptibly exchanged its natural vivacity for a sickly translucent brightness, accompanied by that look of chastened melancholy, which arises from hopeless, but resigned grief; while

“Upon her cheek, the rose so fair,
So vivid once, grew pale :
The lily, too, that faded there,
Told a presaging tale.”

But a few months had intervened, when her increasing debility, attended with a feverish restlessness, and that alternation of suffering and ease, which forebodes consumption, too mournfully indicated the approaching crisis. Soon, it was apparent to all,

that her days were numbered, and that the hour of her departure was at hand. So true it is, 'that in the midst of life we are in death.' 'As a leaf we do fade.' Our life is, indeed, as a vapour seen for an instant, then vanishing away. The decree had gone forth : neither tears nor prayers could avert its fatal efficacy ; and the place of Emily, like the vine assailed by the tempest, and falling with the elm to which it clung,* was ere long to know her no more.

* Come olmo, a cui la pampinosa pianta
Cupida s' avviticchi, e sì marite,
Se ferro il tronca, o turbine lo schianta,
Trae seco a terra la compagna vite.

LA GERUSALEMME LIBERATA—*Canto XI.*

C H A P. XIV.

" Oft had I placed the simple wreath
Upon her virgin-breast ;
But, now, such flowers, as formed it, breathe
Around her bed of rest."

HAPPY in themselves, and blest beyond the lot of thousands, this favoured family might have ceased to remember, that it is ' through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God,' or have forgotten,

" Awhile permitted o'er these wastes to roam,
That here is not our everlasting home,"

had not He, ' who called them to his eternal glory,' in mercy visited them with affliction.

Thus is it, that our great Forerunner, while he summons us to the conflict, trains us to the heavenly warfare. ' Made perfect himself through sufferings,' he exercises his children with similar trials, at once to renew their confidence, confirm their faith, accus-

tom them to dependance, wean them from the vanities of an unsatisfying world, and fit them for his undefiled repose. As the captain of their salvation, he is pledged to lead them on. Yet, while he assures them, that neither death nor life shall separate them from his love, he oftentimes sees good that they should ‘go forth with weeping, bearing their precious seed, that sowing in tears they may reap in joy.’ Thus are they brought more immediately to Him as the only source of consolation, and are gradually taught that flesh must not be their arm. Their fears are dispelled, their hopes are brightened, and they begin to look forward with longing desires to those mansions of uninterrupted, and unalloyed felicity, which he is gone before to prepare for them—where sin shall not enter—where the storms of time shall be heard no longer—and where the waves of trouble shall for ever cease to roll.

Emily’s illness now assumed, daily, a more alarming character. The unfavourable symptoms, which had disappeared for a little, returned with augmented violence, and she

was soon pronounced in a decline. Many months passed tediously away, in efforts to mitigate her sufferings, or, if it were permitted, to arrest the progress of her disorder; but notwithstanding every assistance, which the most tender assiduity could afford, it was evident that they had only conducted her nearer to the grave. Persuaded from the commencement of her sickness, that it would be 'unto death,' she had made it a particular request that she might not be deceived as to her real situation. "The last enemy," she said, "must assail us soon or late; and I trust I shall be enabled to hail his approach with joy. Some seem anxious to banish the thought of dissolution; but *my* hopes beyond are too sweet to permit me to forget that I must die. To the christian, death is but the door that opens to the regions of eternal happiness; and why then should I be afraid to approach it?" Her danger had now become imminent, and it was considered a proper moment for complying with her desire. She listened to the awful disclosure with the most un-
ruffled

serenity, and gently chided those, who could not restrain the tribute of affectionate regret beside her, saying, with a smile that irradiated her pale and emaciated cheek : " Now I am indeed drawing near the long-wished-for goal. Do not weep for me, my dear mother, and beloved friends. My afflictions will soon have an end. Oh, do not, do not weep for me !"

Although doomed to contend with an exquisite sensibility, the frequent accompaniment of a delicate frame, captivating to the beholder, but too often injurious in possession, Emily enjoyed a tranquillity which outward evils could not invade. Her humble, but undivided and undoubting affiance in a reconciled God, and the natural sweetness of her disposition, chastened and nourished by the influences of his Spirit, had indeed long breathed a calm and resigned contentment over her path ; and manifold as were the trials she was now called to undergo, they could not disturb the settled composure of her mind. The refuge she had fled to, she found, amidst accumulating

sufferings, to be 'a sure and steadfast anchor to her soul;' and like the bark, sheltered in some friendly haven from the warring waves and winds, she heard the storms roll around her, but they were unable to break the quietude in which she dwelt.

It was now the beginning of Autumn, The heats of summer had imperceptibly subsided into the pleasant glow of September suns, and the air, cooled by the dews of morning and evening, had resumed its wonted elasticity. Nature seemed for a moment to be returning to a second spring, and you would have fancied it was willing to invite the lovely invalid once more to health and vigour, and to a participation in her former employments, and in the unsullied pleasures she had so often derived from communion with the scenes which surrounded her—scenes, which had so frequently charmed every sorrow from her bosom.

In the hope that the fresh breezes might renovate her exhausted frame, she was occasionally taken on the water; and as the weather was particularly favourable, she

often appeared, while wafted along, to enjoy a temporary respite from the weakness and pain, which were gradually bringing her down to the chambers of death. In patience, indeed, she possessed her soul, ever grateful for the attentions of friendship, and with heartfelt humility acknowledging herself unworthy of the least of the many mercies, which alleviated the sufferings of her declining days.

At this season, the lake of Geneva, always attractive, is beautiful in the extreme. If

“The wintry blast—the billowy main—
The drenching showers—the deluged plain—
The drifting snows—the icy air—
The hand Omnipotent declare:”

yet, amid these enchanting scenes, and in the fall of the year more especially,

“The moveless calm—the balmy breeze—
The waving fields—the fruitful trees—
The cloudless heaven—the genial day—
The hand Beneficent display.”

The foliage that covers the sides, and crowns the summits of the hills that en-

vireon it, exchanging a mantle of green for one of a brighter, but more mournfully-interesting colour*—the pendant woods, given back to the eye in the clear mirror below, with the songs of their feathered inhabitants, now borne less frequent, and with a note more melancholy, to the ear—the flocks browsing on the steep, and the shrill call of the shepherd-boy, reverberating anon in long echoes among the surrounding rocks—the cottage embosomed by the trees, and peeping through some opening midway up the hill—to a busy imagination an abode, where early innocence might dwell, removed from the snares and temptations, the din and bustle, of an evil and a jarring world—the gently-breathing gale, scented with the delicate odours of autumnal flowers, blended with the rich aroma of the wild thyme from the upland pastures—the deep hue that overhangs the mountains of the distance—the unruffled placidity of the blue pellucid

* This description refers more particularly to the upper parts of the lake.

wave—the vineyards that clothe its banks, now ripening fast for the wine-press, with the cornfields slowly waving their yellowing harvest in the wind—the majesty of the neighbouring heights—the solemn stillness, as if you stood alone in the midst of creation, that reigns around—combine to impart to this delightful spot a character, almost more than earthly.

“Oh! ’tis a scene that might convey
The tranced spirit quite away,
Or steal the thoughts, or bid them roll
More heavenly through th’ absorbed soul :
A scene it is, well-pleased the while,
An angel might behold and smile.”

Nor could its attractions pass unnoticed before the tutored view of Emily. She had long held sweet and intimate communion with her unseen Parent through ‘the works of his hands,’ and she could not, even now, be indifferent to the beauties which invited her attention, though her eye was fading, and so soon to close for ever on terrestrial objects. She felt a sacred and refined pleasure in looking on what had so frequently afforded

her grateful subject of meditation in days of health. To her indeed they were altered ; but it was only as bearing in them less of earth, and more of heaven. As she approached the confines of immortality, every thing that came from God seemed to have more of the Divine image in it, and drew her nearer and closer to Him from whom it emanated. She surveyed, in all, some proof of His power to save—some testimony of the love that had redeemed her. “Thou art my deliverer,” she would exclaim at times with indescribable animation ; “my rock, and my fortress : in Thee will I trust—yea, I will trust and not be afraid ; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.”

On one occasion, after having enumerated with lively emotion, many of the unmerited kindnesses which had followed her, she said ; “I have been doubtful at intervals, whether I was in the body or out of it, so much has my mind risen above the material world. How often have I here had sweet

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fatal termination to her disorder. "If I am recovering," she would say with an expressive smile, "it is only for an instant, before I go hence and am no more seen." Composed under every aspect of her malady, the meek serenity of her countenance invariably exhibited the calm resignation of a heart, whose language was: 'Let Patience have her perfect work.'

One evening, while sitting alone with her mother in the retreat which she had frequented in other days, and to which she had now been taken by her particular request, willing probably to bid it a final farewell, she appeared anxious to recur to a subject of deep but painful interest. Since that melancholy occurrence, which had blighted her dearest prospects, and fallen with a deadly chill upon her breast, she had seldom mentioned any of the circumstances connected with it, or named him whom she had so tenderly loved; and in kind consideration for her grief, her sympathizing friends had cautiously avoided every allusion, which could awaken distressing recollections. Yet,

Alphonzo was often, more than often, present to her thoughts : and she had once observed, that she felt a mournful pleasure in picturing to her imagination the scenes of that disastrous night.

Penetrating her desire, her mother relieved her by remarking, that it had been to them all, cause of the most unfeigned gratitude, that she had been enabled to support her afflictions with such resigned acquiescence in the Divine appointment. "Yes," she replied, "so it has been also to myself. That awful event, which has made me sorrow, though not as others who have no hope, was one, for which, doubtless, I shall bless my heavenly Father through eternity. It did, indeed, at the moment seem ordered by a most mysterious Providence ; and I am afraid, and would wish to lie low on account of it before God, that my heart murmured and rebelled. But I have since"—here she threw her arms about her mother's neck, while they mutually wept—"I have since, my dearest mother, been under a tuition where I have learned not to repine. Did

not my Redeemer suffer the contradiction of sinners? Did he not endure the cross, despising the shame?—All for me! And shall I refuse to visit the shades of adversity with him, and to bear a part in his temptations? Oh no! willingly would I go with him, if he would strengthen me for the conflict, to severer trials even than these. My prayers for Alphonzo were answered, although not precisely as a poor short-sighted creature might have considered best, nor perhaps agreeably to the suggestions of this too devoted—this lacerated heart. But dear youth"—overpowered by her emotion she now sobbed aloud, and was for some minutes unable to proceed—"Yes, dearest Alphonzo, my supplications on thy behalf were answered. I prayed that thou mightest be happy—happy, as I fondly deemed, in the unworthy partner of thy choice—and soon thou wast happy beyond all my hopes. Oh, it would indeed have been dear to me, to have walked in thy company a little longer—a little longer to have taken sweet counsel with thee through the journey of life! But

why should I have kept thee from the full enjoyment of blessedness, that I might travel less wearily through the vale of tears? No, Oh no! I would not have detained thee for a thousand worlds. Nor would I, if a wish could do it, bring thee back again from thy heavenly rest. No, Alphonzo; safely landed on that shore where the billows of affliction cease to swell, I shall go to thee; but thou wilt not, nor would I that thou shouldst, return to me!"

Apprehensive that her agitation might be productive of some serious consequences, her mother now proposed that they should move homeward. She assented, and supported by her parent's arm, slowly approached the entrance of the harbour. The sun at the instant was dropping behind the distant mountain. Emily watched it awhile. It sunk—"My sun too is going down"—"to rise," added her mother, "in a happier world." Without appearing to have noticed the observation, as if absorbed in her own thoughts, she continued: "Fair orb, I have

seen thee set with"—Alphonzo she would have added, but his name expired in a broken whisper on her lips.

The lake still glowed with the effulgence of the departed sun, reflected from the clouds that had collected on the Jura, as if anxious to retard his flight. It seemed a sheet of burnished gold, gently undulating in the western breeze. Her eye still hung fixed upon the scene. The landscape and its beauties were slowly retiring from her view. Still she gazed, until the lake had lost its brightness, and the distant clouds alone could have told you that day had ever been. She then repeated, and a tear dropped upon her hand as she proceeded, from time to time, some verses, of which the following may be considered, however dissimilar in other respects, a tolerably faithful translation. They were found in her portfolio after her death, and recognized by her afflicted parent as those which she had heard on the last evening she had visited the woodland retreat with her dying child.

I.

Soon shall that sun a last enlivening ray
Pour on the curtains of these darkening eyes :
Nor more in loveliness to bless my way
The fitful radiance of that wave shall rise !

II.

Once it was dear to trace thee through the west,
Fair orb of light ! when other gaze than mine
Beheld thee linger on the mountain's crest,
And dye these waters with thy crimson shine.

III.

But ah, 'tis gone ! the soothing vision 's fled,
Nor I may rest beneath its shade, and mourn :
Joy, too, is withered : Hope's last smile is dead,
Like some poor floweret by the tempest torn.

IV.

Nor long I tarry ! By the hand of Grief,
The hapless victim of my virgin-vow,
Rent from the stem, I fall like yonder leaf,
Faded, and dropping from its parent-bough.

V.

But yet awhile, and these glad eyes shall see,
O'er Death's dark night, a morn effulgent gleam :
And He shall come with glory, who for me,
Mysterious ransom ! bade his life-blood stream,

VI.

And now, my soul, withdraw from earthly care,
To hold high converse with the world above:
Unfading happiness breathes sweetly there—
The balmy blossom of redeeming love.

VII.

And ye, dear scenes, adieu ! My thoughts would stray,
Did I permit them on your charms to dwell ;
But hark ! some angel rests upon his way,
And sings of heaven—and I must go—farewell !

VIII.

Once, then, again, farewell ! Your soothing voice
Oft-times in gentleness hath reached my heart,
And, kindly suasive, wooed it to rejoice :—
But, now, for ever be it hushed—we part !

She ceased—but her eye remained immoveable. It was turned towards the valley, and dwelt fixed on the spot where Alphonzo had stopped and waved his hand, as it proved, in final farewell. The wood, which he was then about to enter, still wore a mantle as brilliant and varied, as when he whom she mourned passed through its shades. Then it was tinged by autumn,

and the year at the present moment was also in its decline. But, twice twelve months had in the interval been numbered over the trees that formed it, and the flowers that embalmed its recesses with their sweets. For Emily, indeed, they had long since lost their charms, save when she gazed on them, and felt it dear to think, that while she hung over their drooping loveliness, for her also; as for them, a spring would ere long return. But how infinitely more favoured was she than they? True, to use her own expression—

They had no crimes to stain their natal clay,
They had no soul to dread a judgment day;

but, if she had violated the law of her God, and carried a vital principle in her bosom which was to be arraigned at his bar, she yet could raise her eyes beyond the garments of her pollution, and anticipate her appearance at the Divine tribunal with unruffled serenity, and unwavering hope. For her a spring—but a spring of immortality—would return. Destined she was to see

corruption, and visit the dreary mansions of the grave; but,

She had a ray to light her through its gloom,
And she a spirit to survive the tomb.

Once again she threw her eye on all around; but there was a meaning in her look, which said—"we part, to meet no more."—In a last look, as it has been elegantly remarked, there is something affecting, on whatever object it is cast. For the last of every thing reminds us of the last of life, the last day we shall spend on earth—the last look we shall fix upon terrestrial scenes—when we must turn from the beloved objects, whose society and sympathy have sweetened our cup of woe, and filled our span of time, to the loneliness of death, and the realities of eternity.—All this, and more, there was a voice which whispered in that look of Emily. But, if there was an anguish unutterable, there was also a 'joy unspeakable,' which soothed and mitigated the poignancy of her grief. Her sorrow was transient. If it was deep as the overflowing

waters, like them also it quickly passed away, and soon left, as before, a clear unruffled stream behind. The scene she gazed on, doubtless, was lovely, and had been interwoven with every thought of earthly felicity she had formed or entertained : but, if it was fair, it was evanescent ; and there was one beyond, infinitely more attractive, whose beauties would never fade. Thither she was travelling ; and she was well aware her journey drew near its close.—Once more she looked on all around. But, now, her countenance had brightened—and saying to her mother : “ Let us go ! ” she turned from it, for ever, with a smile.

When they reached the house, the glooms of twilight were already thickening about them. The clouds in the distance grew darker and lowering, and Nature seemed as conscious that an eye, which could relish her beauties, had taken a last view of the fairest of her scenes. But, though the storm gathered over her, Emily was unusually calm. Hope even you would have thought revisited her for a moment ; and

the bright hectic of her cheek bore for an instant the semblance of that glow of health and happiness which had so often tinged it, when she returned at evening from her works of mercy, or from the heavenly meditations which had occupied and refreshed her in the seclusion of her favourite shades. A composing draught, distilled by a mother's hand from the simples and thousand wild flowers which covered the hills and valleys, was administered to her, and she retired to rest, and sunk into a deep sleep, more quiet than any she had enjoyed since the night preceding that which had withered her too fondly cherished hopes. But, if she awoke, it was to resignation and peace—the flush of health had fled from her cheek for ever.

From this time she rapidly declined ; and the increasing symptoms of decay, now only aggravated by each revolving hour, told her affectionate family that they would, at no very distant period, be separated from this object of their tender but unavailing solicitude.

But, if the arrival of that season which was to call her hence, was to them a subject of the most mournful anticipation, it was one which excited in her bosom only emotions of gratitude and joy. Not, that Emily could not weep with them that wept. No : she had a heart deeply susceptible, and tremblingly alive to the griefs of those around her ; but the ‘ hope, full of immortality,’ absorbed every lower consideration. In the near prospect of the eternal state, she could cry with much of the sincerity, though not perhaps with all the exultation of the apostle—‘ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?’ “ For me,” she said one morning, on awaking as if from a dream, “ the king of terrors has been disarmed, and the bitterness of death is past. The garment of salvation, with which my gracious Redeemer has clothed me, has covered all my pollution, and his cleansing blood has washed out all my sin.” —To her therefore, the moment of dissolution was only that, in which she was destined to bid a long and last adieu to

transgression and pain ; and she could survey it with an eye brightened by the sweet assurance, that, when she had reached the term of her earthly pilgrimage, she would be received into an everlasting habitation in that kingdom, ‘ wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace.’

With a mind thus calmly stayed on God, it will not be surprising if we find her, as it were, overstepping the interval that separated her from his promised rest. Whatever she might be called to endure, she was conscious it could be but for a moment, and was not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. Yet amidst all her sufferings, and they were occasionally extreme, her equanimity never forsook her. The same patience, the same un murmuring submission, which had so eminently adorned her initiation in distress, were still strikingly characteristic of her deportment as she approached the limit of her trials. “Is it not written,” she once exclaimed as the day was closing on her with peculiar solemnity, ‘ that he shall sit as a refiner and purifier

of silver? Ah! he has indeed chosen *me* in the furnace of affliction. Yet, ‘Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt!’” If the frailty of nature, however, might induce her in the morning to wish for the evening, or at evening to wish for the morning, the everlasting arms were underneath her; and the spirit only appeared to rise brighter from every shock its earthly dwelling received. Flesh and blood might desire an easy, as well as an abundant, entrance into the eternal kingdom; and viewing the Divine procedure through the dark glass of our circumscribed understandings, we might wonder it was not so, and be tempted to cry—“Why is it thus?” But, if it be the Lord, he will ‘do what seemeth him good!’ For us it is, to bow the head in silence, and adore. An hour is hastening, and will ere long arrive; when we shall behold the mystery of providence, and the yet more wondrous mystery of grace, alike unfolded in all their parts. Then, doubtless, if not till then, shall we clearly comprehend the causes, which, inexplicable to mortality, now elude

our research, and confess with grateful admiration, that the Judge of all the earth did indeed do right.

The affections of the lovely sufferer were now fixed undividedly on the things invisible. Her treasure was above, and there her heart was also. That heavenly country whither she was travelling, and which she hoped shortly to reach, occupied all her thoughts. She could look into eternity not only without alarm, but with serenity and peace; for there she beheld her advocate with God, and an unfading inheritance awaiting her, as the bestowal of his love. Time and all its concerns were fast receding from her view. They had indeed long ceased to interest her, and she could now bid them adieu without regret. From communion with her Redeemer, she had derived these durable enjoyments, while the scenes with which, as a pilgrim, she was still necessarily conversant, only afforded gratifications that could not satisfy, and pleasures at whose root there was a worm. Here she had found, by severe experience, that the sweetest rose

was still embittered by its thorn; and she was glad she could now anticipate an early removal to a habitation—a house not made with hands—where there would be no more aught that could molest or deceive.

A few days previous to that on which she put off the body, while her mother was sitting beside her, during an interval of ease, she thus for the last time introduced the subject, which had so long lain near her heart: “Though sudden death is to be deprecated, yet come when it will, or under whatever form, to the believer death is the messenger of love. Let the spirit have quitted its mortal abode, and all is well for ever. But even a Christian may be off his guard; nor should we forget those who remain behind. Had it not pleased God to permit the servant who was nearest to Alphonzo on that awful night, to catch those words which have been so sweet a balm to my bleeding wounds, I might have gone mourning to my grave. I have ever since regarded it as the interposition of peculiar

mercy on my behalf." Here she paused to wipe her wetted cheek. After a little she continued: "Alphonzo, thy remembrance is still dear to me! could you see me now, you would with difficulty recognize your poor Emily in this emaciated form. But that is of little moment, mother," she added with a smile, that turned to a tear as she spoke,—“when next we meet, we shall be clothed with immortal youth. ‘He will beautify the meek with salvation.’ May Alphonzo and I thus be beautified, and we shall not regret the absence of these poor fleshly adornments.” She then requested that she might be buried beside him: “For in life we were not divided, and let us not be disjoined in death. Let us sleep side by side:—then, when the last trumpet sounds, we shall hail together our release from the bondage of corruption, and arise together to be for ever with the Lord.”

At length dawned that sun, which was to decline on her inanimate and pallid corse. She had had her allotted portion of trial, and her sorrows and sufferings were now

alike hastening to an everlasting close.—

The night had passed in convulsions which for a season deprived her of speech ; but her dying eyes, uplifted and fixed, as it seemed, on invisible realities, sufficiently indicated the feelings of her heart. She had, however, yet to endure one short scene of temptation. It was the hour of darkness, and the last malicious effort of its power ; but the accuser was not long permitted to rejoice over his expected prey. Though groaning under the weight of a frame so exhausted, that it was oftentimes subject of astonishment to the beholders, that life could retain its seat in so worn-out a tenement, her faith and hope, with the exception of a transient interval, had been firm in God, reconciled to her in the death of his Son ; and she had frequently been enabled, in the exercise of these heavenly gifts, to contemplate her approaching dissolution with a delight, to use her own expression, no tongue could describe. Frequently, when she observed her friends melted to tears of sympathy beside her, the only condolence their distress

would allow them to testify—for there is a sorrow too big for utterance—she would say to them: “Do not weep for me. My afflictions are light, and but for a moment—the prelude and earnest of eternal felicity. Dry your tears, my beloved friends; and do not add to what I already feel, the pain of seeing you mourning, as if you were going to lose me for ever. Yet a little while, and we shall meet again, to separate no more.”

With a mind thus supported, she now drew near the term of her short but bright career. Her family stood collected round her bed, expecting, in mournful suspense, the struggle which was to deprive them of one, whose voice had often animated them on the way, as her example had led them forward to fairer worlds. Suddenly, she recovered the power of articulation:—it was noon, the usual season of her retirement. Aware that, ere the evening sacrifice could be offered, she would be in mansions where the voice of praise alone would be heard, she now requested them to unite with her in one more solemn dedication of

herself and them to God. This done, in a manner so impressive and affecting as to draw tears from all, while many sobbed aloud, she closed her eyes, and seemed to sink into a quiet sleep. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, when they perceived signs of uneasiness in her countenance. Soon her lips quivered, and her whole frame became agitated almost to convulsion. The tears started, and ran in quick succession down her cheeks. She tried to speak, but her words dropped broken and unintelligible. —It was the final effort of the accuser to obscure the glorious prospects of a departing saint. “My God”—after a pause, she cried—“why hast thou forsaken me? Wilt thou then, leave me to perish? Wilt thou not guide me through the valley of the shadow of death?” Stretching out her hand, as if seeking some one to help her—“Is there no hand to lead me, no right hand to uphold me?”

At this instant the venerable pastor entered, who had so long and so tenderly borne her on his heart. Recognizing the well-

known step as he approached the bed, she opened her eyes, and welcomed him with a smile—but it was a smile more of agony than of joy. Unconsciously they all sunk upon their knees. The aged servant of Christ, soon himself to receive the crown, prayed. As his calm and fervent petitions ascended, the peace of God again gradually diffused itself over that pale and dying visage, which, but just now, was covered with the gloom of despondency ; and ere he concluded, it had resumed its wonted serenity. The cloud had dispersed, and the Sun of Righteousness once more shed healing from his wings. If sin and sorrow found aught in her, they were no longer permitted to exercise her faith. The troubles of a vain and delusive world were left behind for ever. Hope seemed almost to be lost in sight, and the veil, that conceals the eternal inheritance from mortal vision, appeared to be withdrawn, while in the full assurance of exultation, she exclaimed : “ He has given his angels charge concerning me, and they are waiting to conduct me to

the presence of Him, who bought me with his blood. He is my refuge—and on Him only I rely. His love is stronger than death; and though I pass through the waters, he will be with me, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow me.”

For some minutes she continued to speak to those about her, as if already on the way from earth to heaven. Then raising herself in the bed, strengthened we may presume, in an especial manner, for the closing scene, she called them to her one by one, as they wept around her, and blessed them, and gave them the kiss of peace.* In conclusion, addressing herself to them collectively, she uttered, in a clear and emphatic voice: “Persevere unto the end; and may He, whose grace has supported me under all my afflictions, be your exceeding great reward!” Having thus delivered to them her dying charge, her ties to this world were dissolved: and her spirit appeared suddenly to hear the summons to unrobe. Then, gently laying

* See note v.

herself back in the arms of one of her brothers, who, having recently obtained leave of absence, had returned to attend her during her last illness, and had placed himself so as to support her, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and said: "I am going unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." This done, without a struggle or a sigh, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered on that rest which shall never be interrupted more!

Such was the life of one of the fairest of the daughters of men—its tranquil tenour, its triumphant close. If few, who are doomed to the sufferings of a terrestrial pilgrimage, have had deeper experience of Divine consolation, few have been called to taste of the bitterness of that cup which was given her to drink. But there was One who watched over her. He had redeemed her with the price of his own sorrows; and He stood by her faithful unto death. Through him, more than conqueror in all

her trials, she was enabled even in the fiery furnace to rejoice. Him, as the object of her supreme attachment, it was her high aim to honour—walking worthy of his vocation, and winning others to the banner of his love. Her soul, indeed, forgot not all his benefits. He had not implacably chided with her, neither kept his anger for ever. He had forgiven her iniquities, and had healed, if not the diseases of the outward, those which are harder to be borne, of the inward man:—and could she be unmindful of the riches of that mercy, which had given her so good a hope beyond ‘the changes and chances’ which are our lot below? No; Emily had sat too long at the feet of Jesus, thus to have learned Christ. Her strength, she had been taught, was in humiliation at the cross; and thence she was ever desirous to derive the exemplar by which to regulate her deportment, as a daughter, a sister, and a disciple of her heavenly Master. Her path through life had been a retired one. As she had associated but little with mankind, so there were few who had witnessed the angel-like humility

of her walk with God. Confined to a spot remote from observation, she had ripened in seclusion from the world. Her youth was indeed as the spring for loveliness ; and like the almond tree she blossomed betimes. With the sweetness of a lily blooming in the garden of the Lord, and unfolding its modest beauties beneath the culture of his paternal and protecting care, she had gradually, though almost unnoticed and unknown, been made meet for the inheritance of his presence, and prepared for a participation in those pleasures which are at his right hand, pure and unalloyed, for evermore. Thus, like a tree by the rivers of waters, she brought forth her fruit. Planted in the house of the Lord, she flourished in the courts of God ; and with her affections disengaged from, though necessarily conversant with, the things of time, she grew up an inhabitant of a better and a brighter scene.

CHAP. XV.

“The sun already climbs the eastward hill,
With promise of a pleasant day. Ah! ere
On the soft bosom of the western wave
He lean his head, how many a spirit, watchful
Meanwhile or careless, will have winged its way
To joys ineffable, or to the abodes
Of horror and despair!”

THE fulness of the Divine counsel had at length come in, when its purpose relative to the family, which has formed the principal subject of our narrative, was to be finally developed. ‘He who setteth the solitary in habitations, and maketh him families like a flock,’ now saw it for his glory, in dispensations indeed inscrutable to human eyes, to visit with trial those, whom he had so long followed, and whom he still attended, though ‘in a pillar of cloud,’ with his parental love. Their ‘pleasant portion was soon to be left unto them deso-

late.' Removed from their seat, and scattered to the ends of the earth, they were now to learn, in the depths of affliction, that God moves in a mysterious way; 'exalting one, and bringing down another,' as it seemeth good to him—for 'he hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.'

During our progress, we have traced some from thoughtlessness to the solicitude of a mind, awakened from the awful security of natural darkness, and anxiously enquiring after the way that leads to solid and lasting happiness. From that seriousness, which so well becomes the candidate for immortality—the being 'whose breath is in his nostrils,' and who is separated only by a step from irretrievable ruin—we have pursued them, until they were permitted to look up as 'prisoners of hope,' and to rejoice in assurance of the glory to be revealed. Others again we have followed from the cradle to a premature grave. Cut down when the blossoms of fond anticipation were but just beginning to expand, we have seen

youth and loveliness, like a flower when 'the wind passeth over it,' faded and gone.—The brief and melancholy sequel now alone remains. Profitable though mournful, may we be led to consider in it the devastations of time, levelling in his advance, with an unrelenting hand, distinctions of rank and age: knocking alike at the portals of the palace, and the poor man's door:* calling equally the infant as him who is 'full of days;' and summoning all to that dread tribunal where the various generations of mankind shall stand contemporaries, to hear pronounced that decision, pregnant with such tremendous consequences, and from which there is no appeal.

A few months previous to Emily's decease, her father had already entered on his repose.† Like a shock of corn in his season, in a good old age Albert du Blesne was gathered to his people. Permitted to survey his offspring arriving at maturity about him; and,

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—HOR. *Carm. Lib. i. 5.*

† See note w.

ere his eyes grew dim, granted that privilege, than which none is dearer to a pious parent's breast, of beholding most of his beloved children obedient to his instructions, and walking in the society of that wisdom, 'whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace,' and not without hope as it regarded the others, he found at length his end approaching, and calmly prepared to meet it, as the welcome messenger that invited him to rest. Removed from the contaminations of the world, and yet more in spirit than in the body, 'a stranger in the earth,' he had experienced, and in a manner which he had once as little desired as anticipated, the benefit of the Divine disposal, and, though often veiled from the reach of sense, the faithfulness of Him on whom his care was cast. Frequently, when retiring to meditate in days when the 'candle of God shined upon his head,' while looking on all around, and reflecting on the blessings with which a gracious Lord had encompassed him, he would raise his eyes, overflowing with gratitude, to heaven, and ex-

claim : “ The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places : I have indeed a goodly heritage.”

Having been habitually accustomed to resign himself, with all he had, to God, and thus, through the many years, during which he had walked with him, gently undoing the knots which bound him to the things below, he now saw them about to be finally untied, without a pang. He was only exchanging a barren and dry wilderness where no water is, for the regions of heavenly unanimity and bliss, where are rivers of pleasures, and inexhaustible springs of comfort and delight.—Thus, after the vicissitudes of a protracted and chequered life, he was enabled to adopt the grateful language of the Psalmist : ‘ Lord, thou hast dealt well with thy servant according unto thy word.’

His death was in all respects peculiarly tranquil, and in happy accordance with those principles which he had so long professed, and which for so many years had vitally influenced his conversation in the world. The powers of nature seemed to have gra-

dually decayed. 'The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken' almost imperceptibly; and he sunk upon his pillow, fervently ejaculating: "Come, Lord Jesus!" without an effort or a groan. Spared the anguish of seeing his beloved Emily expire, he had only a little preceded her in bidding farewell to all the untold anxieties incident to this state of trial. But as he approached his desired haven, he could perceive the worm at the root of his beautiful gourd. His smile had charmed away the hours of her childhood, and had gladdened her riper years: and he now beheld her with himself, 'waning to the tomb,' and died in the full expectation of a speedy re-union with her in that land, where the inhabitant shall no more say, 'I am sick'—where the blasts of adversity shall never again be felt—and where

"Adieu, and farewells, are a sound unknown."

Nor did Mrs. du Blesne long survive him. Attached to her husband by the ties of a tender affection, which had only acquired strength by the lapse of time, there appeared

to be a chord of sympathy between their lives, which, if broken in one, would necessarily involve the dissolution of the other. They had matured beneath the same skies, and the same suns were destined to set on their decline. They had descended together, like our exiled parents, when ‘through Eden they took their solitary way, hand joined in hand,’ into the vale of years; and the angel, who drew the curtains of night around du Rlesne, warned the companion of his days, that the evening-star had already reached the horizon.

Although it had been their prayer, that, as they had not been dissevered in life, they might not be divided in death; yet, when they saw their child drooping so quickly, they were willing to be separated for a little season, that one of them at least might watch over her to the last, and close her beloved eyes. Nor did heaven frustrate the kind parental wish—Emily had had the benefit of a mother’s intercessions, and counsel, even to her latest moments. Her child was at length laid unto her fathers: her husband too

had fallen asleep ; and, now, the hour of her own departure was expected, and drew nigh with hasty, but with unalarming step.

Of undissembled piety, agreeably to the Divine injunction, the partner of du Blesne had loved her husband, had loved her children. Chaste in her conversation, and putting on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, to *him* she gave the homage of a willing obedience: *these*, she was ever studious, with many supplications for direction from above, and for ‘the dews of the Spirit,’ to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In her day and generation, shining, not perhaps with a brilliant, but with clear and steady light, it had been her sincere endeavour habitually to conform herself to His example, who ‘went about doing good.’ Adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour, she confessed him before men, in the hope that he would not be ashamed of her humble name, when he should come in the glory of his Father. With little in her demeanour to attract attention, unassuming and unostentatious,

she might have been overlooked, as unworthy the notice of a supercilious mind ; but those, who were most intimately acquainted with her, knew best the beauty of her hidden life. As a pure majestic stream it was, rolling its waters calmly onward to the ocean of eternity. If the winds of affliction ruffled it for a moment, it was only to impart to it, afterwards, a tranquillity more striking and lovely. In the expressive language of Scripture, ‘ her peace was as a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea.’ Looking earnestly for a better country, and deeply sensible how precarious was her hold of time, she had laboured with all diligence to be ready at the first intimation, to arise and depart to her everlasting rest. Thus to her, death was no unwelcome visitant ; and she now saw the ‘ King of terrors ’ approaching, and went forth to meet him with a smile.

For some years her health had been perceptibly declining ; and even at the period of her husband’s decease, the rapidly accumulating infirmities of age had greatly de-

bilitated her frame. Scarcely able to attend her child to the grave, while wistfully gazing on the bier which contained the beloved remains, as it slowly descended from her sight, she was heard to say: "Farewell, Emily! but only for a little. Thou art gone from me; but thy bereaved mother will not tarry long behind."

Not many months after, she found 'the judge at the door.' But she was not unprepared to open to him; and when 'there was a cry made,' it only sounded in her ears as the cheerful voice of the bridegroom, inviting her to enter into the joy of her Lord. Thither had ascended some who once were dear, and whose remembrance she fondly cherished: and she was now going to rejoin them. — Her last words were: "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." — To mark the spot where she reposes, a modest memorial stands; and the eye of the pensive wanderer may still trace this affecting and instructive epitaph:

*Passant, qui viens errer en ce lieu solitaire,
Arrête: ce terrain n'est pas un sol vulgaire.*

Cet ombrage est sacré. Aux brises du matin
 Il se plaint et gémit en murmure incertain :
 Là les restes glacés d'un enfant de lumière,
 Loin des ris et des pleurs, dorment en la poussière.
 Sa bouche en expirant fit entendre ces mots :
 " En ta croix, cher Sauveur, je trouve mon repos ! " *

Of the other actors in the scenes we have attempted to delineate, the tale is simply told. The eldest surviving son of du Blesne had not long returned with his brothers to join their respective regiments after the decease of their mother and sister, when he fell under the displeasure of his superior officer, a marshal in the service of France. The cause was never fully ascertained ; but the allegation was generally supposed to have been fictitious, as the affair was not

* Stranger ! whoe'er thou art, whose steps may stray,
 Thoughtless or sad, this solitary way,
 Pause here a moment : no unhallowed ground
 Is that thy wanderings of this hour have found.
 These shades are sacred. Where yon rising gales
 Tell in low murmurs their funereal tales,
 Far from each care that once her bosom heaved,
 And blest beyond what ever heart conceived,
 A christian sleeps—her last full hope confest :
 " In thee, dear Saviour, and thy cross, I rest ! " *

permitted to undergo a public investigation. Thus, for an imputed offence, was this gallant soldier thrown into prison, where he languished until a broken heart put a period to his sorrows. His indignant spirit could not brook the disgrace; and though a friend, who was allowed to visit him in his dying moments, bore testimony to the forgiving disposition he manifested, he gradually pined till nature sunk under the pressure. But let us not condemn. Though wounded pride may have hurried him immaturely to his grave, who is there who would not have felt under similar circumstances? His property, the residue of the estates, which his father had preserved amidst the ruin of his country, was seized on and appropriated to the enriching of his accuser; and the family mansion, which for so many ages had witnessed the happiness and hospitality of the du Blesnes, was levelled with the ground—and now tradition only informs the enquiring traveller where it stood. The trees, which had so long grown unmolested about it, were felled and sold, and at present

scarce a vestige remains of the former beauty of the glen.—Silent and solitary, with the voice of joy and the voice of gladness resounding in it no more, it seems left as a lasting, but sad, memento of the transitory nature of all earthly expectations, and the instability of sublunary things. Thousands, whose hearts once beat lightly amidst its pleasant places, are now laid in the dreariness and stillness of the grave. They were—buoyant with youth, elate with anticipation, and animated by hope: they *were*—but where *are* they? Gone, gone, gone, beyond the fellowship of sense and time: gone, to be judged in righteousness: gone, and their place shall know them no more for ever!

Involved in the destruction of the eldest was the youngest brother. Having warmly espoused the cause of his injured kinsman, and made use of some unguarded expressions relative to the conduct of his enemies, he was put under arrest, and eventually committed to one of those horrible dungeons, where so many lingered, during the different

‘reigns of terror,’ the wretched victims of cruelty and despair. From this he found means to get a letter conveyed to his sisters, informing them of his situation, and intreating them, as he was meditating his escape, which he hoped to be able to effectuate, to provide some place of secrecy for him, where he might elude the vigilance of his pursuers. This, though not without its threatening consequences to themselves, they gladly undertook ; but their little labour of love was needless.—The unfortunate writer was never heard of afterwards.

Adolphus, Albert’s second son, was, not long subsequent to the melancholy fate of his brothers, killed in action. He was commanded to attack a strongly intrenched post. Destruction was inevitable, and it was even whispered that he had been singled out on that account ; but he scorned to let a stigma attach itself to the character of a du Blesne, and he determined at every hazard to obey. Having asked and obtained permission to choose his men, he selected a brigade of Swiss, whom he had often proved in the hour

of danger. With these he pressed forward sword in hand ; and while leading the charge, and encouraging his brave band, with the words on his lips, “ Remember Switzerland ” —he received a rifle ball in his side. Taking an inward direction, it attained a vital part ; and the intrepid youth was carried insensible off the field. In this state he lay for a considerable time ; nor did he ever speak again, except to compassionate the desolate situation of his sisters. As he fetched the last deep groan, that dissevered the spirit from its mortal tenement, he exclaimed : “ My poor sisters ! ” —then, falling back into the arms of his faithful servant, who had followed him from his father’s, and had been his companion on many a trying day, he expired. Like the good Josiah of old, he died in war ; but there is every consolatory hope, that, with that pious king, he too was ‘ gathered to his grave in peace.’ He was of a most amiable disposition, and bore much of the reproach of Him, who was ‘ separate from sinners,’ often reproofing his thoughtless comrades, who ‘ wondered that

he would not run with them to the same excess of riot.' As he had lived beloved, so he fell lamented even by many who were incapable of appreciating, and unwilling to imitate, his virtues.

Thus were the daughters of an exemplary couple left without an earthly protector. Mysterious, often, is the conduct of Providence, relative to the people of its care. They are led by a way that they know not, and guided by an unseen, frequently by a dubious, hand. Yet are they still travelling onward, still drawing nearer the city of habitation, and their eternal home. If they meet with difficulties on their way—and doubt and darkness will occasionally envelope the steps of the pilgrim whose eye is heavenward—they need not be dismayed. They have a Friend 'who will be with them, and will keep them in all places whither they go.' He will give his angels charge concerning them, to compass their path, and encamp about their bed. Depressed and dejected they may be, for a season: but surely! they have nothing to apprehend.

Are they groaning and fainting under their cross!—Do they not bear it with Jesus? Are they wearied, and well nigh tempted utterly to despair!—Is there not a repose provided? Is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear? Or his arm shortened, that it cannot save? No, no! The mother may forget her helpless babe; but they will be had in remembrance, till they are finally beyond the reach of all that can harass, or alarm!

Until the alienation of their brother's estates, they had continued to reside in the mansion of their forefathers, changed indeed from what it had been to them in their earlier and happier days, yet still affording them 'a shadow from the heat, and a hiding place from the storm.' But, now, they were to go fatherless, bereaved and destitute, on the world. Oh! under such a complication of distress—driven on the threatening ocean of life, like the ship unhelmed upon tempestuous seas—without an eye to pity, or a hand to deliver—what must not have been the agonizing feelings of their hearts!

But there is 'a Father of the fatherless,'

as well as a ‘husband of the widow.’ With this assurance, we know, that ‘bread will be given them, while their waters shall be sure’—that ‘they will be hid in the secret of Jehovah’s presence from the pride of man, and kept secretly in his pavilion from the strife of tongues.’ And the hour will ere long arrive, yea, now is, when ‘the cry of the orphan shall cease, and sorrowing and sighing be for ever done away!’ Then, ‘they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’—It was rumoured, indeed, and generally credited, that Major and Mrs. Villaret, the pious friends of their parents, had received them under their roof, and adopted them as their own children. As they had removed, however, on the death of Mrs. du Blesne, to a distant part of Switzerland, this was never exactly ascertained.

We have now only to follow a little farther in the path of affliction the unhappy father of Alphonzo. De Mertenburg beheld his son, the sole heir of the honours and fortunes of his house, laid in his dreary resting place ; nor did he betray any sign of emotion, which would have led you to conclude that he saw his child—his last hope, committed to the grave. His eye wept not : his breast manifested no symptom of regret. He gazed on the funereal pomp—‘ the sad solemnities of death ’—as if unconscious of, and uninterested in, the mournful event, which had given occasion for their display.—Reason had forsaken her seat in the bosom of de Mertenburg. Misfortune met him with too wild an aspect, and his brain was unable to resist the shock.—Henceforth he became a wanderer. Far from the haunts of men, he seemed to seek in the loneliness of rocks and deserts some relief for a spirit that agitated him night and day. Like a tower, magnificent in solitude and ruin, and beat by the desolating winds of heaven, he dwelt uncheered, unsheltered, and alone.

**“Friendship for him had not a balm to shed :
Home was no more a refuge to his head.”**

Often in the silence of the night, would he stray along the battlements of his castle talking to himself. Often, the evening-traveller, detained on his way, would espy on the hill ‘the melancholy chief,’ and hurry onward with a trembling step. At times, he would burst into a strange delirious laugh, that would have frozen your heart with horror ; then cease with a sudden frightful shriek. Again as if speaking to his son, he would allude to family arrangements—but hastily checking himself, he would cry : “No ; I dream, I dream.” At intervals, he was observed as if in supplication, with his eyes uplifted ; and anon, while pacing alone the antique chambers of his dwelling, he was heard to exclaim : “The torrent ; the torrent ; save him ; save him ;” but he was never after known to utter the name of Alphonzo, or to visit the spot where he reposed in death.

At length, the domestics, who had missed him for a considerable time, going in search

of their poor master, and sorrowing in the thought that they might see his face no more, discovered him on the summit of a distant hill, which he had frequented in other days. He was kneeling on a rude altar, which it was conjectured he had erected for himself, of loose stones overlaid with sods. His hands were clasped as if in the act of prayer; and his eyes were turned towards the east, and fixed apparently on the sun rising in unclouded majesty at the moment. The little volume which Emily had given to Alphonzo on the evening of their last interview, and which the youth still grasped in his expiring moments, was lying open before him, as if he had been engaged in the devotions of his better hours. At first they supposed he was worshipping, and were unwilling to disturb him; but looking at him stedfastly, and perceiving no signs of animation, they approached him, and found the vital spark extinct. His muscles were indurated; and he still retained the posture of life, though the spirit appeared long to have quitted its desolate abode. His coun-

tenance had resumed much of that dignified composure, which had characterized his former years ; and while they beheld the pale visage, imagination would have traced a something depicted in it, which seemed to say to them : “ Weep not for me ! ”

They brought him home ; and on the morrow, as the last gleam of day-light was vanishing in the west, with the tribute of a few unaffected tears, buried him in the sepulchre of his fathers.

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTE a—(The contaminating circles of the soldiery of France).

IT fell to the lot of the author of this 'Tale,' during one of his pedestrian excursions to the Alps, to be overtaken by a mountaineer, who had fought the battles of Buonaparte. On the restoration of the Bourbons he had received his discharge, and was now going to revisit the wilds of his nativity. Desirous of witnessing the scene of his meeting with his aged parents, and the brothers and sisters he had left behind, I kept company with him, musing on 'The Switzer's Return', until he gained the spot which fancy represented so dear to him. The village where he was about to rest after his wanderings was sweetly situated, and though surrounded by bleak and inaccessible mountains, and exposed in winter to many a tempestuous blast, it seemed on that occasion to smile as in welcome of his arrival.

Descending a little hill, which had hid his cottage from our view, he espied his mother, who was at work in her garden. But, how much was I affected by the indifference with which he saluted her! Preserved amidst so many dangers, and permitted after so long an absence, to revisit in peace the country of his birth: granted, too, the unanticipated privilege of knowing, ere yet he had reached his home, that one at least of his parents was still in the land of the living, (for, if I recollect aright, he told me that there had been no mutual communications between himself and his family for six years), I had hoped to see him run up to her, and embrace her with all the warmth of filial tenderness. But, alas! the frivolity of the Frenchman, the *sang froid* of the Revolutionist, and a wish to be considered the *man of fashion*, were too conspicuous in all his deportment.

This incident, trivial perhaps in itself, could not but awaken many painful reflections.

NOTE *b*—(Torn from her embraces.)

The author once met a poor woman, the wife of a soldier, carrying an infant in its cradle up one of the most difficult passes of the Alps. She placed the cradle, with the infant secured in it, on

her head, and thus winded up the path, solitary, unassisted, and almost, as it seemed, broken-hearted. How much it grieved us to see her!—She informed us that her husband had long been away from her—doubtful, perhaps, whether he would ever return! Oh, if kings and princes would but reflect on the misery their ambition entails on so many thousands of their unhappy subjects, would they not cease to ‘learn war, and beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.’? But, alas! ‘the god of this world’ rules, but too generally, in the councils of ‘the kingdoms of the earth.’

NOTE c—(Whose face they were soon to see no more.)

The writer had occasion to know a striking instance of the detestation in which the French were held in Switzerland. But while he portrays the gloomy part of the picture, he would not overlook its brighter and more pleasing shades.

A Genevese lady, who had seen thousands torn from the arms of their wives and families by the conscription, made an effigy of Buonaparte, and a tomb of corresponding dimensions, both of very curious workmanship. These she kept beside her as a *sacred* deposit, with the intention of ‘bringing them forth to the people’, and display-

ing them in triumph after his death. In pondering these memorials of her hatred, as she has frequently declared to me, so awfully would the malice of her heart be excited, that she could have feasted her eyes with the torments of the unhappy being, in anticipation of whose decease they had been constructed. But, the hour was approaching, when the lion was to become a lamb, and when even a mind, so inveterate in evil, was to 'put away all wrath', and to intercede for this very man, whom she had once regarded with so demon-like an abhorrence.

Prevailed upon by the entreaties of her daughter, a young woman of eminent piety, to accompany her to a place where the Gospel was proclaimed as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, she heard the word, and it found in her bosom a soil prepared by grace to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. After many conflicts with flesh and blood, she at length avowed herself a disciple of Jesus—of him who was 'meek and lowly of heart'; and, desirous of giving proof of her sincerity, or rather as the natural effect of that Spirit of purification which she had received, she took her 'curious arts and books,' the effigy and tomb, to the house of him, who had been the minister of God to her for good, and related the circumstances connected

with their formation. She then said : “ Blessed be God, I have now learned other things. Poor wretch ! for such he is, I pity, and pray for him ; and in testimony of my change of feeling towards him, I have brought these monuments of my malice, and I here, in presence of you all, commit them to the flames.”

While we beheld them consuming, could we help lifting up our souls in gratitude to that Lord, who had thus made so signal a display of his forbearance, and at the age of sixty-one called this his ransomed one to the knowledge of himself, and taught her that old things were to be done away. To this lady, I have frequently listened with thankful astonishment, and mingled my tears with her's, while she spoke of that mercy, which had ‘ endured her with so much long-suffering’—which, for *sixty-one years*, as she emphatically said, had borne with her rebellion. Glory be to him, who thus ‘ passeth by the iniquity of the remnant of his heritage !’

NOTE *d*—(Thus were to be gratified the insatiable desires of a monster.)

The introduction to this narrative was written just about the period of the death of the unhappy wretch, whose conduct forms its most

striking feature. His crimes, indeed, were almost without a parallel, and the blood of millions crieth from the gore-stained field, from prisons, and from dungeons, against him. Yet, the writer of this note can affirm with truth, that he was deeply affected, when the tidings arrived that Buonaparte was no more. He thought of the height from which he had been hurled—the oceans of blood through which he had waded to a throne—the nature of his departure, as related by an eye-witness, full of pride and moroseness, as long as sense and feeling remained—above all, that awful tribunal whither he was gone to render up his account—and he was compelled to exclaim: ‘How wonderful are thy judgments, O Lord, and thy ways past finding out!’

Applicable, and just, as would be the sublimely fearful and indignant taunt of the prophet: ‘How hath the oppressor ceased! He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet; they break forth into singing. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou

also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They, that see thee, shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house: but thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch; as a carcase trodden under foot. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people.'—Just and applicable as all this would be, yet, were it not to hold him up as 'a beacon on the road to fame,' far should it be from the writer of these lines to notice him, or to triumph over an enemy humbled, and now for ever beyond our reach! He is gone—and

gladly would I bury his iniquities with him in the oblivion of death, and say with the poet:

“ Let the voice of his crimes be unheard in the grave !”

NOTE e—

(O Love of Empire ! For what deeds unblest,
Won't thy curst sway prepare the human breast ?)

On this subject the story of the unhappy, but, as far as we can judge, the once-ingenuous, Hazael is familiar to us all. ‘ What ! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing ?’ would seem to have been spoken in the sincerity of his heart : and yet, scarcely had the unfortunate youth withdrawn from the presence of Elisha, when he murdered his master. And, no doubt, he subsequently fulfilled all the horrors of the prophetic declaration. Surely, ‘ lead us not into temptation’ came from the lips of One, who ‘ knew what was in man !’

NOTE f—(Pursued by danger from the dissolving snow, or the detached rock.)

The devastations of the Avalanche are sometimes truly mournful. The author has seen the wasted tracks of these messengers of desolation, where there was, as it were, a highway formed through the centre of the forest that would have

impeded their progress. The trees were torn up, and shivered, and not a vestige of vegetation remained.

At particular seasons of the year it is extremely dangerous to pass in their vicinity. In the spring of 1818, there were two English families upon the route of the Simplon, when they were alarmed by a tremendous roar announcing the descent of an Avalanche. The post-boy of the hinder carriage, perceiving it was in front, instantly drew up, while the more advanced party pushed forward with all speed, and had just attained a place of safety, as the rolling volume* grazed the outer extremity of the wheel of their vehicle. What an awful moment! It required thirty men, and occupied them for four hours, to dig an opening through it, wide enough for a carriage to pass.

* It is generally supposed that the Avalanche slides: this, however, is a mistake. The mass of snow, which composes it, first disengages itself at the upper extremity from that of which it previously formed a part, and then slowly recedes, rolling like a snow-ball, and gradually increasing in size and velocity, until it reaches the bottom of the valley below.

The author once unconsciously came upon one in its incipient state, and before he was well aware of the danger that might attend his delay, had a most favourable opportunity for examining the progress of this destructive phenomenon.

The writer was once in imminent danger from a falling mass of rock. My companions and I had seated ourselves about midway up the acclivity of a high mountain, at whose summit we had been, and were reposing, tranquilly enjoying the prospect; when our attention was suddenly attracted by a loud noise above us. Turning our eyes simultaneously to the spot whence the sound proceeded, we perceived an immense stone hurrying towards us with fearfully accelerating velocity. Uncertain of the direction it might take, we ran different ways. Less fortunate than the others in escaping from the destruction that menaced us, I was not above three yards out of the line of its descent, when it bounded past with frightful rapidity. How grateful should we be for unseen protection! 'In the midst of life we are' indeed 'in death.'

NOTE g—(Come nigh their dwelling.)

As a pleasing contrast to this lamentable insensibility—an insensibility, it is true, which gave place in the sequel to feelings widely different—the author will perhaps be pardoned for relating the following anecdote, which his readers will, possibly, coincide with him in considering as not unworthy of a place in his

volume. We shall designate our little narrative by the title of

“The Alpine Strawberry Girl.”

A pretty looking girl, about fifteen years of age, had climbed with us the steep ascent, that leads from the valley of Chamounix to the Montanvert. In hopes of obtaining a few sous, she had gathered some wild strawberries, which grow in abundance on the sides of the mountains, and now offered them to us as a refreshment after our fatigue. Feeling a more than ordinary interest in our little companion from the superior intelligence her countenance indicated, and from the peculiar artlessness and suavity of her manners, we were drawn, perhaps, with a more than usual degree of warmth and affection, to endeavour to guide her feet in the ways of righteousness and truth. Accordingly, we entered into conversation with her, and giving it gradually a serious turn, not to alarm her prejudices, or awaken incautiously the still-latent sentiments of that animosity inherent in the unregenerate heart, we were agreeably surprised in finding a mind open to conviction, and already deeply impressed with the instability of all things human. My fellow-traveller asking her, if she ever thought of Eternity.—“ Ah! Sir,” she replied with affecting simplicity; “ how can I dwell amidst such frightful

rocks, which threaten to crush me every moment, and not think of Eternity?"

Anxious to receive further instruction in 'the things belonging to her peace,' she came to visit us, by appointment, at the hotel on the following morning, accompanied by a playmate, who, she was willing, should participate in whatever advantages were to be derived from our acquaintance. My friend, taking his little volume from his pocket, read to her some verses of the third chapter of John. Astonished at what she heard, for she appears to have had little or no knowledge of the Scriptures, she insensibly drew near him, and, with a *naïveté* truly touching, put her hand on his shoulder, and leaned forward, looking intently at the book, to assure herself, that what he told her was actually there. As he explained the solemn asseveration of our Lord: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:' the tear trembled in her eye,* and a new world seemed to open before her. The importance of vital religion, and a consciousness of her own want of it, appeared almost to overwhelm her.

We were thankful for having it in our power to

* One of them wept—but I cannot positively affirm which: both of them, however, were much affected.

leave with her a Testament, which she received with demonstrations of unfeigned joy. May the great Shepherd of the sheep accompany it with his blessing; and may she be found hereafter, if it be but, among the lambs of his fold!

NOTE h—(Still rules with a melancholy sway).

On one of the author's excursions to the higher cantons, the following affecting story was related to him; and as it may serve to illustrate this mournful assertion, he cannot prevail upon himself to withhold it from his readers.

In a village, sweetly situated at the foot of the lofty mountains, which gird the course of the Upper Rhone, lived a poor, but pious man. Desirous of 'bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord', he regularly assembled his family at the close of the day, and read a chapter of the Bible to them, making occasionally such simple remarks as he was able, and as he thought most likely, under the Divine blessing, to awaken their attention.

After a season, however, one of his daughters, who had now attained to years of maturity, began to express her disapprobation of this practice, which we would imagine so becoming the

character of an aged pilgrim, who felt that the best, perhaps the only, legacy he could bequeath his children, was the remembrance of a father, who had 'walked with God'—and, finally, she refused to attend his humble worship. Astonished and distressed at her behaviour, the good old man expostulated with her, with the utmost tenderness, and with many tears, endeavouring to recall her to a sense of the duty she owed alike to God and him—but in vain. She refused to listen to his entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to his warnings, and now frequently absented herself from the house.

On enquiry, it was found that a young man, a bigoted catholic was paying his addresses to her, and that he had been sedulously poisoning her mind with the evil principles of popery. And the fruits were manifest. More willing to imbibe the erroneous tenets of her admirer, than the pious instructions of her parents, and gradually becoming a true disciple of a church which passes over justice and judgment and faith, to tithe mint, anise, and cummin, and perform a thousand vain superstitions, she set filial duty at defiance, and ceased, even outwardly, to honour the authors of her being.

In process of time, she became the wife of this enemy of her Maker, and sworn foe of the reli-

gion, for which her simple and honest ancestors had bled. This was the concluding blow to the peace of her unhappy father. His death-warrant was now signed. His food was tears, and he went mourning all the day long. Insensibly, he ceased to feel interested in the things about him. His little farm was neglected; and his diminished flock wandered without the watchful superintendence of its master's eye. His ties to life seemed to be dissolved, and he often spoke of the quiet repose of the grave as a welcome deliverance from a world, which for him had lost all its attractions. His griefs, however, were destined to be of short duration; and he was soon to be called to a scene, where pain and suffering and sighing shall flee away, exemplifying in sad memorial the truth of that beautiful couplet:

“ The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

He had left the house, and gone to a courtyard, which had only one outlet, to give his cow her fodder for the night, when, in a moment, the adjacent level was deluged, and the waters burst into the area with irresistible violence. His terrified family called to him; but whether from his desponding state of mind, as it was generally supposed, he was unconscious of his danger, or whether he was unable to extricate himself, is

uncertain : but when the inundation had subsided, he was discovered lifeless beside the poor animal he had been feeding, and which had itself shared in its owner's unhappy fate.

The foregoing circumstances were related to the writer by one of his daughters, a very interesting young woman, and in every respect a contrast to her sister, who had thus brought the grey hairs of a fond father with sorrow to the grave.

NOTE i—(Notes of thanksgiving.)

For the gratification of our readers, we shall here present them with a morning and an evening hymn in French. They are selected from the only tolerable collection in that tongue, and are generally considered a fair specimen of French psalmodic poetry. For the benefit of any who may not be intimately conversant with the original language, we have attempted to clothe them in an English dress.

CANTIQUE DU MATIN.

I.

Brillante étoile du matin,
 Amène-nous un jour serein—
 Un jour de paix, de grâce :
 Comme une Aurore, dans nos cœurs
 Darde ta divine splendeur,
 Et ta douce efficace.

. II.

Agneau, Flambeau de ma vie !
 Je te prie,
 Viens éclairer
 Tous mes pas, par ta lumière.

(TRANSLATION.)

MORNING HYMN.

I.

Bright morning star, of gentle sway,
 Serene in peace, and love ;
 Come, bring our waiting eyes a day
 Of healing from above.

II.

Fair as the blushing dawn, when night,
 And angry clouds, have fled ;
 Rise in our hearts with heavenly light,
 And thy sweet influence shed.

III.

Atoning Lamb ! O hearken while
 I lift my voice, and pray :
 Light of my life, around me smile,
 And brighten all my way !



CANTIQUE DU SOIR.

I.

Puissé-je dire que j'aime
 Mon Dieu d'un amour parfait !
 O félicité suprême !
 Mais, mon Sauveur ! qui pourroit

Exprimer la jouissance
 D'un cœur de toi tout épris ?
 Il trouve, par tes souffrances,
 Dès ici le paradis.

II.

Fais que mon cœur ne respire,
 O Jésus, que ton amour :
 Que mon esprit te désire,
 Pour t'être uni nuit et jour.
 Pendant que mon corps sommeille,
 Demeure si près de moi,
 Qu'à l'instant que je m'éveille,
 Je me retrouve avec toi !

(TRANSLATION.)

EVENING HYMN.

I.

Could I but say I loved my God
 With love that banish'd fear ;
 Light o'er my days 'twould sweetly shed—
 And I—how happy here !

II.

But ah, my Saviour ! who can tell
 The bliss that heart would know,
 Which drew from thee its chiefest joy ?
 —'Twere paradise below !

III.

Then grant, O Lord, my soul round thee
 Each hope, each thought, may twine ;
 While one dear wish inspires my breast—
 —To be, for ever, thine !

IV.

And now, while nature seeks repose,
Abide so near to me,
That when I wake, I still, loved Lord,
May find myself with thee !

NOTE *j*—(A worthy Pastor.)

A poor and despised, but humble and pious, labourer in the vineyard of his Lord. It was he, who communicated the particulars, whence the author derived the subject of his 'Tale'. This good man, now himself soon to be laid unto his fathers, still retraces with pleasure his visits, in years long since mingled with the stream of time, to the residence of du Blesne.

He informed me that his little memoir had been blessed to the conversion of a soul. May the great Head of the Church deign to acknowledge, in a similar manner, the unworthy but sincere desire of the author of the present narrative, to advance the interests of his kingdom !

NOTE *k*—(With the most touching fervour.)

This custom is not uncommon in many parts of the continent, where vital religion prevails. The author was witness to a similar scene, when visiting the descendants of the ancient Albigen-

ses, or rather perhaps those with whom they have become identified. The assembly was numerous, consisting of from twenty to thirty persons. The pastor, after reading a chapter from the New Testament, which he accompanied with a simple but instructive exposition, called upon an interesting girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age, to conclude with prayer. After hesitating for a moment, she did so, though with much diffidence, and an emotion, arising possibly from the presence of a foreigner, which at first almost prevented utterance. In a little, however, she became more calm and collected; and it was truly edifying to hear her supplications on our behalf. Her intercessions for her beloved pastor, who had been 'the minister of God to her for good,' were peculiarly beautiful and affecting. "Give thy servant grace, O Lord," (thus she prayed), "to preach the Gospel of thy dear Son. May he be faithful in the discharge of his duty; and may many be turned, through his instrumentality, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

The writer recurs to this touching solemnity with many pleasing recollections, and well remembers breathing the secret ejaculation:—"Would that I could pray like that infant!" Real godliness, however, is rarely to be met with amongst that once-favoured people.

NOTE 1—(Banished from too many an Alpine threshold.)

On this subject, the following anecdote, in testimony that there still exists, occasionally, among the inhabitants of the Alps, the more generous feelings of other times, will require no apology. It was related to me by the person himself, when I was with him in the neighbourhood.

Mr. C. one of the pious missionaries, by whose laborious exertions the spiritual miseries of the continent of Europe are explored, after visiting the valley of St. Martin, set out in the evening to return to that of Luzerne. As it was his first visit to the wilds of the Waldenses, he was of course unacquainted with the various intricate passes of the mountains, and ignorant of the site of the different hamlets, as of their respective distances from each other. The weather, though it might be gloomy, as is frequently the case amidst these bleak hills, was not unfavourable for his journey, as he travelled on foot; and he had no doubt but he could easily reach the banks of the Pelis before night-fall.

He gained the summit of the mountain, which forms the line of demarcation between the valleys, but not as soon as he had expected. The ascent was difficult, the path was devious, and he was unaccustomed to Alpine steeps. From the

height, as he gazed with an anxious eye, the villages seemed to have receded. His imagination had pictured them immediately below the hill, but he now beheld them so remote, that they were scarce discernible in the distance. His courage began to fail him, and many a secret apprehension already rose unacknowledged in his breast. The night was advancing rapidly, however, and not a moment was to be trifled away in hesitation. He descended with a quickened pace—and almost at every step the way appeared to lengthen. The scattered hamlet was imperceptible, except perhaps from some twinkling and dubious light, which denoted the arrival of the villagers' hour of rest. Soon, no human habitation was visible—the winds of night began to murmur mournfully around him—the shades were deepening—and he was alone on an inhospitable mountain, without a hand to conduct him, or a voice to animate.

His anxiety, as may be easily conceived, was now extreme. Uncertain even of the direction in which the village where he had hoped to sleep lay, (for such was his uneasiness, combined with the darkness which had so suddenly enveloped him, that he actually forgot the points of the compass, with which the traveller of the desert will always be familiar, if he have regard for his

safety,) he knew not whither to turn. At every few yards he stopped, and listened, if haply some noise that indicated a human abode might reach his ears: but, if one moment his spirits were cheered at the thought that he was approaching a friendly habitation, the next his heart sunk within him, as he heard the fallacious sound die away in the dreary expanse. At one time he imagined he caught the bark of a dog, and he ran with all the speed which the darkness, and his weary limbs permitted, towards the spot from whence the gladdening note seemed to proceed; but too soon he found it was only the dismal moan of the nightblast, as it swept through the caverns of the mountain.

He now began to despond, and gave himself up for lost. The only hope that remained, the path which he had hitherto followed, eluded his anxious search. He was exhausted with hunger and fatigue. His limbs shook beneath him from agitation and weakness; and in the expressive language of scripture, 'his soul fainted within him.' He saw nothing before him but a houseless night, and ere the morrow dawned he would, in all probability, be no more. Fancy represented him as a prey to the wolf of the evening, or perishing from the chill and piercing cold of Alpine heights. He thought of home—

his family—his friends—and the melancholy sigh would not be repressed. He, whom he served, however, was with him to deliver. ‘From the ends of the earth’ he cried unto Him, and He had mercy upon him.

His situation was now truly distressing. Pensive, and dejected, he stood, turning his eyes in every direction, in hope to descry some light to which he might bend his way. Just at this instant he heard something moving beside him, but he could not distinguish for a time what it was, so dark had it become. At length it stopped before him, and stooping down to examine it, he found it was a little dog. The idea instantly suggested itself, that the animal was not far from its home, and that it was, probably, at the moment, going to seek shelter for the night. He accordingly followed the friendly messenger, and after a walk of considerable anxiety, though alleviated by hope, he thought he discerned a cottage. He approached it, and it proved to be the abode of a poor shepherd and his wife. They were in bed, but rose immediately on hearing the voice of a benighted stranger, imploring protection. With ‘busy haste,’ and with a cheerfulness that bespoke the pleasure it gave them to assist a fellow-creature in distress, they kindled a fire, and provided the best supper their penury

could afford. This concluded, and when 'the man of God' had told them his simple tale, and declared his errand to their wilds, they kneeled in prayer; and, no doubt, He was with them, who promised that where two or three are met together in his name, there he would be to bless them, and that 'a cup of cold water,' given for His sake, should in no wise lose its reward. A little bed, such as their slender accommodations could supply, had been made in a corner of their cabin, and there the missionary thankfully reclined his weary limbs.

Next morning, the good shepherd and his humble partner were up betimes, and when their guest awoke, he found a breakfast consisting of all the delicacies, the deep poverty of his kind hosts could procure, ready for him to partake of. Surely it was an affecting sight! But the hour arrived when the missionary must be going on his way—he had to preach to others of the lost children of Adam. Again they kneeled in supplication, and he committed his kind benefactors, doubtless with tender solemnity, to God and the word of his grace. About to bid them farewell, he took out his purse, himself not rich—but they positively refused to accept of the smallest remuneration, assuring him that they were more than repaid, and asking only an interest in his prayers.

NOTE m—(Did not permit him to purchase exemption.)

A French gentleman, an acquaintance of the author's, affirmed that, if Buonaparte had remained so long on the throne he had usurped, as to call out the conscription of another year, it would have cost him £1,500 to obtain a substitute for his son.—Such were the blessings of the sceptre of Napoleon!

[See p. 98, Vol. I.]

(A lineal descendant of the great and good Philip de Mornay.)

Philip de Mornay, Lord of Plessis Marly, was born at Buhy in French Vexin, in 1549. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, which had produced several distinguished characters, and he himself at a very early age gave indications, that, if life were spared to him, he would not dishonour the stem from which he sprung. Being removed to Paris, when as yet a youth, he prosecuted his studies there with such application and success as to excite universal attention, learning, at that period, as the author of the *Henriade* remarks, being a very rare qualification in a man of rank, and soon acquired a reputation for abilities and erudition, which was destined to shine brighter

and brighter as his talents matured with his years.

Being a younger son, de Mornay was designed by his father for the church, as an easy and lucrative profession; but his uncle, who intended to resign a valuable benefice in his favour, dying before he had taken orders, the plan was rendered abortive; and his mother soon after embracing the tenets of the reformation, and effectually labouring, under the blessing from above, to instil them into the mind of her son, Philip at once abandoned every prospect of the preferment he had just reason to anticipate—like the Apostle of the Gentiles, conferring not with flesh and blood, when temporal advancement was laid in the balance against duty to God.

When the massacre of St. Bartholomew had warned the Huguenots of what they had reason to expect from the malice of their more powerful enemies, Mornay fled from France, and visited successively, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and England, forming acquaintance as he proceeded with several of the most eminent characters of the day. Though very young when he set out upon his travels, to his honour be it remarked, or rather to the praise of Him who ordered his goings, that the votary Pleasure was absorbed in the Philosopher and

the Christian. In the countries through which he passed, he examined whatever was worthy of notice, making such observations on men and things as might be of use to him in after-life; thus storing his mind with useful knowledge, and preparing himself for those labours by which he subsequently rendered such signal services to his own immediate connexions, and to the church of Christ at large.

In 1576, Mornay avowed himself publicly as the enemy of the popish persecutors, and took up arms in defence of those who groaned so heavily beneath their yoke. He not long after presented himself at the court of the king of Navarre, so celebrated in the sequel under the title of Henry IV. of France, who received him very graciously, and appointed him to one of the first places in his council. So sensible was that discerning prince of his probity and talents, and such was his confidence in his integrity, that he chose him for his most important embassies, never giving him any other instructions than a *carte blanche* with his signature annexed. While Henry continued attached to the reformed religion, du Plessis was abundant in labour in his service, and alike ready to serve him with his sword and pen; but when that unhappy monarch finally abandoned his former adherents, and, to

secure his throne, turned his back upon every hope of heaven, and every duty he owed to God, Mornay, his friend and subject, reproached him in the severest terms, and ultimately withdrew from court.

The remaining period of his life was usefully and honourably employed in supporting the principles of the reformation, which he did in various much esteemed treatises, still extant. His best work, and that which has most contributed to establish his reputation as a theologian, is that which bears the title of "The Truth of the Christian Religion." This book was dedicated to Henry IV. who had not yet ascended the throne of France.

In the following year a translation from his own pen appeared in Latin, the language generally adopted by the learned of that period in their theological discussions. In his preface he thus speaks: "As a Frenchman, I have endeavoured to serve my own country first; and as a Christian, the universal kingdom of Christ next."

It is observed of him by Baillet, that the Protestants of France had great reason to be proud of having such a man as Mornay du Plessis of their party; a gentleman, who, besides the nobleness of his birth, was distinguished by

many fine qualities both natural and acquired. Another writer, himself a Catholic, remarks, that error never had an abettor more capable of giving it validity. *

The author of the *Henriade* has presented us with the following brief, but not inelegant sketch of the character of his distinguished countryman:

Mornay, son confident, mais jamais son flatteur,
Trop vertueux soutien du parti de l'erreur,
Qui, signalant toujours son zèle et sa prudence,
Servit également son église et la France ;
Censeur des courtisans, mais à la cour aimé,
Fier ennemi de Rome, et de Rome estimé.†

He died in the full hope of the gospel, and in the 75th year of his age, at his baronial seat of La Forêt-sur-Seure in Poictou, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, many of whom

* L'erreur n'eut jamais de soutien plus capable de l'accréditer.

† Mornay—that friend in adverse seasons tried,
Pity such virtue were on error's side !
Mornay—whose heart, from truth untaught to swerve,
Dared not to flatter, though 'twould bleed to serve,
Promoting still, by prudence and by zeal,
As well his country's as his church's weal ;
Beloved at court, to courtiers though a foe †
Esteem'd by Rome, though bent on Rome's o'erthrow.

were walking in the steps of their father. These he ceased not to exhort to persevere in their christian profession, and to continue faithful even unto the end, until utterance failed, and his lips were sealed in death.

The writer of the foregoing memoir once met with an old volume, which was in the possession of a friend in Switzerland, in which was a very interesting account of the last moments of Philip de Mornay. He regrets, however, that his memory only furnishes the remark, with which he has concluded his notice of that excellent man.

NOTE n—(When sinking into the grave, the consolatory hope, &c.)

The following anecdote will be found a melancholy contrast to this pleasing scene of Christian anticipation.

Strolling one morning along the shore of the Mediterranean, near to the spot where Buonaparte landed on his return from Elba, I observed a fisherman walking backwards and forwards beside his boat, as I conjectured. His arms were folded across his breast: his feeble step denoted a debilitated frame: and his dejected look indicated the despondency of his mind. I approached and accosted him:

“ You are an old man ?”

“ Yes.”

“ What age are you ?”

“ I am eighty years of age ?”

“ That is a long time to live ?”

“ Ah, it's too long ! It's too long !” (C'est trop ! C'est trop !)

The abruptness of his address—the tone in which he spoke, betokening a gloomy dissatisfaction—all comfort gone here, without a hope hereafter—almost overwhelmed me. “ Oh,” my soul ejaculated, “ that that withered heart could hear and receive those tidings of great joy, which have brought life and immortality to light !”

NOTE o—(Their dear boys would be preserved.)

There was ‘ a son of consolation’ even in the armies of Buonaparte. In the simple story of this man, the faithfulness of God is strikingly exemplified. By birth a Swiss, and descended from pious parents, he had been educated with much solicitude, and a blessing seemed to rest on the labours and prayers of those to whose care he had been committed. At length the period arrived when he was to follow his countrymen,

and carry arms in the cause of the usurper. It was now that his faith was to be tried. His little Bible was his companion, and almost the only one, of his melancholy way. For a season he was diligent in reading and prayer: but he was finally led by the wicked companions, with whom he was compelled more or less to associate, to discard his studies, and abandon a throne of grace.

In this situation years passed away. He served in many campaigns, and received numerous wounds—still, however, protected from death, and guided in eventual safety by an unseen hand. There was an eye over him for good. His iniquity was visited with the rod; but the loving-kindness of a Redeemer did not suffer his faithfulness utterly to fail. He was brought back to his Bible—to his retirement—to his knees. His sins were placed in the light of God's countenance; but, through the riches of Divine grace, they were not hid from his own. He threw himself at the foot of the cross: he 'looked on him whom he had pierced, and mourned:' but his sorrow was of a godly kind, and wrought 'a repentance unto salvation not to be repented of.'

The writer has often found it sweet to talk with this humble and 'devout soldier,' and listen to the simple narrative of his sufferings, and his

mercies. When I was acquainted with him, he resided in Ferney, where he had occasionally the benefit of hearing a pious minister. He was much broken in constitution from his wounds and hardships, but appeared to be journeying in tranquil expectation to his eternal home, earning 'his bread in the sweat of his brow', and wishing to pass his days, unmolested and unmolested. A little present I made him of a few religious books, which are scarcely to be met with in the French language, was very gratefully received: and I afterwards learned, that he had expressed himself as having been much comforted and edified by the perusal of them.—I was thankful to be permitted to help this poor outcast of Israel on his way.

NOTE *p*—(Permitted to retain the inheritance of their fathers.)

The author, while rambling with a friend along the banks of the lake on the side of Savoy, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles from Geneva, accidentally came upon the premises of a nobleman as we conjectured, though we could not ascertain his rank. He was then far advanced in years, but of a most dignified appearance, carrying in his exterior the man 'bred in courts.' He had, at the period alluded to, just returned

from exile ; and it was truly melancholy to see him wandering like a shade amidst his dilapidated possessions. His chateau was in ruins, his grounds uncultivated, his garden over-run with weeds, his walls broken down, and himself in poverty, and tottering to the grave. He received us, however, with the utmost courtesy, took us through his demesne, shewed us its favourable points, walked with us through his vineyard, which was beautifully situated on a declivity by the water-side ; then, turning to his once-comely mansion, said : “ I was going to repair it, when the French came.”

We left him, grateful for his attentions, and pitying his misfortunes.

NOTE q—(Alarms the unsuspecting villagers.)

It not unfrequently happens in the severity of the winter, that the ‘ wolf of the evening’ will extend its predatory incursions to the very gates of Geneva. A friend of mine informed me, that he had himself seen the traces of one of these dangerous visitors in the neighbourhood of his residence.

Some few years ago three peasants coming to market were met in a wood, which covers the sides of a hill a league or two distant from Ge-

neva, by a troop of these ferocious animals, which attacked and devoured them, leaving only some faint vestiges to tell the melancholy event.

NOTE —(And repeat it to a thousand echoes.)

The following description of a storm, contemplated from the banks of the lake, will present those of our readers, who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing a similar scene, with some faint idea of the magnificence of such a spectacle, viewed from such a place.

“The sky is changed! and such a change: Oh, night
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong;
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of pardon to the spirit! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!”

“And this is in the night: most awful night!
How deep thy voice of warning! Let me be
Humble, and thoughtful, at so dread a sight,
As if my soul might pass to God in thee!
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the large drops come trembling to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and I would flee
From the loud hills, and their appalling mirth.—
Not so the morning-stars did joy them o'er their birth!”

" Now dark and dreary, where the rapid Rhone
 With Arva blends,* the tempest rides in wrath ;
 Yet turns, and looks upon his way, anon ;
 And back the lightning shoots along his path—
 As it would show what energy it hath.
 Again it thunders on the Jura's crest ;
 That you would think she scarce could fetch her breath,
 'Midst the wild uproar rolling o'er her breast.—
 Now all is hushed and still :—the storm has sunk to rest !"

* Though the Arva falls into the Rhone at but a short distance below Geneva, their waters, which are of a totally opposite nature, the one being clear as crystal, the other dark and muddy, run far together, side by side, before they amalgamate, furnishing a spectacle well worthy the contemplation of the naturalist.

[See p. 231-2, Vol. I.]

(Lay mangled in the Louvre by the dagger
 of Ravailac.)†

Amidst the eulogies which have been lavished on Henry IV. of France, it may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in one, so little qualified to speak upon the subject, to offer an opinion,

† After his assassination, the mangled corpse was laid bleeding and uncovered in the Louvre, where it remained until the ferment of the public mind had in some degree subsided.

much more to question the justness of that veneration with which his memory is cherished. As the circumstances of our narrative, however, have brought him before us, it may not, possibly, be altogether irrelevant to the design with which our story has been begun and conducted, to make a few brief observations on his character.

That he was benevolent as a ruler, able as a politician, skilful and fortunate as a commander, valiant as a soldier, and generous as a man, are subjects on which the suffrages of his contemporaries, and of every succeeding age, are unanimous; and whether we survey him on the throne, in the cabinet, or in the field, we are compelled alike to acknowledge him as distinguished by no ordinary qualities. But it is not in this light that we have to consider him at present. A point of view far more interesting, and instructive, offers itself to the contemplation of the Christian. *His* thoughts are stretched beyond the narrow limits of time, and of a world that is passing rapidly away, and dwell on their occurrences, only, as connected with an unchanging scene!

To a mind, actuated by feelings similar to these, Henry IV. must present a subject of mournful meditation. Raised up, as he seemed to be, for a nursing father to the reformation,

then apparently hanging doubtful in the balance—endowed with pre-eminent talents, and uniting with the dignity of a sovereign the most engaging affability of manners, nor yet unable to discern between truth and error—we cannot but think him to have been peculiarly called upon to strengthen the hands of those who sought the peace of Jerusalem, just rising again, as it were, from the ruins of idolatry and superstition. His apostacy, therefore, at so critical a conjuncture, cannot but be contemplated by every pious breast with sensations of the deepest regret. But alas! in the whole course of Henry's life, if we except a promising interval when under the guardianship of a pious mother, and during the commencement of his public career, there is nothing which can lead us to suppose him vitally converted to the truth; and it will, consequently, be less matter of surprise, when we find him, at the memorable epoch of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, instead of boldly confessing his Redeemer, and going with him to prison and to death, refusing to participate in the sufferings of his persecuted disciples, shrinking from the danger, and ashamed of the obloquy of the cross.

In the view of the politician, Henry may possibly be excused for denying that faith, which he

had once embraced with so much apparent zeal and attachment. In doing so, he was, ostensibly, yielding to the unanimous solicitations of a powerful kingdom, while at the same time his compliance would enable him to protect the party he abandoned. But, are we to do evil, that good may come? Was Henry, for the attainment of any temporal end, to turn his back on the Gospel, and become an avowed defender of tenets and ceremonies he secretly despised? Let those, 'who mind earthly things,' hold such a sentiment—but far as the east is from the west, be it removed from the Christian!

On this melancholy occasion it was, that Philip de Mornay demonstrated the steady principles of rectitude which governed his conduct. Though bound to his unfortunate master by many ties of gratitude, interest, and affection, he nevertheless did not permit him to take such a step without severely reproaching him. But, unhappily, the praise of men was more valued than the praise of God; and the splendour of a Parisian court preferred to the glorious reversion of a crown, whose lustre would never tarnish or decay; and the voice of his faithful counsellor was drowned in the anticipation of enjoyments, the futility of which he was destined so lamentably to prove.

His apologist, it is true, may throw his vices into the shade, or deem them venial errors; a 'world that lieth in wickedness' may palliate and excuse them; and the votary of pleasure may imitate their dangerous example: yet, were they such as the Eternal Spirit has declared, that whoso is guilty of them God will judge—judge with unbiassed impartiality, for He respecteth not the person of any, and will render unto every man according to his deeds. And, when we reflect on that fearful tribunal at which the dagger of Ravallac sent this unhappy monarch so suddenly to appear,* the mind instinctively turns, and shudders while it does so, to the terrific denunciation; 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul that doeth evil.'

* It is related by Guy Patin, though Sully says he could never trace the rumour to any authentic source, that Ravallac had a brother who died in Holland, and who declared in his last moments, that, if François (the assassin) had failed in his meditated enterprize, he was himself ready to make a similar attempt to revenge the injury Henry had done their family, in enticing their sister from the home of her nativity, and afterwards throwing her bereft of character, and destitute of subsistence, on the world. O that such awful instances of retributive justice may induce us to walk circumspectly, and invite, and, under a higher influence, win us to the faith and fear of God!

France may boast of such a ruler, for, as a king, he added to her laurels, and consolidated her empire; but to those who regard him as placed in a commanding sphere of action, and singled out, as one would almost have believed from the early tenour of his life, to be a blessing to the age in which he was born, and then survey him an apostate, debased by the lowest vices, and terminating an abused existence by an untimely and awful death—surely his example will proclaim, with no common voice of admonition, that the path of the Christian, in peace and retirement fulfilling the appointed duties of his station, however humble or obscure, is infinitely to be preferred to the glitter of a throne, surrounded by all the pageantry of human grandeur. A deceitful heart may imagine a temporal kingdom, a possession worthy of an everlasting risk; but the disciple of the Redeemer, though despised and rejected, like his master, while, to use the simple but beautiful metaphor of the poet,

“ In the chariot of redeeming love
He sweetly travels the celestial road,”

will consider its honours, as snares and temptations, almost too mighty for flesh and blood, and will rejoice, and be thankful, that his lot on earth is lowly, and himself withdrawn from the

dangers ever attendant on, we might almost have said, inseparably connected with, an elevated station.

[See p. 6, Vol. II.]

(He was discovered asleep in the morning by a pretty peasant girl, who, ignorant of his rank, awoke him, saying it was dangerous to sleep there, and, observing him exhausted, offered him some milk which she was bringing from the mountain, and whom he afterwards made the partner of his throne.)*

Gustavus III. King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the way-side. He went up to her, and asked her for a drink. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with the most

* Though the anecdote here related has no immediate or necessary connexion with the interesting circumstance alluded to in the narrative, the author hopes his readers will not be displeased at his introducing it in this place.

artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress: "My pretty girl," said he, "if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, Sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, and I am sure from your manner you do not wish to deceive me, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist; or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties nature and affection require from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were already interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bed-stead, whose only covering was a handful of straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking

under an accumulation of infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her : “ I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition.”

“ Alas, Sir,” answered the venerable sufferer, “ I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good !” she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature, though his subject, for once almost overpowered him ; and, putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say : “ Continue to take care of your mother. I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good by, my amiable girl—you may depend on the promise of your king.”

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with reversion to her daughter at her demise. Would that many such anecdotes could be related of princes and rulers !

NOTE s—(The melancholy, but elegant and affecting lines of poor Tasso).

The stanza alluded to was written by its unfortunate author during the long captivity in which he was so unjustly detained by the Duke of Ferrara ; and it is supposed to be the only production of his pen during the eleven years of his imprisonment. It is as follows :

Tu che ne vai in Pindo,
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi,
Ch' io son dagli anni, e da fortuna oppresso.

“Thou that goest to Pindus, where my harp hangs on a cypress, salute it in my name, and tell it, that I am weighed down with years and misfortunes.” — It is not to be wondered at, indeed, that a mind unsupported by the hopes of the gospel, however naturally vigorous, should sink under such a complication of suffering. The writer of this note visited the place of his confinement. It is a miserable cell, about twelve feet square, into which the sun never shines. Here it was that the far-famed author of the ‘Jerusalem Delivered,’ dragged out so many years of a wretched existence.—Now, he and his accuser are alike summoned to their account.

A heathen could feel the transitory nature of all sublunary things, and exclaim ; “Fugit irrevocabile tempus—omnibus una sors accidit.” But what was his deduction ? “Carpe diem :”—“Enjoy the present,”

“And snatch the fleeting moment as it flies.”

Let us, however, examine on this subject the records of Inspiration ; and their superiority will be apparent to the most unthinking mind. ‘This I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth that they that weep, be as though they wept not ; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not ; and they that use this world, as not abusing it, (or, as the passage might perhaps be better rendered, as though they used it not), for the fashion of this world passeth away.’ But what conclusion is drawn from this melancholy picture of the instability of this mortal scene ? ‘Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.’ Again : ‘let us, therefore, labour to enter into that rest’—for, ‘how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ?’—‘and the night cometh wherein no man can work.’ How different the language of the Redeemer from the stoical apathy, and the

listless voluptuousness of the heathen!—‘If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.’

NOTE 1—(The pledges of a Redeemer’s dying love).

The custom which prevailed in the primitive churches at the admission of young persons to the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper on Whit-sunday, (so called from the dress in which the candidates, more especially the female part, appeared on that occasion), is still retained in many of the foreign protestant ecclesiastical communities.

The young women, clothed in white, are seated on one side of the pulpit, and the young men in suitable apparel on the other. They are then addressed by the minister, who explains to them the nature and import of the institution, and sets before them the duties and conversation becoming the avowal of their faith in, and allegiance to, the King of Zion. His discourse concluded, they are admitted alone, without any of the congregation participating in the ordinance, to the public profession of followers of the Redeemer.

The scene is often solemn and imposing, and the effect correspondingly striking, many of the young candidates, particularly the female part, being frequently bathed in tears.

NOTE *u*—(He was instantly overwhelmed.)

The devastations occasioned by the fall of the glacier of Gétroz, and the consequent accumulation of the waters of the Dranse, with its attendant effects, an instance of which is here alluded to, are occasionally found mentioned in the history of Switzerland. In the 'Conservateur Suisse' an account is preserved of a tremendous inundation, which occurred in the sixteenth century. It is thus noticed by the native of an adjoining canton, who visited the scene of desolation soon after the last of these awful visitations.

"It is beyond doubt, that the Dranse has more than once, in those remote ages of which no memorial has been handed down to posterity, laid waste this beautiful district. Several of our national historians, however, speak of a frightful inundation which took place in the course of the sixteenth century. Though they differ in opinion as to the cause of the melancholy catastrophe, some attributing it to an earthquake,

others to the fall of a mountain which impeded the current of the Dranse, but which was indubitably occasioned, as of late, by the bursting of a lake formed in the valley below, they are unanimous in affirming, that a hundred and forty lives were lost on the occasion, five hundred houses overwhelmed, and all the bridges above that of St. Maurice, where the valley widens, and where, consequently, the violence of the current would be diminished, swept away. To this detail we may add the destruction of the village of Bagnes, with its baths, which were at that time in high estimation, and some galleries which had been just opened into a silver mine in the vicinity. The chronicles of that period disagree with respect to the year in which this inundation happened, some referring it to 1545, others to 1595; but it would seem to be pretty accurately determined by some records which are still in existence. They are as follow:

1st. On a beam in the ceiling of a house in the Cortey de Bagnes, are these letters, with the intervening date:—M. O. F. F. 1595. L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G. of which the following explanation is given by Mr. Vaudan, late Mayor of Bagnes:

Maurice Olliet fait faire 1595, l'an que Bagnes fut inondé par le glacier de Gétroz.

(Erected by Maurice Ollet, in the year that Bagnes was inundated by the glacier of Gétroz.)

2nd. In the village of Martigny, these words are still to be seen engraved upon a beam in the house of Mr. Gay, the painter :

Submersio Burgi Martigniaci planitiei, 4 Juni 1595, inundatione aquæ Dranciæ provenientis è valle Bagnarum, loco appellato Mauvoisin. (The borough-town of Martigny and the adjacent plain were inundated by the waters of the Dranse, coming from a place called Mauvoisin, in the valley of Bagnes.)

3rd. In the memoirs of Mr. Ignatius, (still extant in MS.) himself an eye-witness of the circumstance, the following note is found :

1595, die 25 Maii, maxima inundatio aquarum prorumpentium ex valle Bagnearum; submersio Burgi Martigniaci; deletio agrorum pagorumque intra paucas horas. Perière 70 homines noti, de ignotis non fit mentio: cæteris verò juga salutem quærentibus, omni fortunâ ablata. Ditissimi pauperrimi facti. (On the 25th of May, 1595, there was a dreadful inundation, occasioned by waters issuing violently from the valley of Bagnes. In the space of a few hours, the borough-town of Martigny was overflowed, and the fields and villages in the neighbourhood destroyed. Seventy gentlemen

of fortune perished, besides those of inferior rank, of whom no mention is made. Others, who sought shelter in the mountains, have been reduced to a state of the most absolute destitution. Those who were the richest among us are now in the most abject poverty.) The only disagreement observable in these accounts is in the date, which is immaterial, the difference being merely that of a few days. A greater degree of credit, however, appears to attach itself to the latter, as it is related by an eyewitness of the event he records.*

The most recent of these inundations occurred

* Sans doute, l'indomptable Dranse a plus d'une fois dévasté cette belle contrée, dans ces anciens temps dont on n'a conservé aucun souvenir : mais plusieurs de nos historiens nationaux parlent d'une inondation affreuse arrivée dans le cours du seizième siècle. Ils sont tous d'accord à rapporter qu'elle fit périr 140 personnes, qu'elle anéantit plus de 500 batiments, qu'elle entraîna tous les ponts jusqu'à celui de St. Maurice ; qu'elle détruisit le bourg central de Bagnes, ses bains alors très fréquentés, et les galeries ouvertes depuis peu pour exploiter une mine d'argent. Mais, s'ils sont d'accord sur ces détails, ils ne le sont, ni sur la cause de ce malheur, qu'ils attribuent les uns à un tremblement de terre, les autres à une chute de montagne dans la Dranse, et qui incontestablement venait, comme la dernière débâcle, de l'écoulement subit d'un lac formé au fond de la vallée, ni sur sa date, que la moitié de nos chroniques placent en 1544,

in the summer of 1818. The spot was visited by the writer of these pages immediately subse-

et l'autre en 1595 : cette dernière est la véritable, comme nous en allons fournir les preuves à nos lecteurs.

1. Sur une poutre du plafond d'une maison au Cortey de Bagnes, sont encore ces lettres initiales :

M. O. F. F. 1595. L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G.

M. Vaudan, ancien Maire de Bagnes, en donne l'explication suivante : *Maurice Olliet fait faire 1595, l'an que Bagnes fut inondé par le glacier de Gétroz.*

2. Au bourg de Martigny, on lit ces mots dans la maison de M. le peintre Gay :

Submersio Burgi Martigniaci et planitiei 4 Juni 1595, inundatione aquæ Drancie provenientis è valle Bagnarum, loco appellato Mauvoisin.

3. Enfin, M. Ignace, ancien magistrat de Martigny, témoin oculaire de cette débacle, a laissé des mémoires manuscrits, où se trouve cette courte mais précieuse note :

1595, die 25 Maii, maxima inundatio aquarum prorumpentium ex valle Bagnearum ; submersio Burgi Martigniaci ; deletio agrorum pagorumque inter paucas horas. Periére 70 homines noti, de ignotis non fit mentio : cæteris verò jugâ salutem quærentibus, omni fortunâ ablatâ. Ditissimi pauperum facti.

L'année est la même, mais il y a une différence de dix jours entre les deux dates, et l'on doit préférer la dernière, parceque le témoin oculaire est plus exact, et par conséquent plus digne de foi que l'autre individu, qui probablement a fait son inscription de mémoire plusieurs années après l'évènement.—*Seconde Course à la Vallée de Bagnes, et Détails sur les Ravages occasionnés par l'Ecoulement du Lac de Mauvoisin.*

quent to the melancholy catastrophe, and language would almost fail to depict the scene of desolation that presented itself. Whole villages were swept away, while here and there stood only some wretched memorial that they once had been. Among others the well-known and beautiful hamlet of Martigny was destroyed, with the exception of the church and a few scattered houses. Below, where the valley widens, after the junction of the Rhone and the Dranse, the roads were so completely inundated, that the author and his companion, being on foot at the time, were obliged to undress, and wade for near a quarter of a mile. In other places, more immediately exposed to the action of the current, the roads were rendered impassable, as the author and his friend found by painful experience.

The rapidity of the torrent, as related to the writer by an eye-witness, was incredible. With the intention of giving the alarm at the villages lower down the valley, the moment he heard the rush of the water, he mounted his horse, and, taking a short cut, galloped with all speed; but the flood had fulfilled its awful errand, long ere he reached the first village on his way, hurrying men, women, and children to untimely

graves.* So violent was the reaction of the air, caused by the rapidity of the current, that the largest trees were torn up by the roots, on the sides of the mountains that confined it.

NOTE v.—(And gave them the kiss of peace.)

The particulars of the closing scene of Emily's life were furnished almost entirely by the little memoir mentioned in a preceding note. That portion of it connected with her taking leave of her family and friends was somewhat different; but the writer was unwilling to interrupt the narrative by a longer detail of circumstances, which, however interesting in themselves, might perhaps have been too minute for the generality of readers.

Those, who have visited foreign countries, will recognize the custom here alluded to, as practised by both sexes, and common to all ranks. The author once received a salutation of this kind, which he will long remember. It was

* The water burst its barriers at half-past 4 in the evening, and reached Bagnes, eighteen miles distant, in the inconceivably short space of 40 minutes. As the valley widened, its impetuosity was of course proportionally diminished.

from an aged pastor of the Waldenses, one in whom humility, that first of the christian graces, was eminently conspicuous. The big tear stood in his eye, while he kissed me, and gave me his parting blessing.

But alas! the kiss is not always a token of peace: 'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?'

NOTE w—(Entered on his repose.)

It does not appear precisely at what period Emily's father died: but it is immaterial to the story. All that the writer knows on the subject is contained in the following words: 'Il l'avoit précédée dans le séjour des consolations éternelles' —(he had gone before her into the abode of everlasting consolations.)

FINIS.



